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THIS IS THE LIFE!

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I

In fairness to the reader it should be stated at the outset that there are two general theories about herding. Some hold that no man can herd for six months straight without going crazy, while others maintain that a man must have been mentally unbalanced for at least six months before he is in fit condition to entertain the thought of herding. Since these theories, taken together, hold out little hope for the steady herder, I ask the reader, in case he should notice any irrationality in the following pages, to impute it to environment rather than to heredity. It is easier on the family.

To a mind uncontaminated by the Higher Criticism, the herding profession, as personified in the second son of Adam, holds a very high and honorable rank in point of antiquity. It is significant that the first herder was killed by his brother. The prejudice against sheep is evidently as old as the profession itself.

And yet the herder, even to-day, has distant relatives—ninety-third cousins, as it were—in the higher ranks of life, for every pastor of a church is by his very name and profession a shepherd or herder. But, if it would not be presumptuous, it might be pointed out that the sheep herder has some advantages over even his wealthy and aristocratic kinsman. In the first place the herder can tell his black sheep at a glance, which is something no pastor can do. Furthermore the herder does n't lie awake nights wondering how he can turn his black sheep white. He has sense enough to know that they will remain black to the end of the chapter. Nor does he worry for fear that his black sheep will smudge up some of the white ones, turning them a rich mulatto. Besides all this, the herder's black sheep will average only about one to the hundred. Where is the pastor who can boast a score like that? Lastly, when the whole flock shows a tendency to go wrong, as it frequently does, the herder does n't tearfully beg it to go right, and get in another herder to work over it a week or two. No, he addresses his flock in short, concise phrases. He alludes in passing to certain interesting facts about their ancestry, touches briefly on the present

state of their morals, winds up with a reference to their hoped-for destination, and then sets the dog on them. The pastor has certain inhibitions of speech; the herder has none, unless he is tongue-tied, and few are. But after all the herder and the pastor speak much the same language, only differently arranged.

It is necessary, however, to differentiate between the sheep herder of fact and the shepherd of romance. The latter is a gay and poetic figure, the former anything but. The shepherd leads his flock with a song, the herder follows his with profanity. The shepherd reclines on a mossy bank beneath a green tree and carols a roundelay. The herder looks carefully about to make sure that he won't sit on a cactus, eases his wearied limbs to the unshaded hillside, and gives his vocal organs a well-earned rest.

But, to descend from the shepherd of romance to the shepherd of fact, there is yet a great difference between him and the sheep herder — roughly speaking, about a thousand dollars a year. The shepherd, in modern life, is the man who has charge of a comparatively small band of pure-bred sheep. He tells the hired man what to give them and he tells the boss what to give him. The sheep herder is in charge of a large band of sheep, but he does n't tell anybody anything. If he has anything to say, he tells it to the sheep.

There is another marked difference between the shepherd and the sheep herder. It is best told in the words of an old Scotch herder in Montana. He said that in the old country, when he drove his band of sheep down to the lower pastures at the approach of winter, people would exclaim, 'Here comes the noble shepherd and his flock!' Out here, on the other hand, when they saw him coming they would

say, 'Here comes that low-lived herder and his bunch of woolies!'

In Biblical times the owner of flocks was a nomad. He had his herdsmen, but he moved with them from place to place as the need for fresh grass dictated, taking with him his family and all he possessed. To-day the sheep owner is as stationary as any Corn Belt farmer, but the herder is still a nomad. A band of sheep will take all the feed within a reasonable distance in about a month or six weeks. Then the sheep must be moved to fresh pastures. Since the ranch buildings are usually situated near the centre of the sheepman's range, and since the sheep swing around the edges of the range in the course of a year, the herder may be likened to a planet swinging around its central sun. All this necessitates a high degree of mobility for the herder and his belongings, and the answer to this is the sheep wagon, the most comfortable home a bachelor could desire.

But before describing this it ought to be said that not all herders have a wagon. In fact, there are many different kinds of herding. There is herding from the ranch, which means that the herder lives in the ranch buildings, takes the sheep out to graze during the day, and returns them to the corral at night. Most herders have a taste of this sometime during the year, usually during the winter. Some herders are on government reserves and have to bed their sheep in a different spot every night, and have a pack horse with which to carry their bed and provisions from place to place. In some parts of the country the herder has a team hobbled out near the wagon and does his own camp tending — that is, gets his own provisions, by the novel method of propping up the front end of his wagon, detaching the front half of the running

gears, and jogging away comfortably to where his provisions await him. But in most places a herder caught trying to take the front wheels off his wagon would quickly receive free transportation to some state institution where he would be assigned to a small but well-upholstered room and given a toy wagon to take apart to his heart's content.

Again, there is a great difference in the kind of country herded over. There is mountain herding and there is plains herding, and there is herding on wooded slopes. But to herders who cannot keep track of all their sheep on the open prairie it must ever remain a mystery how a herder can keep track of any of them in the woods, where he will not see the whole bunch together from one day's end to the other.

But sheep nature is doubtless sheep nature the world over, and herders all over the West have much the same problems to solve, much the same life to live, whether they herd on the mountains or on the plains, or in the depths of the forest. And, wherever he is, the herder is the foundation stone of the sheep business or the bottom rung of the social ladder. It all depends on the point of view.

II

It has always been hard for me to understand why the big city newspapers publish daily weather reports and forecasts, for the city dweller can have only an academic interest in the weather at best. In the morning he leaves a warm, comfortable house, walks a block or two in whatever weather happens to exist, enters a street car or 'L,' and is driven to the door of his place of business. In the evening he reverses the process, braving the weather for perhaps ten minutes

before reaching the shelter of home. It may well be that the paper publishes an account of the weather simply as news, because the city man might never notice what the weather was unless it were called to his attention in this way.

The country dweller, however, being more a child of Nature, is more attentive to her moods. The farmer's interest in the weather is proverbial; that of the farm hand is still more intense and personal; but the sheep herder's interest in it eclipses them all. For him the weather is not an academic subject, but the most practical subject there is. It governs the actions of the sheep and his own comfort. It dictates his food and his clothing. In the mid-summer he may go modestly clad in shoes, shirt, and overalls. In the winter he is still more modestly clad in two pairs of trousers and a heavy sweater, to say nothing of a sheep coat. From sunrise to sunset, every day in the year, he must take the weather, whatever it may be.

In fact the weather is such an all-important factor in a herder's life that herding through the four seasons of the year is almost like holding four different jobs in succession. Of course they shade into each other by imperceptible gradations, as day passes into night, but in their essence they differ almost as much as day and night. Some herders prefer one season, some another; but by unanimous consent the worst season of all is the verdant springtime.

Countless poets have expressed the emotions aroused in them by the sight of Nature putting on her mantle of green again. Countless herders have done the same, but here the resemblance ceases. From a herder's standpoint the green grass is the villain of the piece. Imagine a child particularly fond of candy, who has been deprived of it for six months or so, and then

picture him turned loose in a candy shop and told to help himself. You can easily figure out how much control you would have over him for the next half hour. After he had had his fill, he would be amenable to reason again. This is precisely what happens to the sheep. They have been on dry feed all winter, whether hay or grass cured on the ground, and then, with the coming of spring, they get the chance to eat tender green grass once more. No wonder they go wild. But the trouble is that the grass comes gradually, its growth still further retarded by cold spells and late frosts. The sheep, however, smell the green before it is fairly above the ground, and they run everywhere searching for a place where it is plentiful, naturally without finding it. Even when the grass is an inch or two high it seems impossible for them to get their fill of it. They crop a mouthful here, run a few steps, grab another mouthful, and run a few steps more. They always seem to think that the grass is plentiful just beyond them, and they lose no time in getting there. Ordinarily a ewe will graze first on one side of her, then on the other, and then move forward a step; but when hunger for green grass drives her on she will take four or five steps between each two bites. That carries the bunch forward at an unusual rate. The period of running lasts until green grass is so plentiful that the sheep can get their fill of it every day, the length of the period depending on how fast the grass grows and how many setbacks it has, which in turn depend wholly and exclusively on the weather.

If anyone thinks that a sheep can't run, just let him try to head one off. When 'running' in spring, the entire bunch moves faster than the herder can walk. One herder told me of an experience he said he had with a bunch of antelope. His sheep passed them on

the run, so just for an experiment he threw the antelope into the bunch as they loped past. The antelope kept up for a while, but the pace told on them and soon they were in distress. Their sides were heaving, their flanks dripped with sweat, and their tongues lolled out till they were in danger of being stepped on. Finally, the herder said, he was unable to stand the sight of their suffering any longer, so he cut them back and left them to throw themselves on the ground and recuperate. Like the rest of us, he had always believed that the antelope were the fastest things on the plains, but now, he said, he knew better. A footsore herder would listen to a story like this, and it is not necessary to vouch for its truth. But there can be little doubt that many a jack rabbit has been trampled to death through sheer inability to keep ahead of some old ewe looking for green grass.

It is not only the running, however, that makes sheep difficult to handle in the spring, but the fact that they spread out so quickly. At ordinary times, sheep have a very strong herd instinct. A small boy was asked by his teacher how many, out of five sheep in a field, would be left if one jumped over the fence. He answered correctly, 'None.' 'Why, Johnny,' remonstrated the teacher, 'one from five leaves four.' 'Well,' replied Johnny, 'you may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep.' Of course it is only this strong herd instinct that makes it possible for two or three thousand sheep to be handled by one man. In fact, certain breeds of sheep that do not have this instinct so strongly cannot be run on the open range at all, but must be kept in woven-wire pastures. However, when the green grass is coming, even the close-herding sheep seem to throw off their inhibitions temporarily, and it seems as if every ewe,

forgetting the rest of the bunch, grazes straight out in front of her. The sheep spread out much faster than the herder can throw them together. Of course the dog can turn them, but even he has his limits and can be used only so much. It usually takes the assistance of a saddle horse in addition to keep the whole bunch in one county.

III

Besides the running, splitting, and spreading in spring, there are other factors that induce in the herder the belief that he has mistaken his vocation. The frost has come out of the ground, creek bottoms are soft, every low place is muddy, and some are boggy. The sheep are in the poorest physical condition of the entire year. They have stood the strain of the winter's cold, the green grass has weakened them temporarily, they are heavy with lamb, and the muddy going is the proverbial last straw. Sheep get bogged down in muddy spots and wait patiently for death or the herder. They try to cross streams in deep places, their wool takes up water like a sponge, and they are unable to climb out on the other side. The really weak sheep will run themselves ragged when headed away from the wagon, and then, when they are turned toward it, they simply drop from exhaustion. It is no uncommon thing to find the weakest ewe in the bunch at the very tip of the lead, and quite often she finds that she has lost her return ticket.

One of the peculiar things about sheep is the extraordinary facility with which they take leave of life, and the great variety of ways in which they make their exits. You might almost accuse them of having a morbid strain.

It so happens that several methods of dying are in vogue during the

spring months, and often the heaviest loss of the year occurs at this time. When the snow first softens, the draws or swales are filled with slush, which may have the appearance of snow; but when a ewe tries to cross, she finds herself in a medium where she can neither swim nor struggle through. I have seen four sheep drowned in slush within twenty feet of each other. They also get stuck in soft creek bottoms and either drown or chill to death. A weak ewe may be unable to make it back to the wagon, and the herder will throw the sheep that way next day to pick her up, only to find her missing or killed by coyotes. With the sheep running as they do at this time, a small bunch may cut off unseen by the herder and lose some of its number by coyotes before the remainder are picked up. At any time a coyote may sneak up a draw and kill a ewe before his presence is discovered. In addition there are certain weeds that are deadly poison to sheep, and even wet grass after a rain may occasionally bloat one. Sometimes a number may be killed by licking too much alkali along the creeks. Besides this they are subject to all the diseases of the organs, as other creatures are, with a few peculiar to themselves thrown in for good measure. There are so many ways in which sheep can and do die that it is a wonder any of them are left alive.

The most peculiar method of all is that called 'dying on their backs.' When horses or dogs roll, they either roll all the way over or roll back to the position from which they started; they are unable to balance themselves on their spine, as it were. But when a sheep rolls and reaches a position with its legs pointing upward, it is often unable to complete the turn, especially if it has a heavy coat of wool, as is the case in spring. The reason for this is

that a sheep's legs, being very thin, are not able to exert any pull to one side or the other and thus aid the sheep in righting itself. A horse's legs, being long and heavy, can exert a powerful leverage on his body and turn it, but when a sheep is on its back its centre of gravity lies wholly within it, and there is no leverage it can bring to bear. Its only chance is to twist itself violently, in the hope that some movement may turn it on its side. If unsuccessful in this, the unnatural position for some reason causes gas to collect in its body and it begins to bloat. Finally the pressure of this gas on its heart and lungs becomes so terrific that these organs cease to function. If the ewe is found at any time before life is extinct and is turned over on her stomach, she will get up, stagger off, and deflate, looking meanwhile like a misshapen balloon.

There is a great variation in the time it takes a sheep to die on her back. She may be dead in fifteen minutes, then again she may be alive at the end of an hour or more; it all depends on how full her stomach was to start with. But die she will, unless discovered and turned right side up. Sheep are especially apt to roll when the sun comes out warm after a rain. The herder may turn over half a dozen sheep in a day, when conditions are such as to make them roll, and he has to be eternally on the lookout for them. The price of their lives is his vigilance.

Finally, to fill the herder's cup of woe to overflowing, the days in spring are interminably long. They approach in length the farmer's eight-hour day — eight hours before dinner and eight hours after. This has one single advantage. It gives the herder time mentally to reshape his future life, so that he will never under any circumstances herd through another spring.

IV

At the latter end of spring comes lambing, and after that shearing. Continuing now with the herding year, we come to summer, a season differing radically from the other three as regards herding. All the rest of the year the herder leaves the wagon in the morning, carrying a lunch, and does not return to it until evening. His evening meal is apt to be the principal one of the day, and he does most of his cooking then. But in summer every day is really broken into two working days. The reason for this is that the sheep will not graze during the intense heat of a summer's midday, but will run to the nearest water and lie beside it till late in the afternoon. Consequently in summer the wagon is placed beside a stream or water hole, and the day's schedule is somewhat as follows: —

The sheep leave the bed ground about five o'clock, or shortly after sunrise, and go out to graze, usually working against the wind. The herder snatches a hasty breakfast and overtakes them with the aid of his saddle horse. The band grazes until the sun gets uncomfortably hot, and then some of them start for water. They do not all go at once, but fall gradually into long lines. Usually they follow deep dusty paths already made by thirsty stock, and the long lines of sheep smoking down to water on a hot summer's day are as characteristic of a sheep country as the sheep themselves.

When the sheep reach water, they drink and then huddle together in large groups, usually with their heads beneath one another's sides. That is, as you look at the bunch you can see only their backs, their heads being down near the cool wet sand, where there is protection also from the mosquitoes and flies. A few may lie down,

but most of them stand huddled together right at the water's edge. Occasionally a lamb or so may stand in the water for the sake of coolness, but a grown sheep almost never. If there are any banks close by to cast a shadow, this patch of shade will be packed as full of sheep as it can hold.

The sheep will probably all be on water by eleven o'clock, and from then on till three or four in the afternoon the herder is free to do as he pleases. This does not mean that he can make a practice of visiting away from the wagon, because there is always the chance that a stray coyote may drop in for dinner. But since the wagon overlooks the sheep as they lie on water, the herder has four or five hours in which to cook, eat dinner, read, write, or otherwise recreate himself.

About three or four o'clock the sheep begin to leave water. They straggle off one by one, grazing into the wind, and it will perhaps be an hour before the last one leaves. The herder does not have to follow until they are pretty well out, and occasionally he does not have to leave the wagon in the afternoon at all. The sheep do not travel as fast or as far as they do in the morning, and their grazing time is shorter. They reach the bed ground about dark, the herder going in ahead of them to prepare his evening meal.

The result of this schedule is that the noon meal becomes the principal one of the day, because there is then plenty of time to cook, while there is little time to spare for either of the other meals. This is a pity, because it forces the herder to hover over his stove during the hottest part of the day and to convert his wagon into a little inferno. But even at that the heat of a Dakota sun at noon is such as to tempt the herder to crawl into his oven to cool off. It reminds you of the Arizona man

being cremated in Chicago, who, after spending an hour in the furnace, sat up in his coffin and cursed the attendant for opening the door and letting in a draft. It takes an inland country like the Great Northwest or Siberia to produce extremes of heat and cold.

As stated before, the wagon without a fire in it is very comfortable even on a hot day, since it is open at both ends. It does not take a wood fire long to die down, and as soon as the stove cools off the herder is as comfortable as may be. Since he does not have to leave the wagon till the cool of the day approaches, he really does not suffer with the heat, and does not have to stand nearly so much of it as the farm hand does. Often he prepares a cold supper to avoid heating up the wagon again before he goes to bed. Summer herding, then, means early rising and consequently early retiring, but it provides several hours of freedom in the middle of the day.

There are times in the year, notably in spring, when the herder may envy the ranch hand, but as the herder lies on his bed through the heat of a summer's day and through the door of the wagon watches the distant ranch hand sweating up and down the corn rows, or pitching hay or doing some such other work requiring a strong back and a weak mind, then the herder is apt to be pharisaically thankful that he is not as one of these.

One real drawback to summer is the flies. They are not bad at first, but from the beginning of August they become a pest and a torment. Since the door and the window of the wagon both open out, it is impossible to screen against the flies. The only way is to fight them as they come in. I have killed, by actual count, six hundred flies with a swatter in one afternoon. I might add that I did little else during that time. The best way

seems to be to let them accumulate for a day or two and then shut the wagon up and give them a dose of some good insecticide. That wipes the slate clean and gives a chance for a fresh start.

V

Time and tide, they say, wait for no man. Gradually the days become shorter, the heat moderates, and the sheep lie on water a shorter time each day. The first really cool day they do not stop on water at all, but merely drink and go on, or perhaps they do not go down to water at all. And about this time, as summer is slipping into fall, comes 'shipping.' The bunch is taken in to the ranch. The wether lambs — that is, the males — are first cut out and penned by themselves. Then all the ewes that show signs of age are cut out and put in a separate pen. The sheepman then examines the mouths of these old ones to see which have teeth enough to carry them through another winter. The 'gummers' — that is, those that have lost all their teeth — and the 'broken mouths,' those that have some teeth missing, are cut out and put in with the wethers, and the rest are returned to the bunch. A sheep's age can be accurately told by the number and state of its teeth. A yearling has two teeth, a two-year-old four, a three-year-old six, and a four-year-old eight, or a full mouth, as it is called. At five a ewe's teeth are apt to begin to spread and to be worn down. From then on individuals differ somewhat, some losing their teeth quickly and some keeping them for a year or two longer. Ordinarily it does not pay a man who runs sheep on the range to keep his ewes after their mouths begin to break. They will be all right for a year or two, where they have plenty of hay and some grain, but range conditions are too hard

for them. Consequently the sheepman culls out his gummers and broken mouths each fall at the time he markets his lambs, and thus gets his bunch in shape for the coming winter.

Then begins the journey to the railroad with the lambs, and often the regular herder makes the trip for the sake of a change. From the region where we are it is fifty-five miles to the railroad on the north and seventy-five miles if we go south. This trip takes from six to eight days. It is always an interesting event, even though it is harder than the herder's regular work. Often two or three sheepmen throw in together; and, as the lambs are all freshly branded when they start, they can be easily sorted out at the shipping point.

If there are even a few old ewes in the bunch, it is not difficult to get the band 'trail-broke'; but if it is a straight bunch of lambs the first few days are lively ones. Someone has said that 'a ewe has just sense enough to be ornery.' But a lamb does n't know even that much. A band of ewes will keep a certain direction without much bother, but direction means less than nothing to a lamb. A rabbit, a Russian thistle, or any little thing at all is sufficient to change his previous intentions, if any. He is afraid of running water and of everything else but a fence. He is always glad to see a fence and always suspects that there is a ripe grain field on the other side of it, and he is a great one to act on his suspicions. But by degrees he steadies down, learns to keep direction fairly well, and by the time he reaches the railroad he is as easy to handle as a ewe would be at the start.

Two men go with each bunch of lambs on the trail. One drives the lambs, and the other the wagon or truck that carries the camp outfit.

The second man also makes and breaks camp, does the cooking and dishwashing, and helps the other fellow at a pinch. It is right here that the chance for trouble comes in. It is natural for the one driving the sheep to want all the help he can get, and it is just as natural for the other to fail to recognize the pinch when it arrives. Each is apt to think that the other is putting the burden on him, and it is a tradition that, of the dozens of pairs of men who start with the lambs, few arrive at the railroad on the same cordial terms with which they started.

But with good weather the trip can be a very pleasant one. Old friendships are renewed along the road and new ones made. There are sheep ahead and behind, and there is visiting back and forth among the trailsmen. There is always the discussion of what happened at this or that point last year. There is news of the progress of the other bands in line, news spread by trucks or cars that traverse the whole route every day on their way to and from the railroad. Finally there is the sight of a real town and of the railroad once more, the crowded stock pens, the dusty job of cutting the bunch again and again as each man's sheep are sorted from the rest, the crowding of the sheep on to the scales, the cutting into carload lots, and the prodding of the sheep up the runways into the double-decked cars. Then comes the ride up to the hotel, the removal of at least a portion of the corral dust, the good dinner on clean tables served by pretty waitresses (they all look pretty after a summer spent in the exclusive society of the sheep), and the hours spent lounging around town afterward. Last of all there is the trip home, covering in hours the route that took days on the up trip; then back to the wagon and the sheep again.

VI

There was a young man of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to the neck;
When they asked, 'Are you friz?'
He replied, 'Yes, I is;
But they don't call this cold in Quebec.'

It is n't cold for South Dakota, either. But when the mercury sinks until it drops out of the bottom of the thermometer and rolls around on the floor, and then freezes up so that the baby can play marbles with it, that's cold!

There is locally, however, a difference of opinion regarding South Dakota climate. Some claim that it is nine months winter, three months wind, and the rest summer. Others maintain that it is nine months winter and three months late in the fall. Both sides agree on the length of the winter and both probably would on the quality of the cold. No less an authority than Stefansson has made the statement that it gets colder in the State of Montana than it does within the Arctic Circle. Our region lies just east of the Montana border, and there is evidence to show that temperature is no respecter of state lines.

Some years ago a member of the fraternity of 'sob-brothers,' writing about a certain class of workers, asked our tears for them because they worked in a room so chilly that they had to exercise to keep warm. What would he have said had he known that hundreds of herders regularly get wringing wet with sweat legging out bucks and then immediately go out and herd all day in sub-zero weather? If the sob-brother had known that, he would have had the floors of Congress awash with tears, and the senators would have had to go out to the cloakrooms in boats.

There is a difference of opinion among herders as to whether winter or summer herding is preferable. The

majority of them seem to favor winter on account of its shorter days; but personally I take the other side. Many a December 21 has seemed longer to me than the longest day summer ever saw. As I pointed out before, it is possible for a herder to keep reasonably cool through even the hottest summer, but there is many a winter day when it is impossible for him to keep warm.

The great problem for the herder is to wear clothes enough to keep him fairly warm during long periods of inactivity and at the same time to dress lightly enough not to perspire too much when he walks. But, as in the case of the man who aimed so as to hit it if it was a deer and miss it if it was a cow, this can't be done. The herder must choose one or the other, and his choice will depend on his temperament. Although I choose the heavy dressing for myself, I must admit that one of the most disagreeable of sensations is to have your face fairly stinging with cold and your body bathed in perspiration. It seems as if Nature were attacking you two ways at once.

The sheep do not travel nearly so far in winter as in summer. The deeper the snow, the less inclined they are to ramble. But if a thaw happens to clear the snow off they make up for lost time and run as they always do in spring. It seems as if they were rejoicing at getting the free use of their legs again. Thaws, and even total disappearance of snow, are not uncommon in winter. In fact, South Dakota weather is as much of a gamble as the radio is. You set the dial and you hear some world-famous pianist in New York thundering out a masterpiece, and then another touch of the knob and your ears are soothed with the refined strains of the 'Jackass Blues.'

Sheep, like horses, paw snow to graze beneath it. Cattle do not; they eat only what sticks above the snow

or what they can nuzzle down to when the snow is soft. Sheep go to work systematically and methodically. They paw four or five times with one front foot, getting down to the grass, and then paw somewhat crosswise to this with the other front foot. Where the two lines cross there is quite a bit of grass exposed, and after cleaning this up they move a step or two and paw again. They are seemingly tireless and bottomless. When the snow is slightly crusted, sheep are still able to paw through it, but when the crust is hard, or when, as often happens, there are two or three crusts, the band must be fed. They do not need water as long as they can get snow. It is all the better if they have access to open water, but when snow is on the ground they can get along without it. This enables the sheepman to get the grass on the high and dry ridges during the winter. On the other hand, in summer the sheep must be where they can water every day; while in spring and fall if they have water every other day they can get along.

VII

One product of this region has gained nation-wide if not world-wide fame—the Dakota blizzard. Whatever the weather does in this part of the country, it does with intense and single-minded earnestness. The force, not to say violence, of the wind may be judged by the fact that when it is due east or west the transcontinental trains often blow through our railroad towns as much as a day and a half ahead of schedule. When the country decides to go dry and stay dry—that is, in a strictly aqueous sense—the fishes have their choice of migrating downstream in their native element or of sticking by the country and playing around in the dust for a while. When it decides to rain, the culverts come up out of the

road for a look around and the bridges play tag with one another down the streams. When the weather decides to be hot, the natives fry their eggs on their doorsteps; and when it decides to be as ornery as it can be, it produces its masterpiece, the blizzard.

Seven years ago there occurred a blizzard which is still referred to as 'the March storm.' While it was a storm of unusual violence, it was the same sort of storm that occurs every winter, and usually several times a winter. This particular storm began on a Sunday evening with a light snow and some wind. By daylight the blizzard was in full blast. It raged all that day with unabated fury, and all that night and until about ten o'clock Tuesday morning — thirty-six hours in all. During that time the wagon, although in a comparatively sheltered spot, rocked back and forth like a boat on a rough sea. The air was so full of wet snow that it was almost impossible to face the wind and draw a breath. The weather was not cold, and this is characteristic of blizzards, but the violence of the wind was such that the sting of the wet snow and sleet on the face and hands was unbearable. No beast would face it, and no human being did who could possibly avoid it.

The sheep were in a winter bed ground — that is, where the lie of the land afforded some shelter; but from such a storm as this there was really no protection. Although we went around the sheep, huddled under the bank, every fifteen or twenty minutes during the day, and even up to midnight, yet sometimes during the storm the wind whipped two or three hundred head out of the top of the draw and drove them before it into other shelters. We found them after the storm, a few here and a few there, gathered under banks and in low places. The rest were huddled behind the wagon, beside a large drift

that had formed during the storm, some of them half buried in it. When we began to pull these out, we noticed steam rising from little holes in the snow near them, and as we dug we found a ewe at the bottom of each of these holes, the steam having been made by her warm breath striking the upper air.

Then we set out to dig the snow bank systematically. All that day and parts of the next two we dug sheep out of that bank, some alive and some dead. The third day we dug out a ewe that was so much alive that it took a saddle horse to run her down, when she found she was at liberty once more. Each ewe as we found her was lying in a hollow place about twice her size, where the warmth of her body had melted the surrounding snow. There were many sheep that we missed on account of their being in unexplored parts of the drift; but altogether that snow bank yielded up thirty-four dead sheep and probably as many live ones. They had huddled close under the bank to be out of the wind; the outside ones had refused to move, and the inner ones had been gradually drifted under.

But our loss, heavy as it was, was surpassed by that of others. One sheepman lost nine hundred head out of twelve hundred. The wind had driven them into a swampy place, where they bogged down and chilled to death. Another man, a small farmer, owned twenty-seven head of cattle and a water hole; but when the storm was over he had neither water hole nor cattle. The water hole had happened to be in the southeast corner of his pasture, and the storm had piled the cattle into it and drowned them. In some places the barbs of the wire fences were matted with the bloody hair and flesh of horses, where a bunch of them had been ground along the wires by the force of the wind, the outside horses

pressing those inside against the barbs.

In counting up the loss from such a storm as this, you must include not only those that die during the storm, but the many others who are so weakened by it that they succumb later. Storms like this, however, are simply one of the factors that must be reckoned with by the inhabitants of this region. All sections of the country have their drawbacks, with the exception of California. Poets have written voluminously about the beauties of winter,

but occasionally the thought will obtrude that the bathing beauties of Southern California have a slight edge on the somewhat more frigid beauties of ice and snow. Still, we cannot all lie on the sand and lie about the climate, and dwellers in our region simply accept snow, cold, and blizzards as inescapable accompaniments of winter in the Great Northwest, where for weeks on end the hired man has to thaw out the cow's bag with a blowtorch and milk with his mittens on.

(The story of the author's dozen years as a sheep herder will be continued in a second paper, 'The Herding Day')

OUR LAWLESS HERITAGE

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

THE question is frequently asked, 'Is the Eighteenth Amendment making us a nation of lawbreakers?' There are two answers, depending upon the meaning of the question. If it is intended to ask whether many people are disobeying the law and whether the Amendment is helping to break down respect for law itself, the answer is emphatically, yes. If, on the other hand, the question is intended to imply that we were a law-abiding nation before we went dry, the answer is as emphatically, no. Any law that goes counter to the strong feeling of a large part of the population is bound to be disobeyed in America. Any law that is disobeyed necessarily results in lawbreaking and in lowering respect for law as law. The Eighteenth Amendment is doing that

on a gigantic scale, but it is operating upon a population already the most lawless in spirit of any in the great modern civilized countries. Lawlessness has been and is one of the most distinctive American traits. It is obvious that a nation does not become lawless or law-abiding overnight. The United States is English in origin, and, even making allowance for the hordes of 'foreigners' who have come here, there must be some reason why to-day England is the most law-abiding of nations and ourselves the least so. It is impossible to blame the situation on the 'foreigners.' The overwhelming mass of them were law-abiding in their native lands. If they become lawless here it must be largely due to the American atmosphere and conditions. There seems to me to be plenty of evidence to prove that the immigrants are

made lawless by America rather than that America is made lawless by them. If the general attitude toward law, if the laws themselves and their administration, were all as sound here as in the native lands of the immigrants, those newcomers would give no more trouble here than they did at home. This is not the case, and Americans themselves are, and always have been, less law-abiding than the more civilized European nations.

Living much in England, I have already had frequent occasion to comment, in the *Atlantic* and elsewhere, on the startling difference which one feels with respect to the public attitude toward law in that country and in our own. No one can be there without feeling this difference, but, lest my own insistence upon it be set down to prejudice, let me quote the opinion of Dr. Kirchwey, head of the Department of Criminology in the New York School of Social Work, formerly Dean of the Columbia Law School, and one-time Warden of Sing Sing Prison. 'Our visitor to London,' he writes in a recent article, 'will have heard much of the low crime rate of that great city, of the efficiency of the unarmed police, of the swift and sure administration of criminal laws. Let him look further and note the ingrained habit of law observance of every class of the population from the man in the street to the judge on the bench. He will find no attempt made to violate the restrictive laws governing the sale of liquor, whether by licensed vendor or by the customer; rarely a violation of traffic regulations by cabmen or private driver . . . he will not discover a trace of the sporting spirit which leads his fellow citizens of the American commonwealth to laugh at the escape of a daring criminal from the legal consequences of his guilt. And, if he cares to pursue his studies further, he will

find on the other side of the English Channel still other communities where, as in England, a low crime rate is set against a background of an all but universal sentiment of respect for law and order.' How is it that we in America to-day are without the pale of this respect for law which is one of the fundamentals of civilization? In seeking an answer we obviously cannot confine ourselves to the present decade, but must dig deep into the past. Only parts of the appalling record that we shall find, if we do so, can be touched upon in a brief article.

Respect for law is a plant of slow growth. If, for centuries, laws have been reasonably sound, and impartially and surely enforced by the lawful authorities, respect for law as law will increase. If, on the other hand, laws are unreasonable or go counter to the habits and desires of large parts of the population, and are not enforced equitably or surely, respect for law will decrease. On the whole, the first supposition applies to the history of England for three hundred years and the second to our own.

II

Let us consider our colonial period first; and it must be remembered that we were a part of the British Empire for a longer period than we have been independent. The way in which those supposedly godly persons, the leaders of the Massachusetts theocracy, began at once by breaking the law of England will help us to an understanding of the whole colonial situation. The Massachusetts Company, a business corporation in the eyes of the English Government, applied for a charter of incorporation and received it. It provided for what we should call voting stockholders and a board of directors to be elected by them. Nothing more was

intended in the grant by the Government. Some of the leaders in the company conceived the brilliant idea of secretly carrying the actual charter to America and using it as though it were the constitution of a practically self-governing State. This was done, but the foundation of the strongest of the Puritan colonies was thus tainted with illegality from the start. Not only that, but in the beginning even the terms of the charter were not complied with and the government was usurped by the leaders, the government thus being made doubly illegal. The reasons for these acts included the distance of America from England and the desire of the leading colonists to govern themselves without interference from the home country.

With local variations the story of the colonial struggle for administrative (rather than political) independence explains much of our later legal history. Speaking generally, we may say that the standard form of colonial governments came to be that of a governor appointed by the Crown, of an upper house appointed by the governor or elected subject to his veto power, and a lower, popularly elected assembly. In some cases the upper house had judicial functions, and many judges, such as those in the admiralty courts, were appointed by the Crown. The colonists were settled on the edge of a vastly rich virgin continent which fairly cried aloud to be profitably exploited. Imperial legislation was considered to be, and frequently was, a hampering influence. In this complex we may find the beginning of the disease of lawlessness.

Law must have some sanction. There can be only three. It may be considered either as the dictum of some supernatural being, or as the command of an earthly sovereign, — not, of course, necessarily an individual, — or

as receiving its sanctity from the consent of the governed. The supernatural was tried only in New England theocracies, and soon abandoned as unworkable. The sovereignty of the empire obviously resided in 'the King in Parliament,' but that, for practical purposes, the colonists usually denied or strove against. The consent of the governed, in a strictly local sense, was all that remained, and it has continued, also in a local or partial sense, to control American obedience to law. Even if local law was fairly well obeyed when passed by the colonists themselves, respect for law as law could not fail to be lessened by their constant breaking or ignoring of the imperial laws. Without attempting to go into detail or to adopt a chronological arrangement, we may note some of the ways in which this was brought about.

A constant source of lawbreaking, particularly in the North, was the legislation by Parliament with regard to what were called 'the King's Woods.' In that day of sailing ships, trees suitable for masts were in great demand. England preferred to depend upon the forests of America rather than upon the foreign ones of the Baltic Provinces, and laws were made to save for the use of the Royal Navy all trees above a certain size upon lands not specifically granted to individuals. The colonists on the spot felt this to be an abridgment of their right to exploit the continent and use all its resources themselves. Not only were the laws disobeyed and the authority of the officially and legally appointed 'Surveyors of the Woods' flouted, but force was used to oppose authority, and rioting not seldom was employed against law. Again, according to the generally accepted economic theory of the day, colonies were supposed not to manufacture in competition with the home country, but to supply her with

the raw materials. Laws against manufacturing worked, as a rule, but little hardship on the colonies, owing to high wages, scarcity of skilled labor, and other reasons, but they did in a few instances, as in the case of wool and smaller hardware such as nails. These were mostly household manufactures, but they were carried on by nearly every household in conscious defiance of imperial laws.

After the French and Indian War and the acquisition from France of Canada and the West, the British Government by proclamation in 1763 forbade any settlement in the new regions, the intent being to consider the problem deliberately in the light of Indian and other relations which the colonists had never been able to agree upon among themselves. Owing to procrastination, this temporary, and to the colonists most galling, restriction was not removed. Settlers and traders ignored the proclamation and poured into the new territory, all against the law. In fact, whenever there was profit to be made, the colonists ignored even their own laws. Most colonies had legislated against selling firearms or spirits to the Indians because of the obvious dangers involved, but these laws were constantly transgressed. In New York it was made illegal to trade with the French in Canada by way of Albany because by so doing the French were enabled to strengthen their Indian alliances at the expense of the colonists, but the temptation to profit was too great, and the merchants not only broke the law, but likewise the governor whose farsighted policy had insisted upon its passage.

Of even more pernicious effect were the laws of trade. For example, in 1733, owing to the insistence of the West Indian sugar planters, Parliament passed an act placing a prohibitive duty upon the importation into

the continental colonies of any molasses from foreign islands. For reasons which we need not go into, had this law been obeyed, the commerce of New England, including its profitable slave trade, would have been ruined. The law was never obeyed, the New Englanders became a race of smugglers, and the most reputable merchants became lawbreakers. In this case, smuggling and lawbreaking were forced upon them, but, having become used to them, they passed on to smuggling when there was no reason but increased profit. In the French and Indian War, twenty years later, we find the merchants trading with the enemy on a scale which certainly prolonged the war, and in the decade before the Revolution men like John Hancock did not hesitate to smuggle wines on which there was only a moderate duty, and even forcibly to resist the authorities in doing so. As the Revolution drew nearer, the radicals made it a point of patriotic duty to break the English laws, and force and mob violence became more and more common. The Boston Tea Party is a case in point. That wanton destruction of fifty thousand dollars' worth of private property was in no way essential to the patriotic cause and was condemned by many of the patriot party.

As a result of the imperial-colonial situation through a century and a half, only some of the aspects of which have we touched upon, there steadily developed a disrespect for law as law and a habit of lawbreaking. The colonists made up their minds not to obey law, but merely to obey such laws as they individually approved of or such as did not interfere with their own convenience or profit. We are not arguing the ethics or rights of the cases, but merely stating facts and results. Moreover, in every colony there was constant conflict

with the royal governors, so that the executive power came to be considered as inherently something to be distrusted and limited as far as possible, a feeling existing to-day. The executive, represented to the colonists as a hostile and outside power in their 'constitutions,' came to appear a power to be disobeyed and thwarted whenever feasible. In a similar way did the judicial. The people stood together to defeat the courts and to protect friends and neighbors. This was particularly notable in the admiralty courts and all cases prosecuted under the laws of trade. Juries would not convict no matter how flagrant the smuggling or other lawbreaking. Thwarting courts and officials became as much a game as fooling prohibition officers to-day.

In the South another element was introduced into the complex situation by slavery. There were slaves in the North also, but for the most part in too small numbers to affect the matter greatly. In the South the large numbers of blacks, many of them recently imported from the jungle, and their peculiar status as personal property, resulted in legislation and judicial administration which tended to some extent to break down respect for law. In Maryland and many other colonies, for example, a negro was not allowed to testify against a white man. Moreover, the court in which the slave was most likely to be tried was that presided over by a single local magistrate, a slave owner himself. In Virginia until 1723, if a master killed his slave in consequence of 'lawful correction,' it was viewed merely as 'accidental homicide.' The raping of a female slave was 'trespass upon property'! If we consider the laws relating to the negro, and the relations between him and the whites, it is evident, even admitting that the great majority of slave owners may have been kindly, that in the two cen-

turies of the existence of the institution among us an immense amount of crime must have gone not only unpunished but without fear of punishment.

One other element may be taken into consideration, the effect of the frontier. Until thirty years ago, America has always had a frontier, and that fact has been of prime importance in many respects for the national outlook. For our purpose we may merely note that in the rough life of the border there is scant recognition for law as law. Frequently remote from the courts and authority of the established communities left behind, the frontiersman not only has to enforce his own law, but he elects what laws he shall enforce and what he shall cease to observe. Payment of debt, especially to the older settlements, may come to be looked upon lightly, whereas horse stealing may be punishable with shooting at sight.

III

When the colonies united and won their independence and the United States was formed, there had thus already developed a fairly definite attitude toward law and authority. In many respects, owing mainly to their economic prosperity, the colonies were more law-abiding than Europe. In all my research, for example, I have found only one case of a traveler being robbed on the highways. Moreover, the colonists came to be a kindly and hospitable folk, and crimes involving brutality were proportionately less common than in the Europe of that day or the United States of this. But the Americans had developed a marked tendency to obey only such laws as they chose to obey, and a disregard of law as law. Laws which did not suit the people, or even certain classes, were disobeyed constantly, with impunity and without thought. A habit had grown up of

attempting to thwart the courts and judges, of distrusting the executive, and of relying solely upon the legislatures. Juries had got into the way of not considering the law, but merely their own or their neighbor's interests. When cases became desperate or law officers made some show of real enforcement, as did occasionally a rare Surveyor of the Woods or a custom-house officer, they were taken care of by mobs, and as a rule the absence of any real force behind the show of royal authority made the officials powerless. In the national period we shall see the fruits of this long training in disrespect for law.

We need not linger over Shays's Rebellion in Massachusetts in 1787, when mobs of malcontents with genuine grievances forced the closing of courts and brought the state to the verge of civil war; or the Whiskey Insurrection in 1794 in Pennsylvania, when attempts to enforce an excise tax required the use of fifteen thousand Federal troops. Nor need we go into the practical nullification of Federal laws and authority by some of the New England states in the War of 1812, or the smuggling and trading with the enemy during that ill-advised conflict; or into the threatened nullification of the Federal tariff by South Carolina some years later. The ripest fruits of disregard for law are found mainly when passions are aroused, as they were for several decades from 1830 onward. We will briefly touch first upon the persecution of the Irish and Catholics, in which law and order were abandoned from 1833 to 1853. The building of the Baltimore Railroad was punctuated by race riots. Even the militia failed to quell a similar one on the Chesapeake and Ohio, and a 'treaty' had to be drawn up. In 1834 the Ursuline Convent near Boston was burned to the ground and sacked by

anti-Catholics. The next night a race riot, this time directed against negroes, broke out in Philadelphia in the course of which thirty houses were sacked or destroyed, a church pulled down, and several persons killed. Similar riots occurred within a few weeks at other places, and in a few years the militia had to disperse a mob of two thousand marching on the house of the Papal Nuncio at Cincinnati. The Irish quarter in Chelsea, Massachusetts, was attacked; the chapel at Coburg was burned, that at Dorchester blown up, and that at Manchester, New Hampshire, wrecked; at Ellsworth, Maine, the priest was tarred and feathered; the convent at Providence was attacked; and at St. Louis a riot resulted in ten deaths. But it is unnecessary to detail more, such incidents being all too common throughout the country.

Similar violence was used against the Mormons, mainly while they were resident in Missouri and before they had adopted the doctrine of plural wives. The feeling against them first manifested itself in tarring and feathering, but by the autumn of 1833 a veritable reign of terror had begun. Houses were destroyed, men were beaten, and even a battle took place. By November mobs had forced about twelve hundred Mormons to leave their homes, pursuing them across the Missouri River and burning over two hundred of their forcibly abandoned houses. The governor was unable to afford them protection, although admitting that they were entitled to it. Law having completely broken down, a military order was given either to drive them all from the state or to 'exterminate' them. They had broken no laws, but in another battle in defense of their legal rights seventeen were killed and some of their bodies horribly mutilated after death.

We find the same disregard of law

when we come to the Abolitionists and the antislavery agitation. The episodes in connection with this, such as the murder of Lovejoy in Illinois, the mobs threatening Garrison at Utica, Boston, and elsewhere, the destruction of printing plants and newspaper offices, are almost too well known to call for repetition. Even Connecticut, 'the land of steady habits,' was not immune. In Philadelphia a pro-slavery mob burned Pennsylvania Hall, dedicated to Free Speech. We could multiply instances indefinitely, but need only say that violence was the order of the day. Lincoln complained that law and order had broken down, that 'wild and furious passions' were substituted for 'the sober judgments of the courts,' that 'outrages committed by mobs form the everyday news of the times' and that they were 'common to the whole country.'

The passage of the new Fugitive Slave law brought more lawlessness. Calhoun had rightly stated in the Senate that it was 'impossible to execute any law of Congress until the people of the States shall coöperate' — a clear statement that Prohibitionists would have done well to have remembered. Everywhere in the North the law was not merely disobeyed but bloodily denounced. In New York, for example, it was declared that 'instant death . . . without judge or jury' should await anyone who attempted to enforce it. The *New York Tribune* declared that it would be better to blow up the Capitol at Washington than to allow the law to be passed in it. Throughout the states, in the decade preceding the Civil War, there was an utter disregard of law in the sense that people obeyed such national laws as they chose to and used violence to defeat those they were opposed to. In the North the Fugitive Slave law was the one specially attacked. In the South

the mails were interfered with and free speech was suppressed. A Northern antislavery man could not enter the Southern states without danger to his life. Sums of five thousand dollars and upward were offered for the kidnapping of prominent speakers on the subject of slavery. In Kansas the struggle between those who wished to have the state enter the Union as free and those who wished it slave resulted in such constant violence as to give the state the name of 'the dark and bloody ground,' though Professor Channing finds that probably only two hundred people were killed — killed, it must be remembered, however, in time of peace. To detail all the acts of violence throughout the country in the decades before the war would be impossible here. The total effect, however, would be to picture a nation in which passion had usurped the place of law. The riots which occurred after war was declared may be partially discarded for our purpose, though they probably would not have occurred in a country in which the people had an ingrained sense of law. The worst one in New York, in 1863, lasted four days and resulted in the destruction of \$1,500,000 worth of property and the loss of one thousand killed and wounded. It was followed by lesser riots at Detroit, Kingston, Elmira, Newark, and elsewhere. In the country districts threats of arson and murder were openly made.

The war over, we found ourselves with the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, giving the negro the right of suffrage. However it may or may not have been observed in the North, it is obvious that it could not be and never has been in the South. In some states, such as Alabama, where the negroes outnumbered the whites, it meant that the whites might be ruled by the blacks, and in any case it meant serious trouble, racial feeling being

what it was then and is now. The complete nullification of such a law, having all the sanction of being a part of the Constitution, could not fail to reduce respect for law. Again, Americans obeyed such laws as they chose, and disregarded or opposed by force such as they did not choose.

IV

We may now come to another phase of our national lawlessness. There is a good deal of popular misunderstanding with regard to lynching. It is generally regarded as rather peculiarly a Southern institution, and the consequence of attempts at rape on whites by negroes. The term 'lynch law' appears to have been first used in 1834, and it is from that time that the practice of lynching became common in the United States. At first the most notorious cases were those of gamblers, such as occurred in Vicksburg, Mississippi, and in Virginia. It was, however, also practised in the North, and spread to California and the West after the discovery of gold. In California, in 1855, out of five hundred and thirty-five homicides committed there were but seven legal executions. The celebrated Vigilance Committees were formed in San Francisco, each of which hanged four men and banished about thirty. These 'popular tribunals' were also formed in Utah, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado during their early periods of settlement.

That lynching was not confined to negroes, the South, or the crime of rape is easily proved by such statistics as we have. I have no recent figures, but as this article is concerned with our 'heritage,' and not our present lawlessness, this is not of account. In 1900 over 52 per cent of the persons lynched in Illinois were white, over 78 per cent

in Indiana, over 54 per cent in Missouri, over 38 per cent in Kentucky, and over 35 per cent in Texas. Tables prepared by the United States Government failed to show any relation between the distribution of lynchings and the proportions of blacks to the total state populations. Nor did they show any correlation between the numbers of lynchings and the percentages of illiterates or foreigners. The responsibility therefore must rest on the literate native element.

In the period from 1882 to 1903 there were 2585 persons lynched in the Southern states, of whom 567 were whites, 1985 negroes, and 33 'others'; in the Western states the figures were, respectively, 523, 34, and 75; in the Eastern states, 79, 41, and no 'others.' In the country as a whole there were thus lynched in the twenty years 3337 persons, of whom 1169, or over one third, were white, and 2060 negroes. In all three sections the crime for which the greatest number of lynchings occurred was murder. Rape comes next, with 'minor offenses,' arson, theft, assault, following in much smaller proportions. In our country in a time of perfect peace there were thus an average of between three and four lynchings every week in the year for the twenty-year period chosen by hazard for examination. Allowing for the difference of population, is it possible to conceive of two persons being murdered by individual citizens, instead of allowing justice to take its course, every week in England for a generation?

In the above rapid and wholly inadequate survey no attention has been paid to the problem or statistics of ordinary crime. The United States has no adequate criminal statistics even at the present day. Such a survey projected into the past would be impossible. I have not been concerned with,

so to say, 'crimes under law,' but with opposition to or disrespect for law itself as law. Even thus I have neglected much which would properly be included in a full treatment of the subject.

It is needless to say that we are not going to be able to shed this heritage quickly or easily. In fact we have gone so far on the wrong road that it is by no means certain that we can ever get back on the right one even with the best of intentions. Inbred respect for law, as I said in the beginning, is a plant of slow growth. For three centuries we have been developing disrespect. Our heritage has made recovery more difficult for us by bringing about conditions that themselves help to increase our disrespect and lawlessness, aside from the feeling of the individual citizen. This portion of our heritage is in large part from New England. The Puritans insisted that their own ideals of life and manners should be forced on the community at large, and they also believed that any desirable change could be brought about by legislation. Partly from our Puritan ancestry and partly from the exaggerated influence attributed to the legislatures in colonial days for the reasons I have noted above, Americans have believed that their ideals should be expressed in the form of law, regardless of the practical

question of whether such laws could be enforced. They have apparently considered that the mere presence of such laws will help *respect* for the *ideal*, regardless of the fact that the presence of such unenforceable laws will bring about *disrespect* for *law* itself. Every minority which has had a bee in its bonnet has attempted to make that bee 'home' into a law, and to a remarkable extent the majorities have not cared, partly because they take little interest in public affairs, but mainly because they imagine that even if some 'fool law' is passed they can disobey it if they choose, as they have others. Because we have ceased to have any respect for law we allow any sort of laws to be passed, and then—the vicious circle continuing—our disrespect increases yet more because of the nature of such laws. When Americans talk about their glorious past, it may be well for them to remember that we have one of the most sinister inheritances in this matter of law from which any civilized nation could suffer, a heritage that we are apparently passing down to our children in a still worse form. For this reason, if for no other, I believe that the unenforced and unenforceable Eighteenth Amendment was one of the heaviest blows ever directed against the moral life of any nation.

'CUNJUR'

BY PERNET PATTERSON

I

'BUZZARD 'ginst a bloody sun . . . softly breathed Aunt Runa, stopping short at the back gate.

Resting a wrinkled black hand against the cool brick wall of the smokehouse, she stood motionless, gazing through half-closed eyes, with a mystical, rapt expression, at the hazy red afternoon sun. A buzzard, circling slowly, rose again in the very face of the cloud-screened disk—and hovered there. 'Trouble sign!' she mumbled. 'I knowed it!'

Sighing deeply, she bowed her head as if under the load of inevitable fate, and passed slowly through the gate into the hot, dusty lane.

Her finely shaped old head, bound tight in a snow-white cloth that showed but a fringe of gray frizzled hair below, had the high forehead of the thinker. Her straight nose was thin and high-bridged, in striking contrast with the blue-black skin and thick lips—firm, in spite of their negroid fullness.

Deliberately, but with a lurking suggestion of vigor, her bowed figure, in its stiffly starched full-skirted gray calico and wide white apron, followed the dusty path beside the garden fence. Her drooping reddish-yellow eyes, keen in spite of the untold years behind them, were fixed dreamily on the path ahead.

As if subconsciously voicing her mood, she softly crooned in tremulous minors:—

'Chil-ly wat-er, chil-ly wat-er,
I feel it creepin' higher over me;
Satan jes' like snake in de gra-ss,
Waitin' to git you as you pa-ss.
Lord, I feel dat chilly wat-er over me.'

At the sound of the low droning, a little white boy, half hidden in the foliage of a June-apple tree, abruptly broke off his forbidden feast. Listening a moment, he hissed warningly, 'Joseph!' From a far limb a small black face, crowned by a close-clipped bullet head, looked up questioningly. Suddenly its owner swung from the limb and dropped flat into the high growth of crimson clover below. The white boy was but a second behind him. As the words of the hymn came quavering to their ears, they looked hard at each other. The small negro shivered, and tunneled deeper into the clover.

With the passage of Aunt Runa, two heads rose cautiously out of the green tangle. Mumbling a word, the white boy slunk into the lane, and, trotting up softly in his bare feet behind the old woman, casually fell into step beside her. Not so much as a glance did she give him. Without a break in her humming, she kept her deliberate pace. He cut an appraising eye at her, but did not speak.

Around the corner of the garden, in a thick cloud of dust behind his dragging plough, drowsily shuffled the gardener. Abruptly he jerked the mule to one side of the lane, and waited. Hat in hand, he made a low bow. 'Evenin', Sis' Runa! Sorry I stirred de dus', he

apologized in a low voice, not raising his eyes.

With but a flashing glance and an aloof ‘Evenin’, Br’er Tom,’ she passed him. Dignity and the very essence of tolerant condescension emanated from her.

Without warning, without a look at the little boy who trudged beside her, she asked belligerently, ‘Who dat narrer-eyed yaller nigger I see talkin’ to yo’ ma dis mornin’?’

‘He’s the new butler, Mammy,’ he answered glibly, consciously proud to furnish information to one who was supposed to know of every happening on Kennon Hills plantation — sometimes, strangely, even before the occurrence itself. ‘And he’s a tony butler, Mammy,’ he continued impressively. ‘He learned butlerin’ at a college!’ And he watched expectantly for the results of this bombshell.

‘Un-hun-h?’ she drawled with rising inflection. ‘Eddicated nigger! I knowed it! Three time I dream ‘bout yaller snake las’ night’ — and she relapsed into silence.

Her reception of his news was disappointing. He looked at her closely, appraising her abstracted silence and far-away expression. Sensing the possible approach of one of her ‘spells,’ he mutely gave deference to her mood.

Presently he sidled closer and, gently clasping her thin, high-veined hand, held it, in silent sympathy of understanding. The black hand closed tightly over the small chubby one.

‘You got a feelin’ comin’, ain’t you, Mammy?’ he asked softly, pressing her hand. ‘Black sheep crossin’ your path . . .’ he mused regretfully, as if visualizing the omen.

‘Yes, son,’ she answered, looking at him with a sad half-smile, her old eyes lighting with patient, indulgent love.

‘Yes, Neal, son, but hit’s better to be

sot to tromp a snake den to come smack on him unbeknowns.’ Pausing, she continued resignedly, but not without pride, ‘I was born fo’ it. Born to see ol’ trouble comin’! Born at fo’ . . .’ she chanted pensively, ‘Wid a coffin on de flo’ . . .’

‘On de moon’s first quarter . . . Yo’ ma’s sebenth daughter . . .’ Neal took up the chant in unconscious imitative rhythm. ‘Born foot-first, you free to reign . . . Nothin’ hold you, rope or chain. . . .’

‘Yes, baby,’ she nodded, her eyes resting on him proudly. ‘You got it all, straight as a bee to de gum.’

Slowly they walked, hand in hand, in closer harmony of spirit than is often given to mother and son. Reaching the picket fence surrounding Runa’s little yard and garden, Neal opened the gate, with a clanking of old cowbells, attached to warn her of infrequent visitors. ‘Lisha, Mammy’s beloved cat, had come to meet her. Neal stooped to stroke his wide yellow back. ‘I won’t go up, Mammy. You’ll be wantin’ to wrestle and pray,’ he said deferentially. ‘I’ll see you in the mornin’.’

‘All right, son,’ she acknowledged, resting her hand for a moment on his curly head. ‘Tell Lila to come home early,’ she added.

‘I reckon she’ll be late,’ he suggested, ‘havin’ to show Charlie everything.’

‘Is dat his name — Cha’lie?’ she asked intently.

‘Yes, Mammy,’ softly answered the boy, his big eyes fixed on her uplifted head and far-flung gaze. Gathering courage, he whispered in suppressed excitement, ‘Is your feelin’ about him, Mammy?’

She glanced at him slantwise. ‘Owl all time axin’ “Who?” but I ain’ hear nobody answer him,’ she replied significantly.

Abashed, he looked down at his

wiggling toes for a second, then hopefully persisted, 'Is it a *strong* feelin', Mammy, or just a little weak one?'

Dropping her head, she pressed her hand over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of some impending tragedy. With the quavering, sighing moan that always sent chills up his back, she breathed, 'Strong! Strong as pizen!' And without raising her head she walked wearily up the rise to the drab little cabin, perched atop the remnant of an old Confederate battery station.

The boy stood gazing toward the cabin, snugly tucked away under the low-drooping cedars and sycamores. From its porch, closely screened with evening-glory vines, his eyes drifted down the colorful path bordered with larkspur and sweet William, to the row of tall sunflowers along the garden fence. Slowly he turned, and dejectedly shuffled his bare feet back down the soft, dusty lane.

At supper Neal ate spasmodically. From sudden plunges with knife and fork he would subside into periods of intense fascinated gazing at the trade-school butler. Like the eyes of an animal, his squint followed every deft movement of the slender quadroon, meticulously groomed in the summer garb of spotless white jacket and apron. Occasionally the boy's eyes would flicker to Runa's niece, the trim, brown-skinned Lila, assisting Charlie; but they would quickly flash back to the yellow man, with his almost straight hair brushed low over the small black eyes, close-set like big shoe buttons in the waxen, dirty-chalk skin. The man's color reminded him of the coffee-in-cream his mother allowed him on Sunday mornings. Funny-lookin', indeed, was this pale nigger — besides, Mammy had a feelin'....

Soon after supper, Neal vanished. Lying close where the hens dusted

themselves under the big boxwood by the low windows of the servants' cellar dining room, he could safely watch every move, hear every word, of the new butler. So enthralled was the boy by Charlie's bumptious manners that he nearly exclaimed aloud. Then he smiled at his thoughts.

II

When Neal entered the garden next morning, the negro children were already dotted about the raspberry patch, silently picking under Runa's chilly eye. For an instant her clouded face lightened, but her 'Mornin', son!' was a lifeless monotone. Eying her for a moment, he took a small basket, and joined the pickers. Since his friend Joseph had been drafted into service, the sooner the big baskets were filled and carried to the area-way under the long back porch, the sooner would his henchman be released for the more important work of goat training and cave building.

Nimbly, almost magically, Mammy Runa's slender fingers flew, filling nearly two baskets to one of the little negroes'. There were no signs of jollity, no half-hidden pranks, among the children, as was the wont of all harvests under the white overseer. Only a mumbled word was heard now and then. Occasionally a pair of eyes rolled furtively toward Aunt Runa, but instantly flickered away upon meeting her cold, incisive yellow ones, which seemed, strangely, always looking at that particular child. The bare calling of a picker's name would galvanize the little body into redoubled efforts. Picking under 'An' Runa' was a thing to be finished with the utmost dispatch.

When the baskets, crowned high with their dull garnet caps, were lined up on the bench beside the glowing

charcoal furnaces, she dismissed the waiting children by a mere flick of the hand.

Impassively, austere, Aunt Runa watched the big simmering kettles, moving silently from one to another, stirring and tasting. In the dim, shadowy coolness of the brick area, she herself might have been but a shadow, here and there clouding the dull glow of the fires. Presently she began softly crooning. The kettles simmered with a low hum, as if in melancholy accompaniment. No servant dropped by for a light word. Alone she worked, secure of her privacy.

Neal did sidle in for a saucer of 'drippings' when the aroma of cooking preserves found its way into the far reaches of the back yard. Joseph's bullet head peered cautiously around the arched opening after Neal, but disappeared like a flash when Runa glanced up. Jenny, the chambermaid, stumbled to a halt as she came through the basement door suddenly upon the old woman. With an apology, she circled wide of the line of kettles and almost tiptoed down the area.

Without warning, a low, silken voice spoke suddenly almost in Runa's ear: 'Mornin', lady!'

She did not start. Not so much as a muscle quivered. Deliberately she turned, and with aloof coolness looked into the confident pale-yellow face of the new butler.

'Miss Runa, I take you to be, lady,' he smirked ingratiatingly. 'I have n't been comp'mented with a int'oduction, but p'esume to name myself Mr. Charles C. Carter, the new help, to Miss Runa Randal,' and he extended his hand.

Ignoring the hand, but with the quick-witted *savoir-faire* of a grand dame, she dipped him a low curtsey and mockingly matched his elegance

with 'Sir, your lestimation to my lystimaticus!'

He was taken aback by such high-flown phrasing; but, presuming the impressive words to carry a complimentary intent, he bowed low.

Entirely with cool self-possession, she gazed into his eyes with a faint sarcastic twinkle in her own, and a grim half-smile on her lips. Unblinkingly she stared, until his small black eyes wavered and fell. Her mocking smile widened slightly.

Shrugging, he assumed a businesslike air: 'The Madam wants the sugar bowls filled. Let me have the store-room keys, please.'

She drew a bunch of keys from her deep dress pocket, and walked serenely past him through the door. 'Dat ol' lock mighty cranky fo' a new hand,' she spoke over her shoulder — sarcastically, he thought. Opening the door, she pointed to the sugar barrel.

Casually he spoke from out of the barrel: 'You always car' the keys?'

'Naw,' she replied, smiling broadly at his back. 'Miss Betty tote 'em when I ain' roun'.'

'Miss Betty?' he almost sneered. 'Ah, you mean the Madam?'

'Hit's all de same,' said Runa indifferently. 'She de mistiss, anyway.'

'Mistress!' he exclaimed, his thin lips setting. 'I never had a mistress. This ain't slavery time . . .' But, catching himself, he assumed a suave, wheedling tone: 'You sure must stand in, for her to give you the run of things. Pretty soft — for you, ain't it?' he insinuated, looking up with a twisted grin.

Resentfully the bent figure straightened, proudly the old head went back; the drooping eyes flashed open, in a stony glare that wiped the smirk from his face. 'Git out wid yo' sugar,' she coldly ordered.

Turning her back on him, she locked

the door, and marched, head up, down the hall.

With a disparaging sniff, he glided away.

III

This was Saturday, ration day. At the noon-hour clang of the big bell at the overseer's house, Aunt Runa slipped on a high-bibbed checkered apron and started slowly toward the smokehouse. Pausing before inserting the nine-inch key into the massive lock, she turned and allowed her eyes to roam dreamily over the old back yard, perennially shaded in summer by giant elms and poplars. From the whitewashed, low-gabled servants' house, almost smothered in an ancient scuppernong vine, her gaze wandered deliberately over the narrow brick walks, so worn, so colored by years of shadow, that their dull-green brownness all but merged into the mouldy lam恩 enfolding them.

The old latticed well house with its mossy-stoned base and its shallow brick gutter winding irregularly across the yard, dipping under a great low-spreading boxwood, and finally disappearing through a hedge, to the duck pond beyond; the wide, gabled back porch, with its round white pillars and rail, holding in its arms for so many years the green slat benches, the shelf, and the cedar bucket, that they seemed to have grown a part of it — at these she pensively gazed, as if dreaming over beloved memories, one by one.

Sighing, she inserted the big key and swung open the thick iron-bound door. With the rush of the familiar tang of smoked meat, she inhaled deeply. Then she opened the door of the adjoining storeroom. From its meal-splashed interior came the sweetly pungent smell of blackstrap molasses and salt herring. She drew a long

breath. ‘I likes de smell — er hit all,’ she murmured.

Soon, busy with her scales and measures, she became absorbed in the problems of rations for the farm hands. Deftly she sliced and weighed and measured. Surely she packed the bags and baskets and filled the jugs that had been set early in the morning in a double row beside the smokehouse wall. This important duty, usually an overseer's responsibility on Virginia plantations, had been temporarily delegated to Runa at the death of the former overseer several years before; but, like most of her temporary investitures of authority at Kennon Hills, it too had smoothly flowed into permanency.

She showed no conceit over this unusual confidence and responsibility. She seemed to take it in a matter-of-fact way, as she did the many other trusts falling upon her with the passing years. Quite naturally, as if by obvious right, and with dignity itself, she wore the toga of her position. One instinctively knew, however, that she had intense pride of caste — that nebulous caste, uniquely her own. And one sensed that a blow aimed to dislodge her from her niche would strike at her very life's blood. The master and mistress — whether mostly through indulgence or through sober earnest they themselves could not have told you — scrupulously respected the privileges of her station.

The negroes, by the years of established custom, — than which, to them, there is no more immutable law, — accepted Runa's superior status as they did the Bible: as a fact demanding no analysis, a thing to be swallowed whole.

Soon after the toll of the one-o'clock bell, the hands began straggling down the lane in laughing, bantering groups; but the nearer they drew to the smoke-

house, the quieter they became. Collected outside the gate, they bore an air of sombre dignity, as in church. The few low words spoken were sober ones. There was no shoving or pressing about the narrow gate while they waited for their names to be called.

‘Mammy,’ cried a young voice from inside, ‘le’ me call ‘em?’

‘In a minute, son.’ Then she said, ‘Call Big John.’ . . .

‘What’s going on out there?’ queried Charlie, looking out of the kitchen window.

‘Jes’ givin’ out rations,’ replied the cook, sticking the comb in one side of her bushy head while proceeding to pull and plait three strands into a pigtail.

‘Who bossin’ the job?’ he asked, still peering out. ‘I hear ‘at white boy callin’ ‘em.’

She looked up at him inquisitively. ‘An’ Runa givin’ ‘em out. Huccome you got so much cur’os’ty ‘bout rations?’

‘Oh, I jus’ want to know ‘bout things.’ Then he continued casually, ‘At old woman must be big dog round here. How ‘at old ape get such a swing?’

The plaiting stopped suddenly. Round-eyed, she looked at him. Then a look of fear, as at a blasphemy, came over her. With a furtive glance toward the door, she half whispered, ‘You better hesh,’ and, mumbling some excuse, hurried from the room. Charlie looked after her with a puzzled frown. Shrugging, he began softly to whistle a popular air.

IV

Seated for dinner in the servants’ cellar room, Charlie made smooth conversation, speaking sophisticatedly of the City and ‘college.’ Most of his smiling remarks were addressed to Lila. Presently he asked with a touch

of impatience, ‘Why n’t we eat, Mrs. Cook? What we waitin’ for?’

‘Jinny gone to call An’ Runa now,’ the cook replied, matter-of-fact.

He stared at her unbelievingly. ‘You don’t mean you all waitin’ for ‘at old woman?’

‘Well, we jes’ sorta waits fo’ An’ Runa,’ acknowledged the cook, somewhat abashed. The others cut stealthy looks at him.

‘What!’ he exclaimed, and went off into a derisive cackle. Ladies and gentlemen waiting on that old hag! They certainly made him laugh! With commanding sang-froid he ordered the dishes passed to him. Yes, it was bad enough to have to knuckle to white folks, but to an old blue-gummed crow — bah!

Incredulous eyes were focused on him. Hesitantly, all but Lila began toying with the dishes.

After the first shock of amazement at his temerity, Lila’s brown face hardened, her eyes snapped resentfully. ‘Free-runnin’ mouf cover too much groun’,’ she offered laconically.

‘Now, Miss Lila, Miss Lila!’ Charlie said placatingly, breaking into his twisted smile. ‘Pretty girl like you don’t want to get mad. Poutin’ spoils your looks,’ and he stared at her so pointedly that her eyes grew softer and fell.

‘An’ Runa my kinfolks,’ she defended, half-heartedly. Pausing, as if weighing a problem, she continued, ‘Anyhow — you’ll walk safer wid a tighter tongue — roun’ dese parts,’ and her eyes gave a flicker of warning.

‘What you mean?’ he bridled. ‘You ain’t talkin’ ‘bout ‘at old woman — ‘at old black crow?’ He began to chuckle.

““Ol’ — black — crow,”” echoed a cold, flat voice from the doorway.

With a start, Charlie turned. Runa’s bleak stare met him. His lips hardened,

but he kept silent. Stealthy, questioning looks were exchanged about the table, but no word was spoken. The cook set a platter beside Runa. Charlie looked up sharply: 'Ah, cake and jelly? Seems I 'member the Madam saying it was not to come downstairs.'

'De baby sot hit to 'er,' the cook explained, under his accusing stare. 'He al'ays sen' 'er jelly when dey have it.'

'Baby!' he exclaimed contemptuously. 'Callin' at white brat "baby"!'

'Stop!' commanded Runa, throwing up her hand, her old eyes flashing, her lips drawn back till the edge of her blue gums showed against her white teeth. 'You des' dare call 'im names! Ef Doctor Prescott hear dat —'

'You jus' tell him!' he threatened viciously, half starting from his chair, his finger pointing rigidly at her. 'I ain't lookin' for trouble, but jus' one little tale — and I'll — I'll wring your old —'

'Don' wor'y,' she interrupted in a voice like flint, her face settling starkly. 'I ain't a teller,' and her reddish-yellow eyes opened round in the fixed vitreous glare of a coiled snake. 'I don' have to tell — nobody — nothin' in,' and, as at the thought of some grim, hidden jest, her set lips broke into a faint hard smile.

"T is a good thing for you — ' he began, but reluctantly subsided at a beseeching shake of Lila's head.

The other negroes sat as if petrified. Differently the girl laid her hand on the old woman's shoulder and whispered, 'Please, An' Runa!' But Runa seemed unaware of the pacifying hand. Rigid, expressionless, she sat, staring glassily into the wavering black eyes of the yellow man. As implacably as if pronouncing sentence, she began, 'He layin' his cross — layin' his cross —'

'Aw, shut up!' he exploded, fidgeting in his chair.

But she gave no heed to his interruption. She seemed unaware of it, even insensible to his presence. Slowly her eyes set in a trancelike stare, gently her body began to rock; the very flesh of her face seemed to wilt before Charlie's eyes, the black skin to tighten like a death's-head. Swaying, she commenced to chant in a low monotone: 'Black shadder . . . a soul on de edge . . . buzzard fannin' grave dus' . . . in a yaller man's face . . .' The door slammed! She barely paused: 'An' lizards . . . in red blood . . .'

The jangle of a wall bell startled Charlie — out of all proportion to the noise. It was his upstairs call. Eagerly he hurried to answer it.

Late afternoon found Charlie alone in the pantry, sitting astride a low bench, holding the big silver coffee urn loosely against his aproned knee. Abstractedly he polished and repolished the same spot, his eyes squinting dreamily at a crack in the floor. Jenny came in with an armful of larkspur and poppies. 'Come over here,' she said, reaching for an old blue willow bowl. 'I show you how to fix table flowers.'

Slowly Charlie's strokes died to quiescence; his hand rested limply on the urn. His eyes did not lift from the floor. In a meditative tone, partly relapsing into his boyhood dialect, he queried, 'What all 'at jumbo 'at ol' devil talkin' at me?'

Jenny's body tautened — poised: 'What — you mean?'

'At ol' Runa,' he replied, raising his gaze to her side face. 'What she think she doin'? Sorta crazy, ain't she?'

Flashing him a look of utter amazement, she answered tensely, 'She crazy? She got all kinda sense — more 'n anybody,' and, giving a little

shiver, went futilely at her flowers again.

‘What all ‘at mess she talkin’ then? ‘Bout buzzard wing an’ grave dus’ — an’ lizards?’ he asked, his eyes searching.

Jenny appeared not to hear. She fiddled with the flowers, keeping her face averted.

‘Soun’ like ol’ crazy cunjur talk to me,’ he mused. Pausing, he startled her with an incisive question:—

‘Jinny! Do she call herse’f a cunjur ‘oman?’

This time he saw the flinching shivers run up her back. ‘I hear Miss Betty callin’!’ she exclaimed, starting to the door.

For several minutes Charlie gazed after her. ‘She sho’ do act funny,’ he mumbled, his hand automatically resuming the slow polishing strokes. ‘I believe they skeered — o’ ‘at ol’ devil.’

Presently he threw back his shoulders suddenly, and began a brisk rubbing. ‘Hunh!’ he grunted. ‘Old ignorant black nigger!’

The flowers lay wilting on the shelf. Jenny did not return till she saw Charlie crossing the yard to his room.

V

Runa felt ‘pohly’ Sunday — not up to the two-mile walk to Zion Town Church. She sat staring at Lila while the girl primped with more than ordinary care.

From a long silence Runa admonished her: ‘Stay ‘way fom dat yaller nigger — you hear? He’s pizenous as a copperhead!’

Lila, glancing from under her lids, acquiesced a meek and ready ‘Yes, ma’am.’

But on the way home that night she somehow found herself straggling behind the rest, alone with Charlie.

VI

Charlie soon decided he liked Kenyon Hills and his job. He liked the negroes, too, pretty well, for what they were; but consciously he looked down upon them from his height. He liked the slender-figured Lila best — she was really worth giving time to. Yes, this was a pretty soft nest — but in its lining was an insignificant burr that pricked him. Too often he caught himself thinking of old Runa — silly, childish thoughts, he felt, that made him petulant. And she irritated him with her everlasting ‘old crazy smile.’

He could find out little definite about her; and he swore inwardly at the fool niggers who seemed afraid to tell him anything. He had tried the women first, then the coachman and gardener, and finally had gone up to the farm hands’ quarters at night to sing with them; but his most guarded touch upon Runa — her history, her status — was met by vagueness or silence. The fools drew into their shells quicker than old terrapins when touched with a stick.

The few bits of information he was able to extract from one source and another could be patched together in but a dim, meaningless pattern. The few material threads he fancied he could discern in the nebulous warp were in themselves but half-formulated, whispered innuendoes; misty, inferred legends of queer happenings, of Black Sukey, of Big Mose and others, with Runa’s figure seen wavering in the background through a haze of suggestion. Damn their ignorant souls — they *were* afraid! There was one other possible source. . . .

One morning, while Neal and Joseph were sweating at the new cave in the bank of the old battery behind Mammy’s house, they were startled by a growl from Budger, their shepherd

puppy. On the high bank stood Charlie, smiling ingratiatingly.

‘Hello, boys! Diggin’ a cave?’ And he slid down the bank in front of them.

Joseph rolled his eyes from Charlie to Neal. Neither boy spoke.

This was an irritating and almost unprecedented situation. A grown person deliberately trespassing on their secret ground! Neither knew just what to say. But the new butler was not abashed. With one hand held behind him, he looked quizzically at Neal, and asked, ‘You like windmills?’

Windmills! Both boys straightened and looked at him hungrily. Deliberately he disclosed a small wind wheel, beautifully whittled out of soft pine, and stained red with blackberry juice.

The entente cordiale had been masterfully established. Yes, he could make weather vanes too, and water mills, and kites. Maybe he’d make them some by and by. Anyway, he’d nail the windmill on the ridge of the henhouse for them to-day, sure.

Then he shifted the conversation: ‘That your Mammy’s house up there, ain’t it? You sure got a fine Mammy. How long she been here?’

‘Oh, years and years,’ Neal answered indifferently.

‘Sence ’fo’ de stars fell,’ augmented Joseph, eager to jolt the city man with a real date — the date from which all great events were reckoned.

Charlie smiled. ‘Oh, she’s not that old,’ he protested tolerantly.

‘Ma say she mos’ a hund’ed,’ insisted Joseph.

‘She was *real* old when she came to nurse Bro’ Ran, and he’s married,’ bridled Neal, as if one of Mammy’s virtues were threatened. ‘Then,’ he continued, ‘she nursed ‘Lisbeth, and then me — and I’m goin’ on ten.’

‘Your father and mother think a lot of her, don’t they?’ Charlie insinuated. ‘She kinda runs things, don’t she?’

‘Sure,’ said Neal, matter-of-course.

Pausing thoughtfully, Charlie asked, ‘The colored people act like they’re sorta scared of her — why’s that?’

Joseph’s big eyes opened in round unbelief; he sucked in his breath audibly. Neal gazed intently at the pale-yellow man. Wasn’t he a funny man, asking that question? No negro had ever asked any question about Mammy’s life — much less such a one. Why, they would almost as soon have asked an impertinent question about God! He guessed that maybe a college nigger was n’t afraid. He’d see. ‘Cause she can *conjure*!’ he spat forth in a stage whisper.

Charlie did not flinch as Neal had expected, but stood looking gravely at him, a slight frown wrinkling his forehead. ‘You don’t believe that —’ he began, but was interrupted by a scrambling noise on the bank. Joseph was just reaching the top. With a desperate bound he gained the level and dashed for home.

‘What’s the matter with *him*?’ Charlie asked curiously.

Neal smiled, but, sobering quickly, looked more closely at this queer nigger. ‘He thinks it’s bad luck to talk about conjure — don’t you?’ he taunted.

‘Pshaw!’ smiled Charlie. ‘There’s no such thing.’

‘Ain’t there?’ bristled Neal. ‘Why, Mammy can conjure anybody, jus’ give her time. She can work love and hate tricks, and pain tricks, and mind tricks. And,’ he dropped his voice to an intense whisper, ‘she can put — lizards — in you.’

Warming to her defense, he continued, ‘Look what happened to Big Mose! Look at Black Sukey! She’s still in the ’sylum. Look at Jake Lewis! Seven lizards out of one sore in his leg.

‘You better walk your road and not

cross her path,’ he warned, his eyes squinting. ‘She’ll put you in the shadow,’ and, shaking his head knowingly, he started home, as if washing his hands of all responsibility.

The yellow man’s derisive cackle followed the little boy across the field. But when Neal was beyond hearing, the cackle subsided. For minutes Charlie stood still, as if pondering. With a sly glance at Runa’s house, he slowly climbed the opposite bank.

VII

Charlie quickly mastered the details of his work. Mrs. Prescott grew more and more to feel that she had an almost perfect butler. Even the Doctor’s prejudices against ‘trade-school niggers’ were gradually overcome by the man’s thoughtful initiative and smooth, intelligent execution of orders. Ere harvest time Charlie was considered a fixture at Kennon Hills.

In spite of any small disturbing thoughts locked tight in his own breast, or any little irritating incidents known only to himself, he maintained for the most part a friendly, smiling exterior. Seldom, at first, did he vary from a suavely polite, if condescending, manner toward the negroes. If they sensed his tolerant, patronizing attitude, they did not outwardly resent it. Though perhaps critical of his early assumption of social leadership, yet they tacitly recognized his superiority of education, his fine manners and sophistication; and felt more than a little flattered at his camaraderie — somewhat as they felt toward the preacher when he deigned to step down from his pedestal to become humanly one of them at their social gatherings. Never did he actually boast of his own advantages of learning and modern point of view, or directly belittle their old-fashioned tenets and customs; but a subtle prop-

aganda of indulgent suggestion, colored with veiled derision, emanated from him. With his innuendoes against the whites, his insidious preachments of race equality, and his bold, smiling disregard of old beliefs and superstitions, he made his presence felt.

The servants began to assume little airs, and attempt the use of unfamiliar words. They became not quite so shy of his criticisms of the whites, sometimes actually joining him in such critical discussions. Since he had shown no baneful effects from his casual ignoring of Runa, his complete disregard of her established position, they ventured, in her absence, even to snicker over his quips at her expense. But when he threw out derisive or belittling insinuations in her presence, they held themselves to sly, half-insolent looks. Charlie’s attitude was becoming the mode, and Charlie was growing popular below stairs — particularly with the women. Even the middle-aged cook had a sly glance for him. Special tidbits, previously saved for Aunt Runa, began to find their way to his plate.

Not a shade of these insidious changes escaped Runa; but, other than for a hurt, puzzled look, and a withdrawing deeper into her own sombre silences, she gave little outward sign. Smouldering flame, however, would creep into her half-veiled eyes at some passing look of understanding between Lila and the yellow man, with his straight hair and slick tongue.

As for the girl, Aunt Runa had always kept her in easy check. And now, when she berated her for wearing her Sunday dress on week nights, and for coming home later and later, — with a look in her eyes, the hussy, — the old expression of fear would come back over Lila. At the girl’s cringing under her sharp invectives and dire threats, Runa’s old eyes would lose

some of their scathing fire and became dubiously content. But at the sight of that pale nigger sitting there glibly talking, everyone hanging on his words, herself forgotten, her face would settle into a look of stark, inexorable portent.

VIII

Queer little things, petty happenings, quite insignificant at first to a man of his enlightenment, had been irritating Charlie since his first week at Kennon Hills. So futile, so meaningless, were they in the beginning that a careless observer might have attributed them to the mischievous mind of a child.

They began with his finding a red flannel ball no bigger than a hickory nut tied to his broom handle. Curious, thinking it some joke, he detached it and casually rolled it over in his hand. Smiling, he slit the stitches with his knife. Funny stitches they were, too — neatly laid in the form of little crosses. And the thread! He felt of the severed ends. They were stiff, bristly — like horsehair. Peeling back the flannel cover, he disclosed a ball of evil-smelling yellow gum. Across the ball, adhering to the gum, were two downy

black feathers — laid in a cross. Gradually his expression changed, the tolerant smile became a fixed, silly one. Suddenly he gave a contemptuous sniff, and viciously threw the thing out of the window.

Following this, at more or less regular intervals, there had come many trivial but strange meddlings with his possessions — some so intangible, others so insignificant, that he wondered if his imagination were not playing him tricks. He could, himself, have subconsciously cleaned his comb of all hair — and forgotten it. A small piece dug out of his soap, the uncertain rearrangement of articles on his shelves into vague patterns — these might have been coincidences. And the puppy might have dragged away his missing shoe. But, again coming upon indubitable evidence, — concrete things, unnatural and disturbing, — he would feel afresh the uncomfortable, irritating sense of a malevolent spectral hand prowling among his effects and leaving its signs.

Then a small triangular piece was cut from his undershirt.

Charlie's suave, friendly good humor became broken with recurrent days of petulance — barely noticeable.

(To be continued)

THE LARGER AGNOSTICISM

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

WHEN I was beginning my ministry, eighteen years ago, the chief task facing those who wished to be prophets of religion was apparently to persuade people that God was important. There was then abroad a skeptical agnosticism about the Central Person beneath and behind and through the visible universe. That agnosticism is common to-day. It is a thing even harder to combat than it then was — not because the idea of God is less reasonable than it was then, but because our contemporary pessimism has widened its scope. A generation ago men might doubt God, but they doubted little else. They did not, for example, doubt themselves. They did not doubt the worthwhileness of humanity. Indeed, there was about that time much in vogue a thing, vestigial remnants of which still are lying about, which called itself humanitarian religion — a faith which regarded man in himself as almost, if not quite, divine. People who scorned supernaturalism told you with enthusiasm that they believed in man and in his future. They sought to promote natural honor among men, for men, in a true fraternity. They were convinced that in human love was to be found a perfect substitute for that divine love the existence of which seemed to them at best only of academic interest.

Nowadays men may not believe in God more, but they certainly believe in man less.

There are reasons for the growth of this newer and wider agnosticism — this doubt about the worth of human beings. The war was a bitter blow to human self-esteem. The whole struggle was brutal, stupid, out of harmony with the higher humanitarianism. Our vaunted progress, our supposed emancipation from what we called the superstitions of religion, our trust in human reason, all our deification of humanity, resulted only in the most horrible, and futile, butchery in history. We who had said that men were as gods found out, or so it seemed to us, that men were merely stupid, self-destructive beasts. The war did indeed help on the new agnosticism.

Other things helped too. During the last century science rediscovered for us that in respect to our bodies we were animals and from the animals. This was a great opener of eyes. We dwelt upon it and talked about it and taught it to our youngsters, with marvelous forgetfulness that because we were beasts it did not of necessary logic follow that we were nothing but beasts. If you tell a generation, from babyhood through the university, that it is animal, and fail to tell it about the parts of human living that are not animal, it is apt to believe what it has been taught. And it is partly at least for that reason that in the ears of a generation so taught, as ours has been, the higher humanitarianism is apt to sound supremely silly. The result of this partial, lopsided education is horrid, even though it has its amusing side.

A generation which sought not to love God, but in His place to enthrone man, finds it has children who find the new deity more absurd than the older one.

The youngsters have discovered that man is not divine; that he is very, very much of the earth earthy. Our forefathers knew that too. The only hope, as they saw it, for humanity was that it might struggle on toward God with the compassionate help of God. They believed in human depravity, but they also believed in God's grace. Our children believe in the depravity, but they know next to nothing of the grace. In our youth we, as a generation, believed in neither of these things. Our children know at least this much more than we knew, that in our overestimate of man's natural ability and virtue we were fools. They cannot see that we behave like gods at all. They have no faith in human divinity, even in that of their fathers and mothers. They insist that men are beasts, born to live for comfort, for appetite, for sensory enjoyments, and for wealth. It is as aspirants for such things that they esteem us, their elders. Our pretensions and our accomplishments seem to them contradictory. They smell an odious hypocrisy.

II

The higher humanitarianism is today knocked into a cocked hat. Thomas Huxley doubted God a bit, but waxed almost tearful about the worth of man, and rhapsodized of human love. His grandson, Aldous Huxley, laughs pityingly at man and pours gentle scorn upon love. He writes long, and horribly tiresome, novels to show that love is only a rather nasty physical appetite which rules us, and fools us in the end. Dear Vida Scudder at Wellesley has recorded how shocked she was to find that her students in later years laughed

at Wordsworth's great 'Ode to Duty,' 'stern Daughter of the Voice of God. . . . Who art a light to guide,' because Duty was such an antiquated and ridiculous concept in their eyes. Professor Krutch in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August puts the whole point of view with candor, even with bluntness. 'Many other things,' he says, 'we have come to doubt, — patriotism, self-sacrifice, respectability, honor . . . the wreck of love is conspicuous. . . . We have grown used . . . to a Godless universe, but we are not yet accustomed to one which is loveless as well, and only when we have so become shall we realize what atheism really means.' Dr. Krutch's words seem to imply that this ultimate atheism is going to mean something very fine. When religion, duty, honor, patriotism, self-sacrifice, respectability, and love are all discarded as ridiculous superstitions, then the race is going to be emancipated. But as you read him you perceive that even he is whistling hard to keep his courage up and is inwardly somewhat appalled at the outcome of his own logic. If this were merely a matter of an article by a single misanthropic philosopher, it would not matter much. Its significance, as those of us well know who live closely with people from eighteen to thirty-five years of age, lies in the fact that this way of looking at things is common. Our children are saying — maybe some of us are — what the cynical author of Ecclesiastes said long ago: 'That which befalleth the sons of men is that which befalleth the animals — the same thing to both. As the one perishes, so perishes the other. Man hath no preëminence above the beasts. All is foolishness.'

What is to be said about all this larger cynicism? The thing that needs to be said about it is that this sort of talk is both buncombe and a bore. We must admit, of course, that man is

a beast. That is where he starts from. The thing that always has distinguished him, however, from the rest of the beasts — the thing which the cynicism of the moment forgets — is that man has not been and is not content to remain on that beastly level. He is ever struggling toward a kind of living, a set of values, that are not beastly at all. He is bent on discovering some queer thing called Truth, for instance. To get toward it he will deny animal urges and rewards. He will starve for it, slave for it, suffer for it, die for it — and count himself happy to have had the chance. The modern behaviorist may call him a fool for his pains. Dr. Krutch may esteem him an unemancipated ass. But he *will* do it and rejoice in it. He will value Truth higher than wealth or popularity. And when he does deny the quest, and behaves as a rational animal would behave, it makes him miserable and he knows that he is a cad. Beasts who are nothing but beasts do not behave that way. Man also, starting on the animal level, pursues a thing he calls Beauty. The funny fellow cannot even tell you what Beauty is. It is a will-o'-the-wisp, but he struggles toward it. He even tries to copy it, in what he calls the Arts. To express one tiny bit of it he will endure privations, bitter ones. And whenever he gives up the search for it, if he does, he knows himself for a poor thing and hates his own abandonment. In the pursuit of this Beauty he knows lies a part, at least, of his destiny. This is strange conduct for beasts who are nothing but beasts. And man also, starting from the level of the animal, pursues Love — not merely love in a physical or mating sense (which apparently is the only kind of love known to such persons as Carpenter and Ellis and Krutch), but love as a passionate surrender of self — sacrifice of one's own happiness to others, that in one's

dying there may be for them new life. And man, starting from the level of the beasts, pursuing Truth, Beauty, Love, has perceived that these are all attributes of a great Reality — for the perfectness of which his heart is hungry. He calls this Reality God, and he knows that when he turns toward this God, God somehow lifts him up into a being more real than beastly being.

All this is an integral and vital part of human experience. Yet the modern cynic scorns it. All human history cries that life is a search for a Reality far beyond us. It is this struggle which makes life the magnificent adventure that it is. The cynic denies the reality of the struggle, because forsooth it is a struggle. Because man has not arrived, he shouts that man has never started. To him all man's good dreams are nightmares. To his mind man is less worthy than the beasts; he is a beast who, alone among beasts, supposes in a ridiculous idiocy that he is not a beast. From the points of view of logic, common sense, pragmatic test, and fact, the whole of this position, despite its scientific pretensions, is foolishness. Happily there are many who realize this foolishness. What can be done for them?

At least we must recognize that the old humanity worship cannot be brought back. Man is not a noble hero. He is in constant struggle from beastliness to godliness. In him is the great warfare. The animal within him urges him to remain content with the pursuit and ownership of things and with the fulfillment of appetite. But Reality keeps calling him to an adventure toward Truth and Beauty and Goodness. The beast within him cries 'Grab!' while something else cries 'Give!' He knows the worth of honor, but he is not always honorable. He sees the beauty of courage, but frequently he is a coward. Duty is to him compelling, but it does not always

compel. He knows what love may be, but over and over again he degrades it or denies it. He is not to be trusted, though he is to be loved. He is not to be worshiped, though he is to be respected. He is pitiable. He is enviable. His life is a joke, and a tragedy, and a sublime quest. It is not in him as now he is that his true significance lies. He is only on the way. As Aristotle said, the significance of anything, including man, lies not in its origin, but in its destiny. Whence man came may be interesting, but whither man tends is what really matters.

III

The end and the meaning of life lie in God—in a final Reality now aspired toward but hard to understand, apprehended but never comprehended. Contemplation of the end toward which mankind is struggling is what the world needs now, as it has always needed it. It is in this contemplation that religion consists, religion which we must have if life is to regain its dignity. It must, of course, be *real* religion, not a socially conventionalized substitute, of the sort ascribed to the heroine of a late popular novel, of whom it is written, ‘She had no religion beyond a sufficient initiation into its ceremonies to permit attendance on them, on social occasions, without a *faux pas*.’ Religion is to a human being either the most serious and vital of human activities or worse than nothing. Our religion must be emancipated from social humbuggery, with all its apparatus of dress clothes and rented pews and sycophantic parsons and patronizing people. Ours must be a mystical and sacramental religion, wherein and whereby you and I and our children may lift our hearts in self-freed adoration toward that Perfection which we long to embrace; religion wherein and whereby we may forget food and drink

and clothes and motors and worldly position and organized amusements and clever trickiness of speech, and all the rest of the animal palavering which owns and hampers us, — none of which satisfies us, most of which stifles us, — and feed in our hearts on Him who — cynics to the contrary notwithstanding — is all that we long to be. We need religion, religion wherein and whereby we may look on One whose suffering-tested eyes speak Truth, whose torn body is more beautiful than flesh can be until the Spirit has battled with it and conquered it, whose Goodness both shames us into penitence and cleanses us into decency. We are really athirst for God, we modern people — but afraid to drink the wine of Him lest journalistic cynics with sharp tongues perhaps may sneer at us. How long shall we thus be self-conscious and cowardly? How long shall we ignore the race’s age-bought wisdom? How long shall we deny the validity of that struggling on toward God which alone makes man’s life a thing of meaning? Not long, I think.

And how long shall we remain content with an irreligious educational system, with schools and colleges and universities which regard the mystical experiment as a polite appendage to life, whose chapels are tolerated survivals of the past — schools and colleges and universities where youth is initiated into almost every craft except that craft which matters most to the race; where men and women become alert and skilled in looking back and down, but awkward and self-conscious when they try to look forward and up; where all man’s dreams seem fanciful and all man’s heroisms futile; where students are taught all things else but how to approach in natural and unaffected adoration that destiny of man which is God? Let us pray to that same God, not long!

DR. COIT OF ST. PAUL'S

BY OWEN WISTER

I

THE first Headmaster of St. Paul's School was twenty-six when he opened it alone, and with three boys. Three hundred and thirty-nine were there, and thirty-six masters, on the winter day when he died, at the age of sixty-five; and a hush fell upon the hearts of those who had gone out of that school into the world. The master builder of their consciences and characters would never again look at them with his searching blue eyes. His marble effigy, recumbent in the School Chapel, is rightly clothed in a monastic gown, with a rope knotted round the waist. The sculptor knew that time had misplaced him, as an April day will sometimes appear in January. His well-known fellow churchmen and acquaintances, Phillips Brooks, Bishop Doane, and the three Bishops Potter, were at one with their epoch; he came as straight from the twelfth century as John Brown from the Old Testament, or Napoleon from the age when invaders could change the course of history.

His spirit was felt to be so remote from the present that to see him do some everyday thing, as when by a quick light touch from behind he knocked the cap over the eyes of a little new boy who had forgotten in his general timidity to take it off as he was entering the Chapel, never ceased to be incongruous; or as when, in the midst of reproofing two boys who had together destroyed a posted bulletin not to their

liking, he pulled himself up short on the brink of a joke:—

‘Then I'm to understand that Tom tore it down, and Jack tore it — to pieces.’

He adjusted himself to his age in little that was not needed for the welfare of the school that he created, and in his creation he found his context, the medium for his genius; during forty years he filled every cranny of St. Paul's with his tremendous personality.

Few boys over whom his spiritual fire passed ever forgot it, or the tall black figure in which it blazed. Whatever religious observance they may have dropped away from, whatever scruple of their boyhood they got over, him they never got over. Twenty-five years after he was dead, and three rectors had succeeded him, a lady who came to live at the school found that she met his legend at every turn; he was still present in the place, pervading it; while out in the world he lived so deep in men of forty and fifty that his formidable shape would appear to them in their dreams.

Henry Augustus Coit was born on January 20, 1830, seven hundred years later than the days of his spiritual kin. Behind the times he was not; he was keenly alive to them, found them little to his liking, and withdrew from them to live devotedly in his work, and deeply within himself, in perpetual communion with something eternal. Had he come into the world at Assisi or Siena, when Innocent II was pope,

instead of at Wilmington, Delaware, when Andrew Jackson was president, it might well be that the calendar would now include another saint, that another order would be numbered with the Franciscans and Benedictines, and that his portrait — possibly even his martyrdom — by Pinturicchio or Pietro Vannucci would hang treasured in the hill-town cathedrals of Italy. Instead, there is his photograph in the Alumni House: a stern sad man in clerical black; a broad brow, a keen eye, the beard and shaven upper lip of other days; obviously a man of war and a captain; less obviously a prophet of poetic vision, and a tender, very human heart; a true and vivid likeness of the man's aspect in his full prime. To catch the vision and the heart, his youthful face must be studied, his ardent face when he was twenty-four: beardless, a brow that might be Shelleys, thick waving hair massed above this, an eye of wide-open wistfulness, a mouth of marked purpose, not yet chiseled by strife, and the fashion of choker and collar to be seen round the neck of Daniel Webster. In this early likeness noble and serious dreams can be read, dreams meant to come true through action; the face in the Alumni House has been hammered into austerity by forty years of fighting with the beasts at Ephesus, and the knowledge that nothing comes wholly true. He is reported to have said once that boarding schools were a necessary evil: if he ever did, it was a momentary flash, an overstatement of his feeling that the best he could do must fall short of what, in the beginning, he may have hoped to do. And possibly this, with his native bent for indignation at the evil in the world, rather than elation over the good, may have set stern sadness in the depths of his countenance, in spite of the drollery and humor which often played over its

surface. His lightning perception of the ludicrous did little to help the mood that dwelt inmost in him.

At morning service in the Chapel, when he said, 'Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening,' there was an overtone in his arresting voice which seemed to be almost fatalistic, almost to ask, 'And what does it all come to?'

When he gave out such hymns as 'Abide with me! Fast falls the even-tide,' 'Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,' 'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,' and many another that bore upon the tragedy of life, the music of his utterance fitted those words closer than when he stood tall and majestic in the white amplitude of his surplice, and read, 'The day of resurrection! Earth, tell it out abroad!' or, 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.'

This spirit in exile, separated by seven centuries from its native epoch, could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land jubilantly, like Phillips Brooks, who was at home in his times, and splendidly buoyant, and could make it sound like a trumpet. 'Life is so simple!' Brooks exclaimed exuberantly, one Sunday morning in his pulpit. It was not simple to Henry Coit: better to hold aloof from it, and put armor on young souls to encounter it and prevail. Behind every sentence that he preached in Chapel, every page of Greek or Latin which he put with such grace into English for his stumbling boys, every game that he countenanced outdoors and in, lived the unswerving purpose to equip young souls to meet a life that was mostly evil. In him, more than in any of his remarkable brothers, the heritage of Celtic twilight prevailed, and his New England ancestors held his stormy temperament in their grip. The sombre

cast of Puritanism dimmed the natural sun of mirth and humor that constantly struggled to shine out in him, and checked, too often to his own loss and the loss of those around him, the impulse of laughter and fun which bubbled up liberally in him. It almost seemed as if he felt it wrong to relax. In his spontaneous distrust of any indulgence, he was more like John Knox than like the converted troubadour of Assisi, at whose touch the rose tree lost its thorns: the discipline of the thorn was to him more desirable than the smell of the rose. He had never been converted, like Saint Paul, or Saint Francis, or Saint Ignatius; he had never needed conversion; the straight line of his life was from its beginning to its end without a break, and all his days he walked humbly in the sight of his God — but not much so in the sight of men.

His ecclesiastical chief, and affectionate friend, Bishop Niles, a trustee of the school, was explaining to him once why he could not attend the approaching functions and prize giving of Last Night; Last Night at his own school in Holderness came on the same date, and claimed his presence. And while he talked Dr. Coit kept his back turned in annoyance.

'Henry Coit,' said the Bishop at last, 'when I am speaking to you of serious things, you will please look at me.'

The trustees of the school, a chosen group of men capable in their various callings, were humorously aware that when they convened at the Rectory to discuss and decide upon whatever of importance had come up they were little more than what is termed rubber stamps, ratifying the decisions of their Headmaster. They sat and heard him; they learned what had been done, and what was to be done, and the reasons for it; in their submission they were not unlike boys being lectured in his study.

The chief difference was that, being mature men, they recognized to the full the extraordinary quality of their Headmaster, his sagacity and integrity, the success he was making of his work — and so they were glad to give him his head. Such a way to conduct a complex institution could never last, except during the same exceptional state of things, as when some nation is ruled for a while by a benevolent despot.

'When our meeting is over,' said a trustee, Dr. Samuel Eliot, to a parent of one of the boys, 'Dr. Coit waves a hand toward the dining room, and tells us that we shall find sherry and cigars there. None of us even dares to go in.'

His attitude about tobacco was something quite peculiar, and must be laid not alone to his innate distrust of any mere physical indulgence; a delicate and extreme fastidiousness marked his taste in a multitude of directions, and this the smell of tobacco evidently offended. In his summer holidays, late in life, when he sat with his family on the deck of some Canadian steamer, and cigar smoke floated his way, he would give the characteristic wave of his hand to waft it off, and a sniff of his nose, and a blow with his lips, while the gleam of irony twinkled in his blue eye.

When Augustus Swift, who brought much-needed liveliness and liberality in living to the school early in 1874, came to establish his rooms full of good water colors, bright shelves of books, comfortable curtains and chairs, across the hall from the Doctor's austere study, and the doors of both rooms would be open, the Doctor would interrupt what he was saying to some boy by a turning of his head and a searching sniff, and, 'My dear, don't you notice an odor of nicotine?' And the ironic twinkle in the blue eye would follow, and win the delighted boy's confidence.

Less playful was his remark to his

son when he appeared one day with a cigar in his mouth: 'And when did you assume that badge of manhood?'

That was the father; the host did not carry it so far. For the trustees cigars and sherry were always ready, and prejudice was waived for other guests. In the upstairs apartment of his son and daughter-in-law during the later days when they lived with him, the badge of manhood was allowed. And when a certain prelate was staying in the house the Doctor, after dinner, would say to his son, 'Take the Bishop upstairs and see that he has all the necessary apparatus.'

Dr. Coit's fastidiousness came out in his dress; never a wrinkle in his severe coat, or a fray in his white collar, or a speck on the polish of his long, narrow, well-made shoes. At his right hand on his desk lay always a row of pencils, symmetric and sharpened to the finest point; his swift handwriting, though traced by a flying pen, was exquisitely formed and delicate as a thread.

Fastidiousness came out in his choice of words, in his literary taste, in his severity or his laughter over the English into which the boys would put their Horace or their Euripides.

He was holding an oral examination in sixth-form Latin, and had invited an old boy, arrived from college for a visit, to sit beside him on the platform.

'You may scan the first line of this ode,' he said to one of the form.

'*Vitas me hinuleo similis, Chloe,*' the boy read in correct rhythm.

'That will do. Now translate it.'

'You shun me, Chloe, like a mule.'

'Oh, my dear! A mule! Do you think calling her that would soften her heart?'

'It's in the dictionary, sir.'

'Did n't you notice any other word there? Did n't you see "fawn"? Well, go on; and remember it's a lover addressing a young lady.'

And while the boy continued the Doctor, quietly mirthful, turned to the visitor and said, 'You see, we're still going at it on all fours!'

II

Going at it on all fours under such discipline as Henry Coit's trained many a clumsy mind to go upright with a good carriage. This advantage has befallen youth before. Arnold of Rugby, Fellenberg of Hofwyl, and Muhlenberg, who taught Henry Coit — these were all of the race of great civilizers. Whenever you had Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at the other, it was said that you had a university. Arnold not only licked drunken, lawless Rugby into shape; his work there reformed Harrow and Eton, and ordained a new decency in the brutal schools of Britain.

Henry Coit had nothing to reform; he had something to create out of almost nothing — a farm in the wilds, and three boys driven there with him in a carriage. He played on an old square piano to accompany them in their evening hymns; and, since Henry Coit, every preparatory school in America has had its eye on what he made out of that beginning in 1856.

Without pretensions to erudite scholarship, he gave young brains the secret of taste and discrimination, set intellects, when an intellect could be discerned, on the right road. Through the unerring felicity of his comments, Cicero, Horace, Homer, Euripides, set their seal upon every young intelligence that was congenitally capable of taking this impress; and the seal remained long after the syntax had evaporated.

St. Paul's boys were noted for their good use of English; it was recognized by the boys from other schools who met them at Harvard, where they

anticipated the required course in rhetoric without effort. Why did they find this so simple a matter? Because Dr. Coit's strict and delicate taste pervaded St. Paul's from top to bottom. Not alone his classes in Greek and Latin, but those of his assistant masters also were equally lessons in English. No going at it on all fours if the boy could be lifted to his feet; accuracy even to the last shade was demanded, but merely as the necessary root of the matter. This must bloom into the natural idiom of the Mother Tongue; it could not be left a dislocated jumble of gerunds and ablatives absolute.

Sweet when she smiles my Lalage I'll love,
Sweet when she talks to me,

is the English into which Dr. Coit turned two lines of Horace, as he sat with his sixth form. It was quite often his way toward the end of the hour to hold the book up, and lean back, and read to the boys his version of whatever Latin or Greek had been that day's assigned work; and once a boy returning from Harvard, disappointed with some readings of Homer to which he had listened there, begged him to write out and publish his own translation. The suggestion was whisked to the winds by a sweep of the thumb over the long fingers, and a sound in the throat, which could express every shade of disapproval from diverted irony to corrosive scorn, and at which the boy had frequently shaken in his shoes.

Personal questions, attempted compliments, brought instantly the whisk of the thumb and the sound in the throat. To that same boy, on another visit, the Doctor ironically narrated a conversation with a President of the United States, who had inquired by what methods he was so successful in impressing himself on his scholars. It was the Founder of Christianity, Dr. Coit had retorted, whose words and

example he strove to teach; and to the alumnus he added, 'Impress one's self! As if one wanted a set of young apes!'

But when the alumnus broke into laughter at this a quick 'Pssh!' cut him short. At that sound he had also often shaken in his shoes.

To provoke mirth and cut it short was one of the strange traits of this strange man. It was as if his humor had escaped from him unaware, and was not to be countenanced. Yet he could relax in the heartiest laughter.

Two old boys came up to the Anniversary, and interpolated an Italian number in the concert programme. One, in a wild wig, sat pounding the piano, while the other, got up like an operatic prima donna, rushed about the school-study platform and shrieked scales and trills in a high falsetto. Dr. Coit, in one of the stalls at the end of the room, sat rocking backward and forward, and at last put his hand over his face.

When his humanity came uppermost, he could be like sunshine; the blue eyes ceased to pierce, and twinkled or shone with an understanding that warmed many a boy's heart to strive with all the strength that was in him. The appeal and the exhortation were in essence always religious; the same talk from other lips has left many a boy cold; it was the fiery spirit that burned in Henry Coit which opened young hearts and minds and touched to life the aspirations latent there.

With forty years of boys to deal with, nothing short of omniscience could have steered free of mistakes. Henry Coit's genius with youth did not save him from misreading some characters whom their contemporaries saw through easily. He thought too well of some, and of some not well enough. There was a boy who received the school medal, the crown of all honors, given in token of character, influence, loyalty,

good standing. No one watched this boy walk up and get it with any hearty enthusiasm; the school knew better. Many years later, when the boy had come a good deal to the fore through exercise of the same assiduity, adroitness, and colorless adaptation which had won him the school medal, somebody arriving at the Rectory spoke of having seen him in a train.

'Poor potatoes,' remarked Dr. Coit.

Because of his never dropping his old boys out of sight, but always following up their careers, he had long since taken his former medal boy's true measure, and could be philosophic over the error.

Philosophy was not always at his elbow; he could treat a boy's translating Chloe into a mule lightly, but when fastidiousness was outraged he was at times less calm.

A small boy received a hamper from home. He must have been meant to share the good things in it; instead, he ate them all in his alcove, alone—candy, cake, pickles, and preserves. In the middle of the night terrible results followed; the whole dormitory was startled from its sleep, and every window had to be opened.

The small boy did not perish, but he was not at his desk in the schoolroom next morning; and another boy, on going to speak to Dr. Coit, found the door of the study closed, and stood outside, appalled by the words that came through it:—

'You will pack your trunk immediately. The carriage has been ordered to take you to the train. Your parents are expecting you. *Dirty little pigs like you shall not stay at this school.*'

The blast in those last words was described by the boy who heard them. It seldom broke forth, and only when Henry Coit had no time to think second thoughts. It fell once on the head of a graduate in his mid-twenties, who

had been asked if he took the Sacrament regularly, and had told the truth, that he could take it no longer with sincerity. But on this occasion, when Henry Coit had talked himself out of his storm of disappointment and indignation, he quieted into affection and concern for the old boy's soul; and their relations thereafter became more close than they had ever been before.

The same graduate did not tell Dr. Coit the truth upon an earlier occasion, when he was being questioned too closely about some reported irregularities of one of his friends, a sophomore at that time. The sophomore, after being ejected from a Boston theatre, had spent the night in jail. The papers had mentioned the incident. The graduate did his best. He affected surprise, and was certain that nothing of the sort had happened. But Dr. Coit merely sat shaking his head.

'To think of those delicate little features relaxed in drunkenness!' was his only observation.

One momentous event became a legend through the stir it made. On his way from the schoolroom to recitation on the third floor, a fourth-former, loitering at the rear of his class, turned the key in the door of Dr. Coit's study on the second landing. The imprisonment lasted but a moment. A master happening to arrive and knock heard the quiet voice of the vice rector, Joseph Coit, telling him to unlock the door. Out of it Henry Coit issued, and is described as mounting the stairs three steps at a stride. The fourth form was hardly settled in its seats when the door burst open, and the black apparition, with blue eyes blazing, towered before the class. The revolutionary deed was announced amid petrified silence. Who had done this? No one spoke. After a pause, whoever had done it was commanded to stand up. There was no move, but only more silence.

'If the boy does not come to me by to-night,' said Dr. Coit, 'I shall dismiss —, —, — (naming three boys in bad standing) to-morrow.' He went, leaving a right guess among those three picked out.

This stroke put on the screws. The recitation was adjourned, the fourth form held a meeting. Every name was called; each boy rose and absolutely denied it to his classmates. But the truth was known by two there. A fourth-former, still tardier than the culprit, had come up the stairs behind him. Wrung between telling tales on the guilty or seeing the innocent suffer, this witness broke silence at last. Among his peers, in their teens, he never recovered his standing: had he not gone back on the code? But had n't the Doctor's threat forced him? Bated fourth-form breaths recovered themselves and argued fiercely. What right had the Doctor to make a threat like that? Well, did n't the Doctor have to keep his school going? They thrashed it back and forth. The telltale lost caste, still more the culprit who had serenely lied to his comrades; Dr. Coit came out of it justified, on the whole. Somehow their young eyes saw it as he saw it, that codes have to give way in given cases. It is interesting to remember that Arnold of Rugby would say to a boy, 'If you give me your word, of course I am bound to take it,' while to one boy, who happened to be telling the truth, Dr. Coit said, 'Between your word and a master's, I am bound to take the master's.' The boy never forgave him. All commanders must at times suffer from having to justify their means by their end.

III

When, like most temperaments of genius, he fell victim to his mood, the lightning might strike other victims.

Close to the end of a school year, out of a clear sky, he sent for a fifth-form boy and ordered him to go home by the next train. The boy asked the reason. Merely that he was doing no good, was 'disloyal,' not with 'the spirit of the place' — words often used by Henry Coit. The boy left the study.

Later, when Joseph Coit was in the study with his brother, the boy's roommate appeared at the door.

'Well, sir?'

'Dr. Coit, you're sending H— M— away.'

'Yes, sir.'

The roommate knew that he was taking his life in his hands.

'Dr. Coit, the Anniversary is next week. In a month we shall all go home. If you expel him now, everybody at home will hear of it. To say that he was not satisfactory to you will make them all sure that something which cannot be told is the cause of his sudden dismissal so close to the end of the year. That will put a cloud on his character which will darken it for a long while. If you allow him to stay the term out, and he does not come back after the holidays, no one will notice it much, or think that he was guilty of something that he never did.'

Henry Coit sat awhile, looking at the roommate.

'Joseph,' he began to his brother at length, quite mildly, 'do you hear what the boy is saying? He says I must n't send H— M— away.'

'Oh, let him stay!' said Joseph, always looking out of the window.

'My dear,' said Dr. Coit to the roommate, 'you may tell H— M— from me that he need n't go.'

Another boy braved him quite differently. He was seventeen, and saw college life drawing near. Although head of his form month after month, as good at his books as in his conduct, he had no intention of becoming a book-

worm; his imagination was filled with the freedom which all his friends at college were enjoying. He alone in his form had hung back from being confirmed. The Doctor had hoped that he would join the confirmation class in his fourth form. He had steadily expressed his unwillingness for two years, and the chances of his ever consenting were coming to an end. Once again Dr. Coit sent for him and made his friendly, apprehensive, urgent appeal. When the boy stood before him unmoved, he gave it up, but dwelt earnestly upon the necessity of prayer night and morning, if the soul were to continue safe. It was all friendly, fatherly, and sacred; and the boy was deeply touched. At the end, Dr. Coit handed to him a slim book, saying that its daily use would be of help. It was entitled *Private Prayers for School Boys*.

In surprise at himself, and in trepidation, the boy said, 'If you please, Dr. Coit, I would rather make my own prayers.'

The Doctor received the book back from his hand and laid it down without a sign of anger.

'Certainly, my dear, you must do as you feel about it.' Then he looked at the boy with his charming smile. 'But take care about being too self-reliant.'

Another wrestling contest occurred in the sixth-form Greek. The boys were seated around the room with the Doctor at the end of the long table.

'You may begin,' he said to a boy who ranked second in the form.

'Sit down, sir!' he interrupted imperatively after a few words had been translated. 'Take it up, next, and see if you can do it properly.'

The next boy repeated verbatim the translation of his predecessor.

'That is right,' said the Doctor. 'You may continue.'

'That's exactly what I said!' loudly blurted the first boy.

'Pssh!' went the Doctor, like the lash of a whip.

'It is, though,' the boy muttered.

No notice was taken of it. The *Alcestis* went on, while the boy smouldered over his injury.

At the end of the hour, as the form was leaving the room, the Doctor spoke to the boy, who stopped beside the chair.

'I had a curious dream last night,' said the Doctor, amicably. 'I dreamt that you were impertinent to me, and apologized.'

'Did you dream that I apologized?'

'I did.'

'It was a curious dream.'

And the boy, still a mere bomb of fury, left the Doctor sitting alone in the recitation room. He did not expect it to end there; in his state of mind he would have been expelled with pleasure. Nothing followed. In the Doctor's manner when they next met there was not a symptom of their collision. So this lion could be bearded in his den.

This same boy was Library poet. When his effusion appeared in the *Horae*, the Doctor sent for him. It lay open upon his desk, near all the finely sharpened pencils; beside it lay a blue book, containing the boy's recent Latin examination.

'My dear,' said the Doctor, tapping the poem, 'this — well — it does n't amount to very much. But here — he touched the blue book — 'is a true achievement. Such good work means something. But don't lie back on it. We should never remain entirely pleased with what we do, and — well — is n't that one of your dangers?' With his winning smile, the Doctor handed the blue book to the boy. It had received a perfect mark.

Upon whomsoever Dr. Coit bestowed full praise, it lived with him, one of the glowing moments of his school life. The threshold of the

Doctor's study was like a gate of judgment. In the forty years of his reign, what thousands of hangdog steps crossed it, what thousands of fluttering hearts entered there, and issued heavy with their sentence, or lifted upon the wings of the morning! Only in the room where a man like that presides can be heard the words that scorch or heal beyond forgetting.

IV

There is no mystery about Henry Coit, save the eternal mystery of genius. His forefathers account for him; his blood had been two hundred years in the country when he was born, the second in a family of nine, his father a clergyman, and behind him other clergymen, and families of eight, nine, ten, and fathers who lived to eighty. John Coit came from Wales to Salem in 1636, and was a shipbuilder in New London in 1650. Shipbuilding Coits followed him; and a Coit commanding his regiment at Norwich; and graduates of Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton; merchants in Boston and New York, Congregational ministers. Their wives were mostly from New England. It is a typical case of energetic colonial blood. Henry's brothers were men out of the common; two of them — Joseph and Milnor — laid important stones in the edifice of St. Paul's, particularly Joseph.

With his descent, it is curious how little he suggested New England, save in his suspicion of all gayeties and pleasures not intellectual; but he had grown up in the Middle and Southern States, and this it must have been that abolished whatever else of New England might have lurked in him.

The asceticism was pretty steep when he began at St. Paul's at the age of twenty-six. On Sundays, those three small scholars might merely, by way of

relaxation, walk sedately in the vicinity, hair brushed, hands washed, and in their Sunday best. One fall afternoon they met some sheep in a field, and forgot to be sedate. In the middle of the chase a tall black figure strode upon them over the field, and their hearts fainted away.

'Little boys, expedite!' commanded the figure; and herded them to their penance. It was heavy: three days without any play!

Although Henry Coit's asceticism mellowed as he matured, and his eyes were gradually opened to the good in cricket, and hockey, and rowing, and football, and track athletics, he never went further than approval; they stirred no chord in him. He watched them with a whimsical detachment.

It cannot be said that he was always genial in manner; the younger boys especially regarded him with awe, and his own sense of the intense seriousness of life and duty gave a sternness and austerity to his aspect which made many of his pupils afraid of him. He liked to encourage games and sports . . . his sympathy with these pursuits showed itself mainly in hasty and occasional visits to the playground. . . .

I should describe him as a great prophet among schoolmasters, rather than as an instructor or educator in the ordinary sense of the term. . . . The dominating idea . . . was that a headmaster is called of God to make his school a Christian school. . . . This idea pervaded not only his chapel sermons. . . . In his lessons, his study of history, his discipline, his exhortations addressed to . . . the whole school, he is felt to be always striving to infuse into the common life his own enthusiasm of Christian earnestness. . . .

It is not necessary that this should be a school for three hundred or even of one hundred boys, but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.

Any St. Paul's boy who knew Dr. Henry Coit would recognize him in

these paragraphs — which are quoted from a life of Arnold of Rugby.

This remarkable parallel is matched by one remarkable divergence. Arnold constantly spoke out on public questions, wrote numerous pamphlets, and took the chair of London University. In his sixty-five years Henry Coit wrote once to a newspaper, and once for a magazine. It is a piece of the cloistered, twelfth-century inner man, the haughty withdrawal from things temporal, the ardent dedication to things eternal. Fastidiousness plays a part in it, and social shyness as well. He was shy when he met parents; few of them ever saw the true man at his full stature, as he was in the pulpit, or on Thursday evenings in the schoolroom, or at times in his study, dealing with a difficult case.

'If a boy has set his mind to do nothing, but considers all the work here as so much fudge, which he will evade if he can, he is sure to corrupt the rest, and I will send him away without scruple.'

His voice can be heard in these words — but they are Arnold's.

Again the striking resemblance, but always inside the cloister. Henry Coit seemed unaware of the United States, and the President, and all others in authority, save when the Episcopal service obliged him to pray for them on Sunday mornings.

What had his attention been doing between 1830 and 1865? The clash of slavery and abolition began in the year of his birth. Bleeding Kansas, John Brown, King Cotton, John C. Calhoun, Lincoln and Douglas — the whole of the one great drama our history holds so far, the long tragedy that marked American faces with a spiritual depth now vanished, unrolled while Henry Coit was growing up in the Middle and Southern States. What had all this counted for him?

Some thought his sympathies were with the South. If so, his conscience must have raked him fore and aft when Sumter was fired on. He offered himself for Union military service, and was rejected. Most Americans who lived through all this showed it till their deaths, referred to it almost daily. Never Henry Coit. Away off from it at St. Paul's School, it had been out of sight, and in after years seemed out of mind. It must be supposed that he turned the whole of himself like a burning glass upon one spot, and set that spot afame; what lay outside the periphery of his mission did not count.

Although the founder and several of the other trustees lived in Boston, Boston sent but few boys; more came from both New York and Philadelphia, while the masters of the formative years were from Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York. New England influence was negligible, if not nil; the High Church tradition, both sacred and secular, endowed St. Paul's with the full, unbroken inheritance of the Anglican liturgy and humanities, the flavor of England, Italy, and Greece, as transmitted through the Renaissance. Cromwellian dissent was as absent from the precepts as fish balls from the cuisine, and Henry Coit's asceticism neither held him back from Horace nor inclined him to Emerson.

'The man was good,' he remarked of Emerson one day, to an old boy. 'That is perfectly obvious. But do you know his poems, my dear? "And yielded myself to the perfect whole." The perfect whole! And what may that be? Well, perhaps they have them in Massachusetts.' The blue eyes twinkled, and the long leg, crossed over the knee, swung as the boy had seen it swing many a time in the study, when the voice had been saying 'It is perfectly obvious' about one thing or another.

V

That a flower so alien to the granite and pines of New Hampshire as St. Paul's School should bloom in their midst is due to the accident of the founder's first choice for his headmaster declining the invitation; and that Henry Coit, in soul a monastic of the twelfth century, should have sprung from six generations of New England shipbuilders, merchants, and divines must remain a mystery. Ecclesiastical as he was, yet he would not consent to the boys making auricular confession as part of their discipline, which it is said had been suggested to him. Father Hall's ritualistic services in the Church of the Advent went too far for him in that direction, while the liberal doctrines of Phillips Brooks went too far in the other.

He paid the schoolmaster's usual forfeit to his calling. Phillips Brooks expressed it once to a freshman who had come from St. Paul's to Harvard:

'When my classmate Dimmock took the Adams Academy at Quincy, of course we bade him good-bye as a companion. After a man has acquired the habit of talking to boys, real conversation with him is over for his old friends. Coit is a curious man,' Mr. Brooks added, and laughed jovially.

Whenever Phillips Brooks came up to make the Anniversary address in the Chapel, the sight of assembled youth lifted him above even his usual eloquence, and it poured out like a burst of sunshine. After service he was to be seen from afar, beaming and huge, moving about the grounds, Dr. Coit escorting him.

'A curious man!' he exclaimed to the freshman. 'He dislikes Harvard on account of the irreligious influence which he has seen it exert, and he consulted me as to what clergyman he should tell his Harvard boys to seek

out for guidance. He said, "I don't quite wish them to go to Father Hall, and of course I can't send them to you."

'Where did you tell him to send us?'

'How could I tell him? I said, "Well, Dr. Coit, it hardly looks as if I were the man to advise you!'" And again Mr. Brooks (he was not yet a bishop) laughed out jovially, with Christian tolerance for a great brother Christian.

For one so steeped in the classics, the great brother Christian showed by occasional flashes that Emerson was by no means the only contemporary writer of whom he had an opinion; he recommended *Balaustion's Adventure* very highly to his sixth form when they were reading *Alcestis* with him. On the other hand, he began one Thursday evening in the schoolroom:—

'I find little books lying about,'— and the thumb flicked slightly over the fingers,— 'little novels with all sorts of little titles. "Red as a rose was she." Hmp! Black as a crow was he.' The school giggled. 'Pssh! When you read a novel, choose one that has something in it. Go to Thackeray. Go to Scott.' And the rest of that Thursday's discourse was on fiction, always with the background that any novel which did not hold up right living and Christian faith was 'poor.' Nothing said on Thursdays was ever said in the Chapel, nothing in the Chapel was ever said on Thursdays.

On his vigilant round one day, he leaned over a boy's shoulder, and saw *Atalanta in Calydon*.

'What's this, my dear?' He picked it up and turned the leaves back and forth, shaking his head. 'Yes—beautiful words: "Time with a gift of tears, Grief with a glass that ran." Hmp! He could n't say "Grief with a gift of tears," because he preferred more alliteration to more sense. . . . My dear, don't read Swinburne. I'd much

rather have you read Byron. Byron was a man.' He handed the book back. 'Don't lend this to anyone.' And with this mark of confidence he proceeded on his solitary walk.

He possessed the rapid eye that could seize the whole content of a page with a glance; and the booksellers of Boston knew him well. Whenever somebody else took morning Chapel, the boys understood that the Doctor was not at the school. They did not know that he timed these absences by the length of his hair. When it needed cutting, and only then, he left his post and went straight to the Parker House. There, in quiet, he spent one night, his presence in Boston known only to the barber and certain shops. The booksellers despaired the tall, intent figure in black, circulating slowly among the shelves, picking up a volume, putting a volume down, and departing with an armful to read undisturbed, relaxed, in his room at the Parker House, and in the train next day. The train always rested him; and beside the books he would bring back little tokens for the family.

Best to the family, and to the New Hampshire neighbors, was this affectionate side of him revealed. The farmers with their families became his devoted parishioners; he held special services for them, he won them to his faith. In times of illness and of grief he went to them and sat comforting them. He was to be met among the hills and the pines, driving his buggy to visit some home in need, often with special food cooked at the Rectory or a bottle of wine — a lonely figure, unforgettable, with something majestic about it.

When he spoke in a sermon of 'the eternal solitude of the human soul,' that word came from the experience of his own soul; when in another sermon he said, 'Therefore we pray,

Empty us of ourselves that we may be filled with Thee,' it was the heart of his attitude toward life. Besides the gentle and wise lady who was Mrs. Coit, and Joseph, his more equable and judicious brother, was there any other who served to steady him when the blasts of his temperament broke from the stern repression under which they were held? Who else was admitted to the privacy of his brooding meditations? To many a fortunate boy Joseph's warm heart gave the shelter and the anchor of his intimacy, and was a human providence to him at critical moments which he could never have brought himself to confide to Henry. It was well for St. Paul's School, very well, that Mrs. Henry Coit was there at the actual beginning, and that Joseph Coit went there only nine years later. The presence of neither caused bated breaths; when Henry appeared on the scene, awe came with him, leapfrog ceased, caps were touched in silence. His response often mystified some boy; what had he done now? Very possibly nothing to deserve the haughty coldness which had made him wonder; it is certain that Henry Coit sometimes was sunk in his inner mood, and unaware of the effect his manner produced. But this was never the case on Sunday nights, when he stood on the schoolroom platform after the Sunday evening hymn, and the whole school filed by to shake hands with him. Then indeed his good-night conveyed unmistakably his opinion of each boy's recent record. Mostly this was correct; sometimes utterly unjust.

Henry Augustus Coit may be said to have died in his boots, kept going by his will and his conscience after his vital fires had burned low, and an accident had lamed him, and the loss of his wife had plunged him in deeper

loneliness. His vital fires burned out early in 1895. After three weeks at home for Christmas, the school returned to work. Dr. Coit had not left work. During those weeks he is said to have written five hundred letters. He had no secretary. One Sunday morning, after receiving the Sacrament at early celebration, he was seen to leave before the end of the service. He was found fainting in the vestry. For a few hours next day he struggled on in his study. That was the last of him. A few days later he was lying face to the wall, silent even to his brother Joseph, who was overcome in telling of this afterward. Henry Coit had no more to say to any man.

The news stunned the old boys of St. Paul's, scattered over the country. The Doctor was not their parent; he was their tribunal, still living in their

conscience as their exalted and uncompromising mentor. They had never known any man like him; they were never to know any man like him again. Many started for the school, but the great tempest of that winter prevented their arrival. Nevertheless, some hundred of them got there, and followed in their carriages through the deep drifts. And so, while the gusts of snow raged, they stood watching the body being lowered into the ground.

On his birthday in after years, two old boys walked to the grave on the hill among the pines, and met there an old servant of the school, all alone, giving way to his grief. Upon their speaking to him, he slowly drew a gold piece from his pocket and held it out, and said:—

‘He gave me that, forty-two years ago.’

AN ANCIENT FRENCH HOUSE

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

I

A TRAVELER in France who is on the lookout for what is secluded and indigenous could do nothing better than to journey eastward from Lyons until he reaches the small town of Belley. It is true that the ancient cathedral church was demolished in the nineteenth century to be replaced by the white modern building that at present is a conspicuous feature of the upland valley. But the sleepy market town retains still an atmosphere of the past. Many of the houses in its main streets were built in the fourteenth and fif-

teenth centuries. I have been admitted through a modest doorway to enter an interior with beautiful passages, white and arched, like those of a wine cellar — passages that give glimpses through narrow, ancient doorways of hidden gardens, heavy with the damp foliage of sun-sheltered flowers and trees. Also, if one walks outside the town, it is possible to imagine that the old city walls are still standing, so compact, so closely built together, are the houses that border the open meadows. The reiterated calling of the peasants, as they encourage and direct their yoked oxen, can be heard by the shop people

in the main streets, by the children playing at leapfrog in the rue de Baron and in the rue St.-Martin. Indeed, a wayfarer who explores the country in the vicinity of Belley will gradually realize that he has at last reached the France of his imagination, the France that was before the Great War, before Napoleon's wars, before the religious wars. The appearance and the manners of the countryside belong to the Middle Ages. Still up and down the stony lanes oxen drag forward small, lumbering carts of mediæval design. Still the wide valley is dotted with women, with old men, and with children standing sentinel, with an infinite patience, through the long hours, over their few head of cattle. A fence, any kind of protection, would relieve them of their year-long, their century-long, task, but in this district, known as the Bugey, innovations come slowly. The ancestors of these people spent their time knitting in the sun and turning their errant sandy-colored cows toward the pasturage allotted them—and for what reason should their descendants do otherwise? They no more desire to bring alterations to this uneconomical manner of living than they would wish to alter the appearance of Mont Blanc, whose snow fields are visible on clear days sixty miles distant. On the higher slopes of the hills, which so softly intersect the lower lands, the grape clusters burgeon and ripen in long lines, in preparation for coppered vats, while down by the river men make hay out of the rushes that grow in the rough, undrained levels. And how gently the year turns to autumn in these forgotten acres!

In summer time, of all rivers the River Furens is the most happy. Slowly through the long September hours it winds its way through the silence of its reeds, with nothing to disturb the unbroken stillness save the rustle of

grasshoppers, the fluttering of butterflies, or that most soothing, most harmonious of all possible sounds, the sudden, unexpected splash of a river fish rising to a fly. The rushes of the Furens are tall, and covered with feathery pennants. They sway gently to and fro with the movement of the breeze, or with the slow, persistent current of the cool, deep water. Their stems are filled with white pith, and they can easily be hollowed out to make pipes suitable for the protruding lips of a god.

It happened that I was fortunate enough to be walking by the banks of this river on a late summer afternoon of the present year. A fisherman had showed me his catch, and I had held in my hands two beautiful fish. The rim of their eyes was golden, like the rim of an eagle's eye. Their backs, when I rubbed away a few silver-white scales, revealed themselves as possessing an emerald peacock sheen, smooth and slippery, and smelling of that indescribable smell that belongs alone to fresh-water fish.

How the great Montaigne would have relished the scene, I thought, had he in his journey to Rome passed through this ancient valley. When I think of the French countryside, it is always to his writings that my mind reverts. How he loved to observe its sluggish life unroll before his indolent scrutiny—season merging into season, the grape harvest into the days of mud and rain, the time of sowing into the time of budding. There is no château in France that I would rather see than Montaigne's château, with its tower and chapel, as they say, still standing. How extraordinary to enter the very chapel where the great good man, his wits awakened with red wine from his buttery, would indulge in his wry devotions! Montaigne, indeed, was still in my mind when I left the fisherman

to follow under some poplars, which bordered the riverside meadow where men and women were so diligently employed in piling the rough fodder on to their squat carts. I did not know that I had only to pass the last tree and there would appear high up on the hillside, with a command of the valley as far as eye could see, a veritable duplicate of the famous house dedicated to the Muses. 'What is that château over there?' I asked a woman who, islanded in her wooden sabots, was watching her cows. 'It is the Château de Vieugey, monsieur,' she answered. 'It is very old — so old that the period of its building is forgotten.' I noticed that her tone seemed hushed as she referred to the antiquity of the place. To simple people the past carries weight, is to be revered. They regard all that comes out of it with religious awe, as they might regard relics from the obscure recesses of some venerable sanctuary. 'Great seigneurs lived in it once, but now it is owned by those who till the ground with their hands.'

II

Slowly I mounted the winding road that ascended the hill beneath the walls of the place. I found a portion of the great gateway that had been at the entrance of the courtyard still standing. The door of the farm upon which I now knocked opened into a round mediæval tower built of enormous stones. Above the mullioned lintel a headstone protruded, chipped and shattered. Presently I heard the sound of steps, and I was admitted forthwith. The woman who had opened the door proved to be the farmer's wife. She was very affable, but could tell little of the history of the dwelling. 'My mother knows; you must ask her,' she said. 'It is a sad story.' She took me to the top of the tower, where, through gaps broken in

the masonry, I looked out at the opposite mountains, and at the peasants working in the fields, with their yoked oxen appearing like beetles trudging with burdens behind them between the small round foreign hay-cocks. She took me through great halls with faggots and out-of-use farm implements lying on the floors, and with their spacious stone fireplaces littered with hay and straw. Some of these rooms were fitted with stone seats, in alcoves, on each side of the iron-barred windows. What men and what women of the old days, dressed in their stiff, proud garments, had rested on them? In these rooms, how many children had been brought up and taught to control their insubordinate wills!

In yet another wing of the place was a small square chamber — the chapel. Near the door was the stoup for the holy water, now half full of owl's pellets. Here it was that the owners of the land had expressed each morning and evening their unsuspecting, mediæval faith in the Christian religion.

When we came back to the kitchen we found a man there, the farmer, of enormous stature, come in from the fields, his blue shirt open. I never have seen such a chest — it was hairy as a gorilla's. And there rose from the fellow a rich, rank, animal smell, like that which rises from a cow stall or from a stable. He was very friendly. I asked him how it was I had seen so many ash trees pollarded, and he explained to me that in the dry season they supplement the winter's fodder with their faggots. Both cattle and sheep fatten on dry ash leaves, but the faggots have to be got ready for the cows, whereas the sheep nibble the leaves adroitly and take care not to hurt their mouths with the twigs or splintered branches. To bring home the point to my intelligence, and for want of words, he simulated with his

own jaws the clumsy, unseeing manner of eating that belongs to a cow, and the mincing eclecticism that a sheep displays when feeding. 'I wish I could speak another language than French,' he suddenly said. 'It is useful.' I was surprised at hearing this uncouth peasant give utterance to such a desire. 'Every hedger and ditcher,' I thought, 'has now learned the value of culture.' But it turned out that his words were prompted by a very practical consideration. The man had been called up in the Great War to defend France. He had a mother and father and a wife and four children dependent on him, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he left the old château. At the front he picked up a few words of German from a prisoner who was a farmer and liked to talk with him about country matters. A little afterward, when his troop had been ordered over the top, he had suddenly found himself, in the confusion of the battle, confronting one of the enemy in a narrow dugout. Each was about to shoot the other down, when the Frenchman called out in the few words of German he had learned, 'Brother, let us not kill. Let us return alive. Let us shake hands' — which they did with tears of friendship. 'Ah, monsieur,' he said, 'it was those few words that saved me, that allowed me to come back and walk in front of my oxen. Who would have been the gainer if we had both been killed! As it is, I am still blessed by feeling the sunlight on my shoulders.'

Extraordinary how the simple desire to get home to his family had taught this son of the soil a reasonableness of vision not often to be attained even by wiser heads. I asked him about the château. He knew nothing. He had heard that it once belonged to two brothers who killed each other. His old mother would tell me. She was out

with the cows in the field next the river. He would show me where — and he led me to the window and indicated a tiny black speck, small as a jackdaw, far away below. Where we stood was his kitchen sink, and I noticed how its surface was polished like marble, that surface sloping down to a drain of ancient workmanship that led out to a stone gargoyle. 'Voilà, voilà ma mère,' he kept repeating, and, as I stood by him with the sour-sweet hayseed sweat of his muscular body in my nostrils, I was able to appreciate the depth of his affection for his secluded locality, peopled with the familiar characters that he knew, and where in the long twilights there would come against his face puffs of wind cooled by the dew of numberless vineyards, and by the water contained in the huge stone troughs, large and oblong as abbot's coffins, out of the mossy hollows of which, each morning and evening, his great subject beasts raised their dripping muzzles.

I found the mother sitting on a rush-bottomed chair in the middle of the meadow, near a row of poplars. She was an old woman dressed in black, and was occupied in knitting a sock out of rough, unbleached wool. I asked her for the story of the house. 'I will tell you,' she said. 'It was long ago, and the property in those days was in the possession of a family called Rigaud. The last heirs were two brothers. There had been a fête, an entertainment, at the château, and these young men, after it was over, went to rest out here, near where I sit, under a large mulberry tree that now is cut down. They slept, and the stars came out. Presently an owl awaked them, calling its call in the branches above their heads, and one brother remarked to the other, "I wish I had fields as large and wide as the firmament," and the other replied, looking at the night sky, "I

wish I had cattle as many as the stars." "What would you do with so many oxen, brother?" "Drive them to graze in your meadows." Then the other brother answered fiercely, "If you sent them to graze in my fields I would cut off their legs." And the other replied, "If you served me as mower, I would serve you as butcher." And a quarrel rose out of the dispute of so violent a nature that they drew their rapiers and ran each other through the body. When the great new church was built, at the time I was a child, they dug up the bones of these two unfortunate ones who were buried in the same grave, and behold! none could tell them apart. That is the tale as my husband used to tell it, but in the library of the college they have papers. It would be best to go there. My husband loved the place. When he was so poor that he had to work for another he would come for miles so that he could dig in the garden under these old walls.' At the thought of her good man tears began to trickle down her cheeks, which were brown as nut leaves in autumn. 'He was a good man, my husband was. He would make the coffee in the morning, and at any hour of the day would come into the court and say, "What can I do, Gabrielle, to help?" He was an innocent, and the good God took him.'

III

The next morning I consulted a priest at the College of Lamartine, and after some negotiations had sight of the necessary documents. Little by little I filled in the old woman's story from recorded facts. The château was built about 1303. It was first held by the family Rigaud. They were of impor-

tance in the neighborhood, and one of them, toward the end of the fifteenth century, became the Archbishop of Rouen. This prelate presented the cathedral with a monstrous bell, which, in his honor, was called 'La Rigaud' — and so heavy was it that to ring it a man had often to revive himself with drink, which gave birth to the expression, 'Drink while pulling the Rigaud.' It was the two great-nephews of this archbishop who killed each other in the way retailed by the old woman. They were twins, and though they loved each other dearly they would often quarrel. They looked so much alike that even their parents could hardly distinguish the one from the other, Gaston de Pompée from Pompée de Gaston. Until the rebuilding of the cathedral church there was to be seen near the high altar a Renaissance monument. It marked the place where the two boys were buried. It was found necessary to remove the tomb, and when it was opened two skeletons were seen with bones intermingled. In this way the truth of its Latin inscription was proved — *Mens una, cinis unus*. Mind one, ashes one.

I revisited the château once more before I left Belley, and my memory of it remains clear as I saw it for the last time — that house with its tragic story, standing in silence above the wide enshadowed valley of the River Furens. It was here that those ill-fated children used to pursue, between the gnarled stocks of the grapes, the great green lizards peculiar to the country. And above the small red tiles of the château are still to be seen, significant of this land of wine, along the ridges of the upland slopes, uneven rows of vineyard stakes.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

DARKNESS was on the countryside.

‘O love, O little love,’ he cried,
‘Reach out your hand to me!’
And to the pleading shepherd lad
She reached her hand out, proud and glad;
‘With all my heart,’ said she.

‘The way is sharp,’ he said, ‘and slow.
The night is thicker as we go.
Lean not so long on me.’
She drew her eager hand away.
‘Have cheer, for surely comes the day
And journey’s end,’ said she.

‘Choose now a way less black and steep.
I must lie down awhile to sleep.
I can no more,’ said he.
‘Alas, but for my father’s sake
There is no other way to take.
I go alone,’ said she.

ROSALIE HICKLER

THE HOUSE OF THE FALSE LAMA

BY OWEN LATTIMORE

[IN 1926, Owen Lattimore traveled the length of Mongolia to Chinese Turkestan, following the haziest and least known of all the ancient caravan routes, to which the caravans have turned again in recent years because they have been barred from other roads by the troubles that increasingly possess Central and Eastern Asia. The episode which the *Atlantic* prints below recounts his experiences in the crossing of the Black Gobi and about the ruins left by that picturesque figure of recent legend, the False Lama.

— THE EDITOR]

I

FOR many days all the talk among the men had been of this crossing, the *han tsan*, the Four Dry Stages and the Three Dry Stages. 'These are the Big Sand Hollows,' they had said among the dunes that we crossed from Kuai-tze Hu; 'they can be bad enough when the wind blows and the road is covered, and evidently they are not easy walking. But still, it is the Dry Stages that are bad; there you will see men worn out and camels thrown away.'

The main Gobi is a desert running on its longer axis, east and west between Outer and Inner Mongolia; but west of the Edsin Gol it takes an incline south and west, spreading on until it reaches the limits of the Takla Makan. This region west of the Edsin Gol is the Khara Gobi, or desert of black gravel, in which the confused ranges of the Pei-shan stand up like barren islands in a desolate sea. We were to cross the

desert in its broadest and most waterless part, following a route not only unmapped, but utterly unknown. Absolutely nothing is known of the country I crossed for two hundred miles or more between the West Edsin Gol and the route taken from north to south, between the Altai and Hsü Chou in Kansu, by Ladyghin, a member of Kozlov's expedition of 1900.

We left the softer soil and reliquary growth of reeds about the Lu-ts'ao Ching almost immediately, ascending to the plain of the full Gobi at a higher level. The character of the desert was constant throughout, giving a weird but superb impression; it was of flat fragments of black gravel, like shattered slate in formation, laid thickly over yellow sandy clay of an unknown depth. After slugging for twelve miles at least across this plain, we dropped off the flat into a gully that ran across our front, and, as the night fell with a keen chill after the heat of the day, began winding confusedly among low hills. We continued through these hills until one in the morning, when we finished a march of well over thirty miles.

Kuai-tze Hu, the dune belt, and the Edsin Gol valleys are depressions where the average temperature, to judge not only from my own experience but also from what I heard in the descriptions of the caravan men, is much higher than in Mongolia generally. We were now, however, back in plateau country, and in October the plateaus of Mongolia are cold the moment the sun

goes or a wind comes up. The cold of the next day was an abrupt contrast to the easy warmth of the low-lying countries. There was a thin leaden band of cloud across a sky that even in mid-morning had a pale, enameled, lucid brilliance like the dawn, and a cutting wind blew from the northwest.

Our camp, beside a big *obo*, was in a wide, flat, circular black plain, walled in by smooth black hills of a suavely grim outline. The hills appeared to be of exactly the same formation as the plains — deep yellow clay covered with black gravel. The manner in which the flat stone fragments ever came to be scattered so widely and uniformly is a mystery to me. There were very few outcrops of the stone from which it came, and no loose pieces of larger size. Wherever the stone could be seen, at the sides of hills, it was thoroughly shattered, cleaving always in flat pieces. I thought it, rather hesitantly, to be of volcanic origin.

On the second day we marched again more than thirty miles, keeping our westerly direction, though turning in and out among the black hills. The growth, even of plants found in the most arid deserts, was more scarce than any I had ever seen. Scoring the flanks of the slow-curving hills were faint depressions, in which were a few tamarisks of small size. They say that little snow falls on the Khara Gobi, but what there is must run down these channels at the thaw. In the same runnels were a very few tiny, close-growing, shrubby plants. None of them seemed alive, and none of them mitigated the profound and sombre desolation of the dominant Gobi. I remember that at the time it seemed to me more magnificent than fearful; but then I was exhilarated by the effort of the forced marches. Now, in remembering, I seem to look down at it from a height and watch the thin

caravan crawling through the black scene, and to admit the deathliness of it. Still, it is not as though that desert has an active threat, like the threat of shifting dunes, and I think that the horror of it which the Chinese have is perhaps in the main a practical dread of losing their camels, heightened by the effect on their minds of the monotony and the fatigue; for it takes a full twelve hours to cover thirty miles, and putting one foot in front of the other for twelve hours at the lagging gait of traveling camels is weariness to the body and crippling to the spirit.

Our third day in the Khara Gobi was full of happenings. Both my servant, Moses, and I had suffered from the cold the night before, so I discarded the socks I was wearing for a very heavy pair of camel hair, knitted for me on the journey by a camel puller, and, though I still wore a battered old pair of shoes while marching, I got out a pair of thigh boots of antelope skin, lined with felt, to wear while riding.

While we were marching, I suffered my first casualty in eyeglasses. I had stooped down to mend a shoe lace, and the wind blew the glass out of my eye on to the gravel, where it perished with a tinkle. I had worn it for months and months, and it had an honorable history, and more than one chip on the rim, where I had dropped it before on stone floors and bricks and a variety of things. It was the same glass I had worn in the very beginning of the year, when, on a shooting trip in the Ta Ch'ing Shan, I had had my ears frozen. That time also the wind — but a real wind, not a silly gust — had blown it out of my eye into a snowdrift, whence I had been at some pains to recover it. It was more than an ordinary eyeglass: the Eyeglass Inordinate. The assembled caravans mourned over it; they had never seen one before. But

what capped all their previous amazements was my fetching out of another one the next day.

We left at half-past one, and five hours after that I saw a camel die; in fact, I killed it. There are many dead camels on the Khara Gobi. The caravan men say that they lie end to end, all across, and it is a fact that there is hardly a place on that narrow yellow track from which, if you look, like Shelley, before and after, you cannot see dead camels. The Dry Stages are in the middle section of the Winding Road, and the camels must make the biggest effort of the journey when they have worn off their pride of condition. Simple exhaustion accounts for many deaths in the cool months, but it must be worse when the weather is hot and the camels feel the lack of both food and water. The dead lie thickest at the two edges of the desert, many of them only a few hundred yards from the wells, proving that the four-march distance with almost no feeding and no water at all is just too much for laden camels that have traveled at least a month without feeding full. Over and above these, many are killed by the Khara Gobi that do not die until a week or two later — those that have been so knocked up by the crossing that their weariness is too much for their power of recuperation.

This camel, however, died of an outright sickness, which had started the day that we left the West River. The nearest account of the sickness that the Chinese could give was that a *hsieh feng*, which I take to be a slantwise or malicious kind of wind, had got into the animal's throat; though some of them did admit that it might have eaten something not meant even for camels. It suffered a paralysis of the jaws and throat which must have come on suddenly, for its cheeks were puffed out with a large cud it could neither

swallow nor chew nor spit out. After six days with neither food nor water it was terribly weakened. Its legs grew rigid so that it could hardly walk, and its eyes bulged as though it were choking. At last it stumbled while we were on the march; it toppled over flat on its side, and was quite unable to get up, as its legs would no longer bend at the joints.

The caravans had gone on, for no one stops in the Gobi — unless he is an Elephant's Child of a foreigner, full of 'satisfiable curiosity' — for another man's business. Then the *hsien-sheng*, or caravan master, of the House of Chou rode back and delivered the Funeral Oration for Camels About to Be Dead, in a very cross voice. 'For what are you waiting?' he shouted. 'Do you not know that this is the Business of the Gobi? We buy camels with silver and throw them on the Gobi. There is no way out.' Still we lingered for a moment, while I asked the owner to let me shoot his camel. It was the only time on the whole journey that I interfered with this law of the caravans and obtained a swift mercy. The owner agreed because he was a boy after all, and, in spite of his despondency, curious to know how big a bang my revolver would make and how big a hole. There was, however, a good deal of head-wagging in camp, and after that I left the camels bought with silver to be thrown on the Gobi according to the Business of the Gobi.

II

The weariness of those marches across that black gap between water and water was cumulative, and I remember that I was heartily tired and heavy-footed in the last night hours. Hills and darkness had begun to close in on us at the same time; thus far we had been rising slowly, but now we

crossed a low divide. The descent was just as gradual, almost imperceptible; but at last, at two in the morning, after slugging away for twelve and a half hours, or about thirty-one miles, we struck into a knot of hills. Then we dropped into a pit of more agglomerate gloom and camped. We had achieved the Lien Ssu Han, the Four Drys Together, in three stages. The distance is at least ninety, perhaps nearly a hundred miles. Even if four days are taken, it means four swinging marches. But the four-march division is more usually made in winter. Water can then be poured out in pools at the last well, allowed to freeze, and carried in lumps of ice, a sack or two on every camel. They say that once a caravan started on the Four Dry Stages without enough spare camels, and all of them weak. By the second march so many camels had been 'thrown away' that the caravan master had to abandon a lot of loads. Two men were left with the dump, and they lived there for at least two months on flour and ice given them by passing caravans before spare camels could be sent back for them.

The well, or rather pair of wells, marking the end of our last long stage was known as the Shih-pan Ching — the Stone Slab Wells. To me the place seemed much more sinister than all the desert through which we had been traveling, for we were camped in a straitened pocket among the everlasting black hills, which here, from the way they crowded about us, looked much more steep and menacing. There were also a few big pieces of black rock, which gave the place its name. At the foot of the highest hill, in the crotch of a dry watercourse, were a pair of wells ten, or at the most fifteen, feet deep, — a good deal deeper than most Mongolian wells, — giving an unlimited supply of water that was a little salt, but clear and drinkable.

Here we caught up with the Mohammedan House of Liang, which had raced away ahead of us from the West River, to be beforehand with the water at both the near and the far edge of the Khara Gobi. Our Chinese cursed this caravan heartily, there being little affection between the Great and Little Faiths, saying that they had gone ahead when it was to their advantage, but would cling to us from now on, for the sake of company through the chancy country of No Man's Land, where there is danger of raiders.

Though the Chinese cordially extended their dislike to the whole caravan, it contained only two Mohammedans — the owner's son, who represented the 'house,' and one camel puller to do the cooking that it might be 'clean.' Mohammedans prefer to employ a majority of Chinese, because their own people are touchy and dependable and will leave their jobs for a whim or a fancied slight. Like most foreigners, I rather warmed to the Mohammedans, and liked especially the young son of the House of Liang. He was a fine lad of twenty-three or twenty-four, of one of the Mohammedan types which show traces of other than Chinese blood. This young Mohammedan employed a Chinese caravan master, but himself took far more than the usual initiative in handling the affairs of the road. He seemed to me more prompt and energetic in his measures and decisions than the Chinese. The Mohammedans are credited by the Chinese with courage and enterprise, and are said to be persuasive in talk and in blarney, but they are debited with being dependable in business. 'Eat the food of a Mohammedan,' they say, 'but do not listen to his talk' — take, that is, what he offers, but do not believe in what he promises. Indeed, they talk

about the way the Mohammedans talk much as the English talk about the way the Irish talk; and there is something in it at that.

It is also recognized that a Mohammedan Chinese is cleaner than a pagan Chinese. Even with a Mohammedan Chinese, however, cleanliness has nothing to do with godliness — only with churchliness. Now this is one of the sundering differences between the Asiatic and the European. If a man says to you, 'Of course his house [or his tent] is cleaner than mine; he is a Mohammedan,' you know that you are indisputably listening to an Asiatic. It does not matter what kind of Asiatic he may be or what kind of European you are — the broad difference is there. Only the Asiatic is inherently unable to detect that different ways of life are admirable or imitable or attainable in different degrees. His way of life is to him something to be accepted. He may despise a man born to a different way of life, but he does not necessarily despise that way of life.

There is another well, but of inferior water, a few miles beyond the Stone Slab Wells, in a small drift of sandy country. Overpassing this, we camped in blank desert, and the next day passed through narrowing valleys choking us at last into a gorge, to Yeh-ma Ching, the Wild Horse Well. Taking up water here for ourselves, but leaving the camels still without, we camped a mile or two beyond. These marches took us through the same kind of Khara Gobi country, but with higher hills, a pasture rather better, or at least not quite so bad, and at times an outlook southward to a distant red desert. They say that on this fringe of the Khara Gobi there are wild horses (*Equus prjevalskii*) and wild asses.

The Wild Horse Well is on the very brink of the central plateau of the Black Gobi. From it we had descended

so gently into a deep, wide valley — which declined with a gentle pitch toward the north — that only when looking back the next morning over the last part of the ground covered in the night could it be seen that we had come down from a wild table-land, with ramparts of barren hills buttressed by long sweeping slopes of detritus. On the other side of the valley or basin we ascended to another, lower plateau to undertake the Lien San Han, the Three Drys Together or Three Dry Stages, which complete the crossing of the capital desert of Mongolia. Caravans often force the crossing in two marches, though it is reckoned at three regular stages; but we took the full three, because at the end of the first stage unusual rains in the summer had formed a mere, of which a few pools and mudholes remained at which the camels could be watered.

At the very start we met a caravan traveling in the come-one, come-all fashion of the Mongols, so different from the orderly line of march of the Chinese traders. They were Torguts of the tribe who herd their famous ponies in the mountains near Karashahr. They were going in the train of a relative of the Han Wang, their Prince, on pilgrimage to Peking to adore the Pan-ch'an Lama, the great ecclesiastic and quasi divinity of Western Tibet, who was supposed to be the head of an anti-Lhasa and anti-British party and to have left Tibet for political reasons.

There was something stupendous in the march of these tribesmen from Central Asia, from one of the most outlying Mongol communities, with their women and children, their camel loads of treasure and offerings, their gowns of yellow and purple, red and green, their bold, determined faces, their assured carriage, their mixed armory of matchlocks and breech-loading rifles, swords and assorted pistols, bound across the

desert for China to acquire merit by abasing themselves in the presence of the holiest of the Incarnate Divinities of Tibet — for the Pan-ch'an Lama is nearer to God than the Ta-lai Lama, though not so high above men.

In the Three Dry Stages the character of the desert changes gradually to a grittier kind of sand, overlaid not with the unbroken glossy black of the Four Dry Stages, but with what seemed to me fragments of quartz, red, brown, and white, — though the black stone was also present, — melting at a distance into a gray tinge. Nor is the desert quite so bleakly barren as the central Khara Gobi, for there is more variety, and a little more abundance of desert scrub. By the third day there were even a few wild onions, which caused almost a stampede among the camels, which for days, as the men said, had been chewing nothing but firewood. They were so difficult for the herders to control that we had to break camp much earlier than usual, in spite of a high wind. From the east the country of the Three Dry Stages can be seen as a plateau, but on the west it subsides gradually to lower levels. When, coming down from it, we struck the first well, we had left behind the greater deserts and were engaged among the oases of No Man's Land.

One stage more to the west from this well is a half-dry mere called Kung-p'o Ch'üan, the strategic point of the region which the caravan men call the San Pu-kuan. In a depression deepest at Kung-p'o Ch'üan, and running from southeast to northwest, is a series of marshes, half dried-out at the end of October, but kept alive by unfailing springs. To the northwest is a sterile gathering of low hills, waterless and seamed with waterless gullies. On the south and running to the west is the blue main range of the Ma-tsung

Shan, distant perhaps thirty or perhaps fifty miles. The whole is one of the most lightly mapped provinces in the world — a big, empty, uncrossed country full of uncertainties. In the depth of it is an unknown oasis, and there, on a knot of reddish rubbly hills, looking to Outer Mongolia over the yellow reed beds of the largest mere, are the strangest ruins I ever saw. They might in all seeming be 'half as old as time,' yet many who had a hand in their building are still alive. This deserted citadel is all that stands — except the confused story that is on the tongues of a few men who spend their lives tramping up and down the desert — of the works of the False Lama. It is from these ruins that the mere is called Kung-p'o Ch'üan — the Spring of the Hillside of the Duke. Already the legend of the False Lama has been elaborated beside the tent fires into many versions, but from the choice of details it is possible to throw together a picture with life in it, of an adventurer who, during those years when Mongolia echoed again for a while with the drums and tramplings of its mediæval turbulence, proved himself a valiant heir in his day to all the Asiatic soldiers of fortune, from Jenghis Khan to Yakub Beg of Kashgar.

III

I have heard men say that the False Lama was a Russian. Certainly the thing they remember most vividly about him — next to his harem — is the habit he had of changing his clothes every day or so, dressing at different times like a Russian, a Chinese, a Mongol. Others maintain that he was true Mongol, so it may have been that he was a Buriat, a Russianized Siberian Mongol. The most substantial story of all is that he was a Chinese from Manchuria who had served in Mongolia

as a herder of ponies for the princely firm of Ta Sheng K'uei. In this employment he learned the language and customs of the Mongols. They say that he rose suddenly to power and notoriety during the violent period about 1920-21 when first the White and then the Red Russian 'Partisans' overran Mongolia. He began by proclaiming himself a lama, and a lama of high rank — a Bogdo, or Great or Holy One, taking a title that belongs only to the several degrees of Living Buddhas. While winning his early successes he got himself the repute of being immune from fire and invulnerable to bullets. It is declared positively that he was captured at Kobdo by White Russians who burned him for three days, but to no purpose. Escaping from them, he led the Mongols back to the sack of Kobdo, the massacre of the Chinese, and the eviction of the Whites.

The caravan men never seem to have counted it against the False Lama that he gave over their countrymen at Kobdo to a Mongol massacre. For one thing, the men of their calling never had much feeling of kinship with traders sitting on their hams in privileged marts like Kobdo, Uliassutai, and Urga. For another, their simple realism accepted the fact that the adventurer was playing for power. They know that buying a camel and working a camel are things that admit of different attitudes and different words.

The detail of those wars in Mongolia is a confusion of murder and riot, but their main course is plain enough. At the collapse of the Russian Empire, which had in latter years exercised a powerful indirect control over Mongolian affairs, the country was invaded by a Chinese military adventurer, whose ambition was to reassert the nominal Chinese suzerainty and to create in fact a satrapy for himself. He was defeated with great massacre by

White Russians, a broken soldiery from the Imperial Armies, together with Mongol levies. The Whites, who under the leadership of the 'Mad Baron,' Ungern-Sternberg, had swept over a kingdom with wolfish ferocity and courage, were quite incapable of rule. They lost their ascendancy over the Mongols, who turned to the Red Russians, and the Whites in their turn were overwhelmed. The idea of Chinese domination had gone by the board, but the Mongol chiefs were not equal to their chance of fortune, and the Red Russians were not yet collected and organized enough to take over the country. An uneasy period followed in which the Living Buddha at Urga was declared the Spiritual and Temporal Sovereign of the Mongols, under tentative Soviet guidance.

This period lasted only until the death of the Khutukhtu, or Living Buddha. By a peculiar fortune, it was known in his lifetime that he was to be the last of his succession. A Living Buddha is only the vehicle, generation by generation, of a cycle of incarnations; it is decreed at the beginning of each cycle that it shall last for a stated number of generations, after which the spirit which informed it is caught up to a higher plane. The Urga cycle came to an end with this Khutukhtu, so that after his death the Mongols were left under scattered hereditary chieftains, with no central figure round which to rally. The Soviets in the meantime had confirmed their own power and were able to carry out their own designs. They took over Mongolia, working on the young men in order to discredit and disestablish the princely families; and that is how Mongolia stands to-day, except for the Inner Mongolian tribes which have remained under Chinese rule.

When the Urga Khutukhtu (Living Buddha) was acclaimed ruler of all

Mongolia, he gave to the False Lama — or so it is said — large territories in Western Mongolia for a fief. The False Lama, however, afraid either of intrigues against him or of the recoil of his own intrigues against others, fled westward to these oases in what for many years had been a No Man's Land.

This No Man's Land is a country not adhering clearly to either Inner or Outer Mongolia. It came by its name of San Pu-kuan, or Three Don't Cares, because none of the big Mongol groups, nor yet the Chinese provinces of Hsin-Chiang or Kansu, had cared to push a claim to it. It was too remote and too inaccessible. When the Huns in the fifth and sixth centuries were centred about Barkul, it may have been one of their outer ranges, but there is hardly reason to think that at any time since then it has been much in use. The few Mongols of the Ma-tsung Shan are mostly Torguts, of that portion of the tribe whose proper range is in the Zungarian trough, between the Altai and the Tien Shan, dividing Western Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan proper. Although the False Lama had been in touch with their kinsmen near Ku Ch'eng-tze, he did not attempt to lead them as a tribe or in any large numbers to the new principality he was marking out for himself in the Three Don't Cares. His followers were a mixed lot lifted from all over Western Mongolia, some of them his own fighting retainers, the rest whole families that he had swept up on his way in order to establish a population about him. This was in the end the weakness of his position, for not only had a large number of his subjects not come with him willingly, but they did not like his high-handed way of keeping all the men at call for service under arms and of seizing women at his will for the harem that was his especial princely

recreation. For a year at least he ruled boldly and successfully at Kung-p'o Ch'uan. He must have been a man of vision and energy, for the caravan men say that it was he more than anyone else who pieced together the Winding Road, linking little-used Mongol routes to the byways of the opium runners. His masterwork was in establishing the crossing of the Khara Gobi by the Three and the Four Dry Stages, thus making it possible for large caravans to travel from Ku Ch'eng-tze to Kuei-hua in a zone protected by the desert from all but the boldest marauders from Outer Mongolia, and offering, then at any rate, little temptation to tax farmers on the Chinese borders.

Whether or not he was a Chinese, and however many Chinese he may have slaughtered in his Kobdo days, he made it the forefront of his policy, from the time he set up in No Man's Land, to encourage Chinese trade. Until his time, it is said, no regular Ku Ch'eng-tze heavy caravan had been over this road. He not only invited one, — with the approval of the Governor of Hsin-Chiang, who wanted the trade of his province to recuperate from the loss of the Great Road, — but escorted it through the Gobi. Thereafter he kept patrols out in the direction of the Two Dry Stages and the most dangerous approach from Outer Mongolia, and gave armed safe conduct free of charge across his domain.

The False Lama was more than an opener of roads. To encourage traffic, he hired and sold camels at cheap rates to caravans whose cattle were worn out by the desert stages. He drafted off some of his disgruntled Mongols to cultivate crops in the better oases to feed his own people, and planned to establish a constant supply of grain and flour for the caravans by finding touch with Hsü Chou on the other side of the Ma-tsung Shan. For the Mongol side

of his enterprise, they say that he talked of founding a fair, for the full scope of his ambition was to build up a whole trading city, fed by the new road, about his fortalice.

His road, however, was not more than well founded, and his fortress well built about him, when the wrath of Urga sought him out — in the year 1923 or 1924, as I understand it. Ten men rode out of the desert to his north, saying that they were lamas of the Bogdo Khan, sent to invite him to council at Urga on matters of high policy. Three of them, as chiefs of the mission, were admitted to his chamber in the central keep, from which he could overlook almost all the frontiers of the kingdom he had brought into being as if out of a vision. When they were brought before his face, at the same moment that they saluted him they shot him with automatics, thus ending a legend with murder and with the vulgar proof that his invulnerability was not equal to his incombustibility.

Other ways of telling the story are that the emissaries from Urga came in one or two motor cars; that the False Lama was taken out and shot before his people; that he was taken to Urga and shot; that his head was cut off and his body bound down with chains to make sure of him; and that he was never captured at all, but another man in his stead, and that he is yet alive, an outlaw in hiding.

IV

We camped about five miles beyond the Chia-lama Pan'rh at the next group of springs. I walked back the next morning to see the ruins, taking with me one man, a favorite of mine from the House of Chou, because it was a bad country, no place for a man alone. I think the caravan men were as much

afraid of ghosts as of men in the flesh, but they were sure that plenty of both were about.

The fortified quarter is built partly of mud bricks, partly of mud and stones, and partly of uncemented boulders and slabs of rock. On the easy hillside just under it are the foundations of a temple — for men do not build in a wilderness without making a house either for the spirit of the place or for the gods they bring with them. This temple has been utterly razed, because it would never have done to allow the ghost of so dangerous a man as the False Lama to come back to a house ready prepared and to the converse of assembled spiritual powers. The main gate of the fortress is entered sideways by a ramp, and opens into a wide lower court with stabling, or rather shelter yards, and garrison quarters. This is overlooked from one of the side walls by a tower which, with a gallery connecting it with the upper works and the keep, was designed for the central defense. The crown of the knoll is a rats' delight of a place, a maze of passages like tunnels and stairways like wells, and rooms and cells locked and piled and nested one within another without any regularity or plan. From the look of things, the man who planned this place was a Mongol, with no idea of how to go about the making of walls and roofs.

The core of the whole is the keep, where lived the False Lama himself. This room, which was furnished with the luxury of a sleeping kang heated by flues, has been wildly knocked about, even the brick and stone kang having been pulled to pieces in the search for the tyrant's treasure. All the buildings have been unroofed, and most of the floors in buildings of more than one story have been destroyed, partly in the search for treasure, and partly to free any spirits that might have

gathered in the living places of men. The weakness of the position is that it is commanded at barely more than a stone's throw from another hill. This is guarded by an isolated tower, but it would have been hard to keep the garrison in food and water.

From the keep one looks down on the whole mass, with the ground plan of the temple before the gate, and the mud yurt-foundations laid out in ranks in front of the fort and in groups all about the sides, and northward over the sloping marshes to the narrow trail, looking like a footpath, trodden by camels coming from Outer Mongolia. In the fortress itself there is a cramped and sinister atmosphere. I did not feel happy. Withered in the light of the noonday sun almost to the dingy color of the hill on which they stood, and lying so empty and quiet in that utter emptiness of marsh and hill, brief patches of living land, and long stretches of desolation, the rifled ruins seemed to be oppressed by something uncanny. I did not wonder that the few frequenters of the wilderness should avoid them and whatever ghost they harbor.

On our way to the ruins my camel-pulling friend had seen a wild sheep. When I got my glasses on him I could see that he had a superb head. Standing nearly a mile away on the ridge of the low hills of rotten rock behind the House of the False Lama, he gazed down for a long time on the plain across which we were walking before he trotted away toward the distant mountains. I was told that it was a very dry autumn after a dry summer, which perhaps accounted for the wandering of a ram of his many years — for by the curl of his horns and his loneliness he must have been a very old and very lordly ram — so far from the higher hills, with swards of turfy grass between the rocks, which are the proper

haunt of wild sheep. When we got to the ridge we looked for his spoor, somewhat idly, but did not find it among the stones. I thought nothing of this until we got back. After my friend had told of the lonely wild ram, the men began to fidget and mutter. The general finding was that we had seen the spirit of the Chia Lama, departing after a visit to the castle of his former power.

Our own camp, all night, was in an uproar of frantic dogs. To this whole series of springs there come at night antelope, wild asses, and, they say, wild camels. Their unseen presence kept the dogs awake, and later when a wolf howled here and there they went into pure frenzy. In the daytime there was not a glimpse of anything alive, except sand grouse flying furiously overhead, several hundred together. At a little distance from the trampled margins of the drinking pools one could see the narrow paths by which the desert animals approached the water. The tracks which were pointed out to me as those of wild camels were frequent. They were more than half the size of the tracks of a caravan camel, and more elliptical in shape. It seemed to me, too, that the toe-prints were not quite so deep — perhaps because the wild camel, whose gait is not affected by the carrying of loads, places his weight differently. The caravan men were positive that the tracks were not made by half-grown camels belonging to Mongols.

This camp was called T'iao Hu. When we got there we found an enterprising Barkul trader in camp. He had brought out flour for men and barley or dried peas for camels, and was prepared to hire out the camels that had carried them to caravans in need of fresh transport. We halted here for a whole day, to let our camels rest their gravel-fevered feet in the

soft soil. The great quantity of soda in the soil healed them amazingly. There is also saltpetre, and large pits filled with water show where it was dug and washed for making crude gunpowder in the time of the False Lama.

The big caravans were running out of *ts'ao-mi* and *ts'ao-mien* (roasted millet and oats), so the men spent the day in baking bread, to their great joy. They made ovens by digging small pits near to steep clay banks. When the pit was dug, a boring into it from the bank would be made, in order to give a draft. Then fuel was lit in the bottom of the pit. When it had burned to red ash the draft bore was stopped, the bread put on the coals to bake and covered. By putting crude soda in the dough, the cooks raised it very creditably.

My own camel man made bread for us occasionally as a luxury. It is a simple trick, but requires the knack, and few even among the caravan cooks can do it neatly. Dough is made in the ordinary way and hung up in a damp cloth to the ridgepole of the tent, where it gets the warmth of the fire, which ferments it overnight. The knack is in judging the heat and time required for the fermentation. The next day this sour dough is rolled out into pancakes, which are baked in the bottom of a dry cooking pot. It rises very fairly, and at the same time the sourness is baked out of it. This kind

of pancake bread is best eaten after being fried in mutton fat.

As usual after a day off, the men sat talking late around the fires, visitors going the round from tent to tent. In my tent the talk ran on cinemas, or 'electric shadows.' It was agreed that they are all about brothels, though adorned with other humorous matter. Even to the Kuei-hua camel pullers, whose women have far more freedom than most Chinese, pictures that have so many women in them going about publicly must be indecent. These pictures, by general admission, can do anything but talk, and even then, no one has any bother in supplying the talk. Thus one man had seen a cinema in which a foreigner had ridden up to a brothel on a horse — I suppose in the original he was courting a 'pure flower of womanhood.' There was a good-for-nothing opium smoker (tramp) outside to whom he gave his horse to hold. The opium smoker, going to sleep, let the horse run away. When the man came out of the brothel after some gay business with a girl inside, he said to the opium smoker, 'Curse you! Where is my horse?' The opium smoker replied with appropriate profanity. Then they both went to a policeman, who said, 'May dogs defile him! I have n't seen him!' And so on.

And that was the way we went to bed, five miles from the House of the False Lama, where ghosts walk.

A CHRISTMAS PARABLE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

ONCE there was a King who always had his own way. He had always about him people who looked up to him, and so he had formed the bad habit of looking down on them. He had a great contempt for common people and common things.

On Christmas Eve the people young and old wanted to come to the palace and sing a song of peace on earth, good will to men. But they were very common people who made their living by digging in the earth and caring for the things that grew out of it.

'The song is all right,' said the King, 'but I don't care to hear these people sing it. They are not my kind, and there are too many of them anyway. But I should dearly like to hear the angels sing up there in the sky. I have a taste for things spiritual. I should dearly love to see the harps of gold.'

So on Christmas Eve he forbade the people to come near the palace. The crier made proclamation that the King must not be disturbed. He and the young prince would sit up on the holy night to hear the angels sing.

For the King was very religious, and, as he was used to being obeyed, he had no doubt that the angels would sing for him when they learned that this was his royal pleasure. He was anxious that his young son should be with him to enjoy the miracle.

They waited for the midnight, but no angels came.

'That is strange,' said the King, who was accustomed to promptitude. He went to the window and saw a star.

'Who are you?' asked the King.

'I am the star which guided the Wise Men to the place where the Young Child lay.'

'Is that all?' said the King. 'Stars are common. I have seen thousands of them and have not enough interest in them to ask their names. There are so many of them. They are like the dust which rises from my chariot wheels. One can see a star on any night.'

So the star faded away and the King saw it no more. But the young prince went out and stood under the sky full of stars. There were thousands of them, and each one was wonderful. And to think that they had been shining there before he was born!

When he came back his eyes were glowing. 'Father, you should go out and look at the stars. How they shine!'

'I have seen them before,' said the King.

As they looked out from the palace they saw the shadowy forms of three ungainly beasts. Their steps were noiseless and they moved slowly as if they had come from a great distance. And one of them was lame.

'Who are you?' said the King gruffly.

'We are the three camels on which the Wise Men rode when they followed the star to the place where the Young Child lay. We have crossed wide deserts and we are hungry and thirsty and tired.'

'What is that to me?' said the King. 'My son and I are waiting to hear the angels sing — we have never seen an angel or heard one. But we can

see camels any day. Begone to your deserts, you ugly brutes.'

But the young prince slipped out into the dark and gave the camels food and drink. 'Angels,' he said, 'can take care of themselves, but camels must be fed.'

Then in the darkness appeared other creatures' moving forms.

'Who are you,' said the King, 'that you come to disturb my royal meditation?'

'We are the oxen who stood by the manger in which the Christ Child was laid.' And other voices added, 'We are the sheep that were in the fields of Bethlehem.'

'Camels and oxen and sheep!' said the King. 'Why should I be troubled with these earthly things on the one night when I want to feel religious?'

Then there came from the shadow of the trees in the King's park three poor men in rough clothing, leaning heavily on their staves.

'Who are you?' asked the King.

'We are poor shepherds of Bethlehem who watched over our sheep on the night when we heard a multitude of the heavenly host singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."'

'You heard it? A multitude of the heavenly host singing to such as you? You come to mock me.' And he drove them away.

His young son said not a word, but stole softly after them. For he wanted to talk with the friendly shepherds and hear their tale.

Still the angels delayed.

At last a young boy came unannounced.

'Who are you?' growled the King.

'I am the Christ Child.'

'I did not recognize you,' said the King. 'I thought you would be different. You look so much like the children I have known.'

'Did you know them?' said the Christ Child. 'If you had really known them, you would have known Me.'

THE MIND OF THE MASTER

THE GREAT GALILEAN. II

BY ROBERT KEABLE

I

THE mediævalists—as their brethren, the modern Catholics—cannot face one fact especially about the historical Christ which is ultimately the most arresting in its significance. Modern Protestant churchmen shrink almost equally from it. It is that Christ was

an ignorant man. Catholic doctors have taught that the knowledge in the brain of the child Jesus in the cradle was infinite, and that had he pleased he could have argued with an Einstein or anticipated the discoveries of Edison. More modern theologians, shrinking from this, have elaborately argued that the person Christ was not without all

knowledge, but that he deliberately limited it in himself, as it is thought that by the Incarnation he deliberately limited in some respects his divine power.

All these are the speculations of theorists, who are driven to them by the necessity of supporting a case. They are fantastic excursions into fairyland. The fact is that the historical Jesus, who steps on the world's stage at the preaching of John the Baptist, was what we should unequivocally call to-day an ignorant man. We have a considerable number of instances of the ignorance of Jesus. He seems to have believed that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, that there had been a prophet Jonah who had spent three days and nights in a whale's belly, and that the Old Testament story of the Jewish kings and patriarchs was good history. It would, of course, have been extraordinary had he thought otherwise; but the portrait of the traditional Jesus has so obscured the historical figure behind it that it comes to devout persons as a shock to put his ignorance into plain language. Thus Jesus no doubt had no idea as to the existence of the New World, the most crude knowledge as to the properties and functions of the human body, and an ignorance of the heavens and the earth which would seem abysmal to a modern schoolboy.

It is well to bear in mind here, however, that the really arresting thing is not that he was ignorant, but that he escaped in a most remarkable manner the results of his ignorance. An ignorant human mind is not, as a rule, a blank slate. It is a slate blank of true knowledge, but it is a slate scribbled all over with writing, the writing of prejudice and superstition which distort the judgment of its owner. The trouble with a savage is not that he does not know his multiplication table or his elementary geography, but that he thinks he knows the exact number of

devils which roam the world, and that disease can be driven from a sick person by the administration of some nauseating filth or the beating of tom-toms. Jesus, while ignorant enough, had not a distorted mind. He had, on the contrary, an unusual and penetrating common sense which set him head and shoulders above the men of his day, and, as a matter of fact, still keeps him there above the men of our own.

To return, however, to the question of mere knowledge, not only is it pretty evident that Jesus had no particular knowledge of biology, or of science in any of its forms, or of history, above the abysmal ignorance of his day, but it is also fairly clear, and of much greater importance to us, that he had no particular knowledge of God. Herein we reach something which the most modern of modern Protestant churchmen have never dared face. A convention of modern churchmen, recently held in England, horrified the orthodox by asserting unusually unequivocally a good deal of what has already been written in these pages, but it maintained that the great contribution of Jesus to ancient and modern thought was his statement that God was our Father. The Fatherhood of God was, they said, Christ's revelation to the world.

But that doctrine was not so much a revelation as a guess, and it was a guess that was wrong. If modern science has shown us anything at all, it has made unquestionably plain the fact that, if there be a Supreme Being at all, it is only by the greatest possible stretch of imagination that one can conceive of him as in any sense exercising fatherly qualities toward us. Thus Jesus beautifully said that not one sparrow falls to the ground without its death affecting the Father's heart, but we know that, if that Father exists, he has contemplated for aeons countless stark tragedies of animal life without lifting a little

finger to prevent or ameliorate them. Nor is this all. Jesus said that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered by that same ever-watchful and loving Father. Does he, then, number the microscopic cells in the embryo which are blindly developing into a moron or a criminal lunatic? Jesus said that an earthly father would not give his son who asked for bread a stone, and that just so our heavenly Father knew how to give good gifts to them that asked him. But there are really no two opinions about the value of imprecatory prayer. Prayer may subjectively benefit the one who prays, but prayer never turned aside the bullet from a modern rifle or saved a man who fell from a liner in mid-ocean and who could not swim. There are good Christians among us who shrink from such a bald statement, but we know that it is simply so. Jesus deduced that our heavenly Father was good because he made his rain to fall upon the just and unjust, but the illustration, considered scientifically, simply provokes a smile from a modern mind. Our heavenly Father has nothing immediately to do with the rain at all. If he did have, we could only conclude that he uses his power exceedingly foolishly. He gives millions of gallons to the little salt-water fishes who do not want it, while a land, no distance at all away in his eyes, is suffering a drought causing the death of millions.

This doctrine of a Father-God is now centuries old; we have accepted it indeed from the lips of the historical Christ, but on the assumed authority of the traditional Christ, whose voice was none other than the voice of God; and it is a comfortable doctrine. But comfortable or not does not matter; the fact is that it is not true. Jesus had no special knowledge of God. He dredged his knowledge of him out of the depths of a peculiarly sincere, pellucid,

and loving heart, but it was a human heart at best. The fact that the man Jesus believed in a heavenly Father is not the last word on the subject and does not place the matter beyond dispute for all time.

II

It is of much practical concern that Jesus was essentially an ignorant man. He was the child of an amazingly crude and ignorant age, whose crudity and ignorance it is difficult to exaggerate. Its very crudity and ignorance remove from us, in point of fact, all real difficulty in reading the Gospels. From the fishermen to the then accounted learned Pharisee, who constituted his band of apostles, there is no doubt, as Dr. Sanday says, that what the disciples thought they saw when they watched our Lord's miracles was not what we should have thought we had seen had we been there. A child of ten would give a very different account of an entertainment by a conjurer from that given by an adult of fifty. A savage gives a very different account of a phonograph from that given by a civilized man. But it is exactly the implications of this crudity and ignorance to which Jesus, alone of his age, rises superior. We can understand that what seemed a miracle to the disciples might have seemed to us but the exhibition of a superior and undaunted will.

Those of us who have traveled in savage lands have seen many such miracles. A doctor can cure with a bottle of colored water, or even a few firm words, a savage who is about to lie down and die, and who if left to himself would die, and concerning whose illness and death his savage friends would relate the most astounding stories of supernatural happenings and appearances. It is, in point of fact, neither the colored water nor the formula which cures him, though the savage will

think that it is. It is the impact of an unsuperstitious and common-sense modern mind upon a superstitious and nonsensical one. Thus even to-day do the blind receive their sight and the lame walk. No less may common sense and an undistorted mind have used a little clay or a formula in Christ's day.

It was, apparently, this superiority and clarity of mind which provoked the hostility of every vested interest and authority in Christ's day. It was not any revelation that he made or the exhibition of any peculiar knowledge which brought him to the cross, but it was simply his common sense in an age of fanatical nonsense. The miracle of it would be startling enough and disturbing enough to bring him, or any minister of his who exhibited it, to the equivalent of the cross in our day. It is worth our closest examination.

For, while Jesus was an ignorant man, he was also, in the true meaning of the word, the wisest of men. How he came to be such is beyond our knowing, and a like phenomenon astonishes us as much to-day as it did the crowd in Galilee. How or why a Napoleon is born in an obscure island village, of parents undistinguished by any particular military or political genius, or why a William Blake is born in a family which never wrote a line of poetry, is beyond our understanding. And it is much the same in the case of Christ.

It is a dazzling wonder how the mind of Christ came to be so pellucid and unbiased. An ignorant Jew, born in a crude and superstitious age, without having had, apparently, any opportunity to escape from it, he rivaled the men who possessed the greatest learning of his age in having a perfectly undistorted mind on every question. We may still envy him that and stand in adoration before it. Our own minds, after a lapse of two thousand years, are still incredibly distorted and incapable

of sane judgments. The common sense of a question is the last thing that we see, and the more vital the question, the less capable we are of treating it in a rational manner. Who was rational upon the nature of Germans during the Great War? What temperance advocate is rational upon the subject of prohibition? What theologian is rational upon the subject of God?

Let us take an example. Countless preachers have dilated on the wisdom shown by Jesus when they brought him the tribute money and asked him whether or no they should pay tribute to Caesar. But there was no wisdom, in the accepted sense of the word, in his answer. That was what staggered them. When they held out their penny, their own petty minds were as confused and angry as a hive of disturbed bees on every conceivable and inconceivable issue of politics and religion. A clever man would have entered lengthily into a discussion as to whether the head of Caesar on the coin did or did not break the law of God with respect to the making of graven images; he would have discussed learnedly the implications of the text and have argued that while, of course, the nature of God was unchangeable, it was possible that he might 'wink' in the peculiar circumstances of the case. Saint Paul would certainly have done so. A really clever historian would have spoken for hours upon the exact meaning of sovereignty and political right. And so on, and so on, endlessly. But Jesus snapped at once to the answer, which was not a learned answer, or an answer to suit the times, or an answer at all so far as these men were concerned. He gave them sheer common sense when they had expected a rigmarole of wise nonsense. And, as always, they were dismayed and at a loss before it.

We tend to congratulate ourselves on seeing for our part the amazing

common sense of Jesus, and we can even chuckle with amusement at the discomfiture of the Jews when he wades through their ridiculous Sabbatarianism and the like, but are we, in point of fact, wholly lined up with him? Did this radiant common sense flash out only once or twice, or was it characteristic of all his sayings and doings? And, if characteristic of all his sayings and doings, whose side are we really on, the side of him and common sense, or the side of the world and fanatical nonsense?

Imagine Jesus arraigned before the Supreme Allied War Council, in 1914. He stands there, a little commonplace man, who might, to judge by his bearing and dress, be indeed nothing but a peasant carpenter. But his eye is clear. It does not see things through the lenses of centuries of hate or political expediency or worldly well-being. It is not the eye of a great general, or of a business man who sees immense opportunities for great business, or of a newspaper proprietor, or even of a mother crazed with grief. He says: 'Love your enemies.' 'What!' exclaims the great general. 'In the face of an enemy armed to the teeth?' 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also,' replies Christ. 'But what of atrocities?' demands the politician. 'Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you,' returns the Christ imperturbably. Is this common sense? Would not the War Council have treated such a man in almost the same way as the Jews and Romans treated Christ?

Or take another startling case. Here is a woman taken in adultery, 'in the very act.' Imagine her dragged before a circle of our police officials, our Bishop Mannings, our secretaries of societies for the suppression of vice, the Pope himself, if you will. Two thou-

sand years have elapsed since it first happened, years in which we have learned psychology, years in which we have studied the curious spectacle of the mixed impulses of the human mind in the light of our knowledge of the unexpected workings of inherited sex impulses and repressions and the like; years, too, in which we have had plenty of opportunity to observe what terrors and crimes can shelter under a respectably legal and even spiritually solemnized union of man and woman, and what nobility and devotion there may be where all this is lacking. Is there one high-placed official among us who would turn away his face not to shame the trembling woman, and say gently, 'Neither do I condemn thee'? Would not one and all conceive it to be their public duty to act otherwise? Would not one and all, in summing up, argue theologically, or from the point of view of moral science, or legally from the words of the law, that while pitying, etc., etc., and making every allowance for, etc., etc., it was their painful duty to . . . commit . . . or refuse the Holy Communion . . . or . . . ?

Did Jesus exhibit common sense? Was his mind clear, undistorted, pell-mell, clean as the flash of a sword?

That we have hitherto unreservedly accepted that it was not is common knowledge. So far as the churches are concerned, books have been written and heaven only knows how many sermons preached to show that he spoke in a parabolic or a mystical manner, or in a manner indicating what our general mental attitude should be, but not, of course, how we ought particularly to behave in every instance. It is to their undying shame that scarcely one prominent Christian minister, in Europe or America, dared to say, 'Love the Germans,' during the Great War. A prominent English

ecclesiastic has not yet wholly escaped from the opprobrium he incurred by saying, in 1914, that the Kaiser, as he had known him, had been a not unpleasant and even a religious man; and the writer knows an obscure curate, the least pugnacious and dangerous of men, who was driven from his curacy and stood actually in need of police protection because he invited his congregation to pray for the enemy dying and to have sympathy for enemy women in suspense and bereavement. And when administrators of law and order are confronted with the literal keepers of the Sermon on the Mount they imprison them as conscientious objectors or hound them to exile or death as dangerous communists.

If, however, we unreservedly accept that the mind of Jesus was an undistorted mind, we shall feel that the world has as great need for his common sense to-day as it had in the days of his earthly life. This is his great contribution to the history of life and manners. It is for this that we can bow down before him almost as before a God. There are ten thousand questions which wreck and ruin human life on the earth for which we need the common sense of Jesus. Our marriage laws, and also the matter of our armaments, would be straightened out if we could approach these questions with minds untainted by inherited superstitions, by national and class prejudices, or by dire mistrustful forebodings. We argue at immense length as to what he did or did not mean by some traditional saying, and as to what implications follow from it. We vest his words with an authority which they never had and which, probably, they were never meant to have. As a result of such a confused approach to him, the world has experienced such horrors as the Spanish Inquisition and a modern statute book. If we need the traditional

Christ as the God of our imagination and the inspirer of beauty, we need the historical Christ as the God of common sense.

III

The common sense of the Great Galilæan was never more strikingly exhibited than in his whole attitude toward sin and the forgiveness of sin, and upon no subject was he in more definite opposition to the ideas of his time. Yet, while the churches that call him Master credit him, contrary both to reason and to evidence, with all wisdom, they have not accepted in the least his common sense in this. They follow, on the contrary, the Old Testament point of view of his historic enemies. They have, moreover, so successfully imposed their mind upon the world at large that even our statute books agree with Moses rather than with Christ. And the churches, with their traditional portrait, have so far displaced the historical Jesus that we are unaware that it is so.

The Old Testament regards sin as principally an offense in the eyes of Jehovah which requires purging by a bloody sacrifice. In the days of the historical Jesus, the temple courts were a shambles in the process of this expiation. Nor is it too much to say that the whole attitude of the traditional Church is a following of the Old Testament rather than a following of Jesus. In the first place, it is not possible to deny that all the weight of traditional theology has been placed upon the cross. For this reason the cross became the symbol of Christianity, and the three great historic branches of the Church have with equal emphasis insisted that what Christ did upon the cross was the reason for his coming into the world at all. The offering of himself as a sacrifice for sin was by far the most important aspect of his work. That

the Mass is the centre of Catholic faith and devotion needs surely no proof, but Protestant churches no less than the Catholic have asserted that what the Mass stands for is the very backbone of their being. It is not a Catholic or Greek, but a Presbyterian, confession of faith which says that 'the Lord Jesus, by his perfect obedience and sacrifice of himself . . . hath fully satisfied the justice of his Father; and purchased not only reconciliation, but an everlasting inheritance in the kingdom of heaven, for all those whom the Father hath given unto him.'

What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

The blood of Jesus is more efficacious blood than that of sheep and lambs — that is all.

Once again, let us make no mistake about it: this aspect of things is as old as the Gospels — that is to say, as old as the traditional Christ himself. It is this which is the substance, almost the sum, of Saint Paul's teaching. It is for this reason that he cares so little to relate to his converts the parables or the miracles of the historical Jesus. It is not too much to say that it is for this that he throws overboard the whole import of the moral teaching of Jesus. He does not say, 'Blessed are the poor,' but 'Be not slothful in business.' He does not say, 'Consider the lilies,' but 'If any would not work, neither should he eat.' He does not say, 'Love your enemies,' but 'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.' He sends a slave back to his master — which would, however, be a small thing if he did not send sinners to the Cross rather than to the Sermon on the Mount. But that is his whole message. That the first man, Adam, sinned, and through him sin, leading to destruction, became the heritage of all men; that the second Adam was the Christ from

Heaven, the man Jesus in whom 'ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. . . . And that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross.' 'We preach Christ crucified.' 'Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel.' And the preaching of the Gospel is the preaching of 'Christ, and him crucified.'

That Christ offered a bloody sacrifice of himself; that he paid a price; that sinners are lost eternally unless they are washed in the blood of Jesus; and that Christ is preëminently the Saviour through his own blood — this is the key message of Protestantism, as it is the basis of the Catholic sacraments. Yet absolutely nothing of all this appears upon the lips or is revealed in the mind of the historical Jesus. It is a direct development of Old Testament teaching and not of his. The historical Jesus calls himself a Light to reveal God; a Shepherd to lead a flock from an old pasture to a new one; Bread for the soul's hunger; Water for the soul's thirst; Leaven to ferment the world's sodden life; Salt to keep life wholesome; the Physician of men's diseases; the Vine, the Door, the Strong Man, the Bridegroom — but he never calls himself the World's Victim or the World's Priest.

In the second place, it is most noteworthy that the historical Jesus has a different category of sins from that of the Old Testament or of Paul or of ecclesiastical writers after him. The sins which occupied the attention of Jesus were hypocrisy, worldliness, intolerance, and selfishness; the sins which occupy the principal attention of the Church, as everybody knows from experience, are impurity, murder, the drinking of alcohol, swearing, and the neglect of the Church's services and ordinances. A man may be a notoriously sharp business man, a hard man,

a man in whose home there is neither love between husband and wife nor love between master and servants, but he may be an excellent churchman for all that. His minister may have an uneasy suspicion that he is hypocritical, but he will denounce him from the pulpit only if he keeps a mistress or gets drunk in the street. But the scribes and Pharisees did not keep mistresses or get drunk in the street. Yet the denunciation of them by Christ was shocking in its virulence. They prayed, they relieved the poor, they kept the Ten Commandments, they set the Church before themselves and the State, but he said to them: 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?'

It is not that the historical Christ has nothing to say about sin. It would not be an exaggeration to say that half of the 'Q' document is taken up with a discussion of it and its forgiveness. But the reader of Paul's Epistles literally rubs his eyes as he turns the pages of 'Q.' The kernel of the difference lies in this: that the sins which Christ denounced were social and of the spirit, and the sins that Paul denounces are theological and of the body. Of course the distinction can be fined down, argumentatively, on either side; but it is sins such as the various kinds of impurity and drunkenness that religion to-day denounces, while it was sins which ground down the widow and the orphan, which caused his little ones to stumble, or which made of men 'whited sepulchres,' which called forth the anger of Christ. It was man's inhumanity to man much more than man's offenses against God which roused his wrath. If he ever took the scourge of small cords to cleanse the temple, it was not so much, as religion has it, because the temple of God was defiled, as because that which should have been a place of safe retreat for the

poor of all nations had been made a den of thieves.

The full import of all this is a proposition enormously more startling. Jesus did not regard as sin at all a great deal of what the modern Church calls sin. Why did the religious leaders of his day call Jesus the friend of publicans and harlots? Let us translate the thing into modern speech. Why might virulent prohibitionists call a modern minister the friend of drunkards? There might of course be nothing more in it than 'sound and fury, signifying nothing.' There might be in it the implication that the minister was a friend of drunkards in order to effect their conversion to prohibition, when the phrase would probably carry some such adjective as 'good,' as it was said of many broad-minded padres during the war that they were good fellows. Or there might be the terrible suspicion that the minister was tolerant of a glass of beer; or even the damning accusation that he did not think a tot of whiskey sinful. Which of all these accusations prompted the taunting of Christ? We may quite reasonably argue that it was none other than the last. It certainly signified something. It certainly was not in praise of him. There remains the last: that he did not think the publicans and harlots sinful as the scribes and Pharisees thought them sinful.

Let us read again what he says: 'John came neither eating nor drinking. . . . The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say . . . a friend of publicans and sinners.' Why did Jesus eat and drink? Was it not because he saw nothing wrong in either eating or drinking? Why was he so often found eating and drinking with publicans and harlots? Was it not because he liked the company of publicans and harlots? Maybe he liked their company a great deal better than the company of his

critics. Maybe he did not think their sins quite so blatant or damning as the sins of the religious men of his day. Perhaps he thought an honest harlot refreshing company after that of a hypocritical priest. Perhaps he was a friend of publicans and sinners because he genuinely liked them, not as a pitying philanthropist, not as the redeeming Son of God, but as a human being.

Then there are the occasional anecdotes which have strayed, we do not know whence, into the Gospels. They were unquestionably anecdotes commonly told about Jesus by the crowd of his day, and the crowd may have exaggerated, it may even have lied, as crowds generally do. But there is often more truth in the legends of the common people than in the sober statements of learned men. And it certainly seems here as if the Evangelists inserted these things because they were too strong to be resisted, or because they did not understand them, or because they thought they might be interpreted in the newer theological manner. But why did Christ say to the woman taken in adultery, 'Neither do I condemn thee'? It is always presumed that he had some subtle reason, for her reformation or for the discomfiture of her accusers; what if it were merely the simple truth? What if to his unbiased and farseeing eye there had been reasons for her moral weakness, reasons which he felt he could not condemn? What if this spiritual genius saw that even the harlotry of a harlot did not kill the living impulses of a soul as did the theological subtleties of the chief priests? The point can hardly be pressed home more strongly than by contrasting the attitude of some modern preacher of righteousness. The fact of adultery, grieving God and damning the soul to Hell, would be the one thing that mattered. No extenuating circumstances could in his eyes do away

with her rightful condemnation. Under no circumstances would he say, 'Neither do I condemn thee.' And is not this because this particular sin has an aspect for a modern minister which it had not for the historical Christ?

Or take the question of the forgiveness of sin. If we can believe the records, Jesus forgave a number of people their sins, from the man sick of a palsy to the thief upon the cross, but in no single instance did he allege as the reason for forgiveness what is urged by the modern Church as necessary. The most outstanding and all but incredible example occurs in a no less known and widely used document than the Lord's Prayer. It is amazing that the import of it has escaped us. Here was the Great Galilean teaching his followers to ask forgiveness of their God. And on what are they to base their plea for God's forgiveness? A Salvation Army captain would say, 'Pray thus: Father, forgive us our trespasses because of the sacrifice of thy Son on the cross.' A Catholic priest would say, 'Pray thus: Father, forgive us our trespasses because we unfeignedly believe in the Church and have used, or are willing to use, the sacraments.' There can hardly be a minister who would not teach his people to say, 'Pray thus: Forgive us our trespasses because we repent and have faith in thy Son and will not trespass again.' But Jesus said: 'Pray ye, Forgive us our trespasses, *as we forgive them that trespass against us.*' This can only mean that the reason we should urge for our own forgiveness is that we have forgiven others. It might even mean that the measure of forgiveness we should demand is to be the measure of forgiveness we have granted. In either case the underlying thought is, as it were, social and not theological; it is as far removed as possible from the idea of

an angry God who needs propitiation through the blood of a victim. Even more strikingly it does more than suggest, it definitely implies, another attitude toward sin altogether.

And so with the rest of the stories. It is a mere assumption that Jesus forgave the sick of the palsy because of his faith or the faith of his friends. Apparently he simply saw that the sickness of the man's spirit stood in greater need of healing than the sickness of his body. He waits for neither repentance nor faith, still less for theological acceptance of the atonement, but as simply as he says later, 'Rise up and walk,' he says now, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' It was as if he freed the man from a distorted mind as he later freed him from a distorted body. Or the thief on the cross. It is mere supposition that the thief either repented of his robberies or accepted the atonement or made any gesture whatsoever toward the theological conception of forgiveness. He simply echoed the current speech of the crowd that had heard Jesus talk of his spiritual kingdom. That was enough for Jesus. As to the woman who anointed him in the house of the Pharisee, — a harlot, it is presumed, of many loves, — he said that her sins were forgiven 'for she loved much.' What does this mean but that a loving heart toward men, even in harlotry, was enough to occasion her forgiveness? The common sense of it is that she must have cheated, she must have lied, she must have been hypocritical as all harlots sometimes have to be. These were bad 'sins' which impeded her spiritual life, but they were eclipsed by the fact that she had honestly loved, and that she loved even a man scorned by the rich and religious, increasingly facing an enmity which might mean death.

There are so many straws blowing on this wind that one does not know how

to reckon them all. There is the gospel of forgiveness 'until seventy times seven,' to which nothing like justice has ever been done. Christ's words do not admit of any modification or belittling. They were apparently meant to be applicable to all the varied circumstances of life. The only hope for a sinner, Jesus thought, lay in other men's habitually and constantly forgiving him, as indeed their own hope of forgiveness lay in such conduct. 'How often, O Lord, shall we forgive a German submarine captain who sinks a hospital ship? Until he has sunk seven hospital ships?' 'Verily I say unto you, until he has sunk seventy times seven.' 'How often, O Lord, shall we forgive a man who has sinned against a woman by making the mistake of asking her to marry him? Seven times?' 'Never!' says the modern priest; 'it is irrevocable.' 'Never!' says the modern magistrate; 'let him pay alimony for the rest of his life.'

IV

Such illustrations as these will be read with a smile, but they are not written with a smile. The implication of them is much too serious. The implication of the Christian religion is that the sin behind them is too monstrous and fettering, too altogether a question of an outraged God, for any other attitude save its attitude to be possible. The sacrifice of blood is a necessity. But all this is additional, not to say foreign, to the mind we dimly glimpse of the historical Christ. His was the mind that argued apparently in some such way as the following: 'The righteousness of the spiritually alive man must exceed the righteousness of the normally accepted religious man. He cannot enter into the real Kingdom of the Spirit unless it does. Thus the normally religious man says, "You

shall do no murder," because that is the commandment of God, and its breach incurs his wrath. But I say unto you that it is enormously more important that a man shall not be angry with his brother. It is useless for him to approach God at all unless peace reigns in his heart. The normally religious man says, "You shall not commit adultery," because it is a breach of the law of God and incurs his anger. But I say unto you that for a man to lust after a woman, like a brute beast only, is just as harmful to his spiritual life as you think the sin of adultery is."

The man who said these words was not, if we may say it so, a theologically-minded man, but a socially-minded man. His social-mindedness was also a spiritual-mindedness. It soared infinitely above the petty-mindedness of the Church in our own or any age. He was two thousand years and more before his time. It is small wonder that neither his followers nor his enemies understood him in his own day, for we who would be as liberal as he fail to understand him in ours. He went lonely in those days, and he goes lonely in these. His is, and was, the loneliness of a spiritual genius whose like has not been seen on earth, and whose like we may well think we shall never see again.

In the face even of such scanty evidence as we have, we cannot doubt that the historical Christ would dissent as vehemently from the judgments the Church to-day makes in the name of the traditional Christ as he dissented from those of the scribes and Pharisees two thousand years ago. To him the sins that matter are the sins that hamper the growth of this spiritual life in a man's own soul, or that, committed by him, hamper the growth of his brother's soul. It is thus of man, rather than of God, that man has primarily to ask forgiveness, and he can neither ask forgiveness nor expect it unless he has

forgiven. We cannot doubt that part of the topsy-turviness of the world to Jesus was precisely this. A man might grind the faces of the poor and be accounted righteous if he wore a small box upon his head containing a few words of Holy Scripture. A woman might have no love in her heart toward her husband and even nag at him from morning till night, and be accounted righteous if she had been married by the Law of Moses and kept the observances of that law. But a man whom the hard law of necessity had driven to unpopular service of the Roman conqueror, no matter what else he was or did, was a publican and outcast. A man who foolishly drank too many cups of the good wine of the earth in the hours of his necessary ease was damned before God, no matter what his other virtues. A woman who committed the animal act of copulation outside the formal law was damned to eternity, no matter how generous and loving her heart might be.

He would think that we had got the whole thing topsy-turvy. He would think that we were condoning glaring sins in our haste to condemn moral weaknesses which are not, rightly understood, sins at all. He would think that modern Christians, in their eagerness not to bring a frown upon the face of their heavenly Father, had forgotten the evil of bringing tears into the eyes of their brethren. He would think that in pleading the merits of his death upon the cross for our forgiveness we had forgotten the essential teaching of his Gospel. He would not draw aside, as if there were nothing to be said for them, from the prostitutes of Piccadilly, or turn from jovial men whose main fault is their incredible blindness to the things that really matter in life. But he might enter, with a scourge of small cords in his hand, the doors of Westminster Abbey.

GOLDEN SPRING

BY J. M. WITHEROW

I

TREVOR SILCOT, after fifteen years in an accountant's office, had saved some fifteen hundred dollars. A lucky speculation in cotton increased this capital to five thousand. Then Silcot conceived the idea of floating a company.

The company would solemnly promise to do something exceedingly profitable, but after a decent interval announce regretfully that 'it had proved impossible' to earn anything. Then the company would go into liquidation, a receiver would be appointed, and the last obsequies would be duly administered. In the meantime the sums, large or small, contributed by the credulous public on the strength of the promoters' promises would be handled by the promoters, devoted to necessary expenditure of various kinds, and in the final investigation would appear to have been carefully but fruitlessly consumed.

Fifteen years in a Broad Street office, London, E. C., had taught Silcot all he wanted to know about the flotation of companies — bogus and genuine. Hitherto, however, he had taken quite a subordinate part. Now he would take a hand as principal. Confederates like-minded with himself were soon found, who brought a certain equipment of banking and legal experience. All the usual preparatory measures were taken, and Silcot sailed in the Dunottar Castle for Capetown. He had determined that his company would discover and promise to develop

a mine in South Africa. He had already named it Golden Spring.

On the voyage out Silcot made a careful study of such large-scale maps of the district north of the Transvaal as he had been able to procure in London.

On arriving in Capetown he investigated thoroughly the mining regulations, existing prospecting rights, and the location of all districts known to have been already surveyed by the large mining interests. He was not taking any risk in that quarter.

Finally he selected a certain un-surveyed area, some ninety miles northwest of Bulawayo, bought a few small lumps of gold-bearing quartz in Capetown, and set off to discover Golden Spring. At Bulawayo he learned that the land near the spot he was making for was owned by two farmers, William Blumton and Norman Fowler. Silcot made first for Blumton's house, where he was very hospitably received.

'We see white folk so rarely, Mr. Silcot,' said Mrs. Blumton, 'you will be doing us a real kindness if you stay two or three days with us and tell us all the news of the Old Country.'

Silcot readily assented. It was quiet and dull and hot, but he was tired of traveling and glad to have a little rest. Besides, if Blumton refused to do what he wanted, he might easily visit Fowler once or twice and capture him instead.

'Talking of white folk, Mrs. Blumton,' said Silcot, 'you surely see the Fowlers?'

'Oh, yes, of course; they live only three miles away, and we see them

every three or four days. But I thought of them as part of ourselves. There are no other whites for thirty miles.'

Silcot thought to himself: 'This locality will suit Golden Spring all right, if Blumton comes up to scratch.'

That evening the two men sat on the verandah smoking their cigars and discussing the black problem and the Indian problem and the future of South Africa. Every now and then Silcot got in a question about crops or cattle, and soon made sure that Blumton had a hard time of it and was not making a fortune.

Next day, in walking over the farm, the Londoner came to the point at once.

'Blumton, would you object to making some money easily?'

'Silcot, would a duck swim?' was the reply.

Silcot smiled, and went on: 'I am out here after gold.'

Blumton interjected: 'There's no gold here.'

'That may well be true, but you and I between us might persuade a lot of people there is gold here. They would get no gold out of this ground, but we should get gold out of them.'

'Good business,' replied Blumton, 'but I know nothing about these city games; where do I come in?'

'In two ways,' said Silcot. 'First, sell me all mining rights on your land; second — but wait a bit,' and, stopping suddenly, he kicked over four stones and, stooping, laid a lump of quartz where each stone had been and gently replaced the stones. Then he went on: 'Would you mind lifting these stones away and picking up what you find there?'

Blumton did so, somewhat amused.

'Now,' said Silcot, 'you could swear in a court of law you picked up these lumps of quartz on your own land?'

'Certainly I could.'

'Right!' said Silcot. 'Hold on to

them; they are yours. They may be the only gold ever taken out of your land, but they may draw a lot into your pocket and mine. The second thing I want you to do is to write me a straightforward letter saying you found these specimens, and sign your name and address and give me authority to print the letter.'

'And what am I to have for my share in it?'

'For mining rights in your land that has no gold in it I'll give you two hundred pounds down directly you sign the contract papers. For the letter I'll give you a hundred pounds in cash when I receive it, and allot you five hundred shares free when the company is floated.'

Blumton hesitated. He knew no one had been over his thousand acres prospecting for ores in any serious fashion since he had come there twelve years before. He knew that many a scallywag and broken man from the south had passed through the district trekking north or east, and their unanimous opinion was that there was no hope of ores of any sort in that region. Still, if this man, for purposes of fraud, wanted to buy mining rights, why not sell them as dear as he could? But Silcot had mentioned 'swearing in a law court.' Plainly there might be trouble, and Blumton wanted no trouble. So he said at last: 'I'll think about it, and let you know in a day or two.'

After some further talk the two men went home. That night Mr. Blumton told his wife of the scheme, making no secret of its fraudulent character. Somewhat to his surprise, she took the same view that he did. 'The fraud is no business of yours,' she said. 'Besides, if silly people give away their money because Mr. Trevor Silcot tells them to, they deserve to lose it; and if he is willing to part with it to you for value received, you're not cheating anybody.'

"That's right, my dear; that's just what I think myself," replied her husband. "But if somebody prosecuted him, they would very likely include me for aiding and abetting. They would have my name to a published letter on the strength of which they gave their money."

"I would risk that," said Mrs. Blumton. "You'll never make a hundred pounds so easily again in all your life. Besides, the losers will be certain to go for Silcot, and not dream of coming after you, from whom they could recover nothing."

"That's all very well," said Mr. Blumton, "but I don't want to find myself in jail for conspiracy to defraud."

"I would risk it," maintained his wife; "they never could prove conspiracy."

"I am not so sure," answered her husband. "I will ride over to Wankie, where there's a lawyer chap, and see what he says."

"Well, mind what you tell him," said Mrs. Blumton. "If you give the show away, Silcot will find his mine somewhere else."

Blumton left for Wankie on horseback early the next morning. He cunningly gave a false name and address, laid the main facts before the man of law, and for a couple of guineas was told he might sell mining rights if he liked, but that if he took payment for publishing false information he might find himself in jail.

He came home thoroughly cowed two days later, and, much to the disgust of his wife, told Silcot he must refuse to furnish the letter, but would sell the mining rights for five hundred pounds.

Silcot, however, had been making progress in Blumton's absence, and was neither disappointed at his host's announcement nor eager to do any business whatever. Finally, however, he allowed himself to be persuaded into buying the mining rights for two

hundred pounds, to be paid when the contract was signed, and gave a written pledge to that effect.

Mr. Silcot had been calling on Mr. Norman Fowler, who entered into the project with zest. Silcot had made him the same offer, going through the same pantomime with three more lumps of gold quartz. Fowler was quite as sure as Blumton that no other gold would ever be found there, and quite as clear that he was being asked to help in a swindle. But he had no immediate objections to Silcot's proposals, and promised to sign the contract as soon as presented, and to write there and then the letter reporting "discovery." Silcot, however, had decided to draw up this letter himself, and said he would only trouble Fowler for his signature when he returned in a week or two with the necessary legal documents. After Silcot was gone, Fowler told his wife, who listened with growing anger.

"The thieving scoundrel!" she burst out at last. "You sent him about his business, I hope?"

"Oh, yes," said Fowler, somewhat weakly; "but I didn't see why I should not make some money out of him."

"Oh, Norman, Norman!" she cried. "You surely never agreed to sign that lying letter?"

"I don't see any lie in it. I'll not be saying anything in it that's not true."

"Oh, Norman, how can you argue like that? You know you will be helping him to deceive thousands of people and helping him to steal their money. Else he would never pay you for it."

"If people are foolish enough to give Silcot their money for an idiotic project, I don't think it fair to say he steals their money."

"And will your letter tell them how idiotic the project is? Oh, Norman, I never thought you would sink so low as to help a swindler to swindle people and take money for it."

Then Fowler lost his temper and began to curse. His wife said no more that day.

It must be remembered that both Fowler and Blumton lived hard lives and made little money. To them a hundred pounds seemed quite a large sum. Both had in a sense fallen before the temptation, but Fowler began to recover himself with the help of his wife's reproaches. He never thought such a thin, meek, clinging creature had such fighting spirit in her. Lying awake in his bed, he began to think of poor farmers like himself being persuaded by his letter to give their money to this rascal Silcot, or poor workingmen like his own brothers in Northumberland losing all their little savings because of a letter signed 'Norman Fowler.' If ever he met one of them afterward, what should he say? 'I was greedy, and wanted a hundred pounds.' What else could he say? Fowler was far from shameless. The more he thought of that letter, the more it revolted him.

Finally, after a day or two of reflection on his part and wise silence on his wife's, conscience had her way, the hundred-pound bribe was dismissed with many fond lingering looks, Fowler promised his wife that he would sign no swindling letter, and Mrs. Fowler on her side conceded that there was nothing wrong in selling Silcot or anyone else the mining rights, however valueless, for a sum agreed on.

Silcot returned from Bulawayo within a fortnight, bringing with him an attorney and his clerk, and obtained the signatures of Blumton and Fowler to very carefully drawn deeds, which gave him all the powers he required to work minerals on their united lands. He paid them each two hundred pounds in Bank of England notes the same day. He concealed his disappointment when Fowler in a shamefaced way declined to sign the letter drawn up announcing

the 'find' of gold. 'Broke your word,' was the sole reproach.

On his way home Silcot had the good fortune to meet two capable young brothers called Murray, living in Johannesburg. One was a fully qualified mining engineer, the other an accountant. Both were at the moment in poorly paid positions, making a bare living. Silcot, after some careful inquiries, engaged them both, gave each a retaining fee of a hundred pounds on the spot, and appointed them to have supreme control of his prospecting enterprise at Golden Spring in Rhodesia. They were to go down there and commence operations when he sent word, and word would come as soon as he was in command of the necessary funds. In the meantime, they were to keep all this strictly secret. They were to send him weekly reports of work and expenditure. If they came on anything profitable, they were to cable immediately one word — 'Congratulations.' And Silcot added, without a smile: 'And if you come on a certainty of large profit, such as will enable me to double your salaries, you may cable "Heartiest congratulations."' Meanwhile he promised them eight hundred pounds each for the first year. The two honest young faces glowed with pleasure and gratitude.

'It is the first success, the first real kindness, we have met with in this country,' said the elder Murray. 'Depend on it, Mr. Silcot, my brother and I will serve you loyally, and work to the bone to make you rich — if only the stuff is there,' he added, after a pause.

'I have secret information,' said Silcot bravely, 'but if you come on nothing I will not blame you.'

'Thank you, sir. You may be sure we will do our best.'

When Silcot reached London, he found his two confederates had already sketched out the prospectus and secured

two M. P.'s as directors, whose names would carry weight in ignorant quarters. Fifty thousand pounds were asked for in a hundred thousand shares of ten shillings each. The statements and promises and prospects were most adroitly expressed — nothing too glowing, but a hint here and there that a chance like this rarely came on the market, and that more could be told were it not likely to attract competitors, *et cetera, et cetera*. A certain discovery had been made, and a competent investigator had reported most favorably. The list would close in a few days, and so on, with all the names, as usual, of the respectable bankers, lawyers, and accountants who would act for the Golden Spring Mining Company, Limited.

Big people in the financial world sniffed audibly when they read this document. Big people in the mining world snorted. But whether because of the fat dividends paid that half year on the Rand, or the weighty names of the two guinea-pig directors, the money poured in. Five days saw the whole amount applied for. Silcot and his friends were staggered at their own success.

'What's the game now, Trevor?' asked the banker comrade.

'My idea,' said Silcot, 'is to stow away, under various plausible headings of expenditure, fifteen thousand pounds for us three — five thousand for you two, and ten thousand for myself. You brought in a thousand pounds each to the expenses of our preliminary inner cabinet, and you get more than double that. I am taking only double my original five thousand.'

'Quite fair and kind of you; but what about the remainder?' asked the legal brother.

'Oh, I have cabled Murray to go ahead up to a limit of twenty thousand, and I am holding the rest in reserve.'

'Well, I only wanted to know. It's a

lot of good money to put in a hole in Africa.'

'We can't help ourselves, Joe. Don't you see we must do something straight with part of it, anyway?'

II

Six months afterward Silcot sat in his own new office in Coleman Street, E. C., busily engaged with the second and final installment of the ten-shilling shares. The adverse opinion of all the important people had told on the market from the first, and the new shares, though now fully paid up, were quoted at 50 per cent discount. A steady stream of inquiries and complaints from anxious shareholders kept Silcot in a state of nervous irritability. The clerks and the girl typists hardly dared to speak. A storm was brewing.

A knock on the door, and the commissionaire entered with a cablegram. Silcot tore it open, and gazed at it so long, with motionless eyelids and changing color, that the commissionaire, in an anxious tone, asked: 'Any answer, sir?'

'No, Johnson, no — and take this shilling and bring me a brandy and soda quick.'

It was no wonder that Johnson, coming out from the inner sanctum, whispered to one of the clerks: 'The boss has had a knock-out.'

But he was wrong. Even five minutes after taking the brandy and soda Silcot was gazing speechless at the three-word cable from Golden Spring: —

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS MURRAY

Words need not be spent in describing the measures which followed immediately. All thoughts of fraud were dismissed. Silcot and his co-directors absorbed all the shares offered at a discount without betraying that they knew

anything. But the secret could not be kept. Rumor soon got busy. The share price steadily mounted. As soon as the upward movement seemed to have spent itself, Silcot published part of a detailed report which by that time had arrived from his engineer-manager Murray, and the world learned that a gold-bearing reef as rich as any on the Rand had been reached at no great depth and proved to be at least half a mile in length.

Amid scenes of unusual excitement in Throgmorton Street, the ten-shilling shares rose to four pounds in two hours, and after some violent fluctuations achieved steadiness round about six pounds. The dividends began modestly, but in the third year reached 65 per cent per annum. Further capital was obtained with the greatest ease. In ten years the property of the Golden Spring Mining Company was valued in millions. Silcot and all who trusted him had then achieved wealth beyond their rosiest dreams.

III

The two hundred pounds which William Blumton and Norman Fowler each received were soon spent and forgotten.

When the two Murrays arrived with their gangs of black boys and their dozen white foremen, Blumton and Fowler made some little profit selling farm and dairy produce, and made a good many jokes about the supposed treasure that was to be unearthed.

One day Mrs. Blumton came home from the local store and said: 'William, something has happened. A fence is being put up all round the works, and fifty police have arrived, and they are to stay. The Fowlers say Murray has found something. They think it's diamonds.'

'My God! And Silcot offered me five hundred shares!'

'Aye, and you refused him.'

'Well, you know I did n't want to do anything wrong.'

'I know you had n't the pluck.'

This was the beginning of many bitter wrangles. To his wife and to the Fowlers, Blumton always cursed that fool lawyer at Wankie. To the overseers whom he met at the new public house, he cursed Silcot as a thieving rascal who had tricked him, a poor innocent farmer, into selling all his mining rights for a mere bagatelle of two hundred pounds, when all the time he, Silcot, must have known there was plenty of the stuff in that ground. To this audience he never disclosed the story of the quartz and the offer he had refused. But one day, when he was denouncing Silcot as a liar and a plunderer, the elder Murray came in and listened.

'Mr. Blumton,' he said, very quietly, 'if you bought a ram at Bulawayo and paid in full for him on the spot in good hard cash and took him home, and a month after the vendor came down here and said he had discovered this ram was a pedigree ram of special breed and that you must make an additional large payment for him, what would you say?'

A bystander broke in: 'Blumton would tell that ass to go to hell!'

A roar of laughter followed, in which Blumton, in spite of himself, had to join.

'And let me tell you, Mr. Blumton,' Murray went on, 'the expressions you have used in a place of public resort against the character of Mr. Silcot, if repeated, may have consequences for you that you will regret.'

This hint had an immediate effect. Blumton henceforth held his tongue.

When the astonishing truth about Golden Spring became known to the Fowlers, Norman felt a somewhat painful shock. He had plumed himself on his rectitude. He had patted himself on the back for behaving like a man of principle. And now he was to suffer more and more for his honesty. God

was punishing him for doing right! What kind of God was that? The higher the shares of Golden Spring went, the angrier he got. At last he burst out upon his wife.

'Your scruples, my woman, have proved very expensive!'

Mrs. Fowler stood her ground. 'A lie is dear at a hundred pounds,' she retorted.

'A hundred pounds!' he shouted. 'Silcot offered me five hundred shares as well! Do you know what those shares are worth to-day?'

'If they were worth a million, I would not blacken my soul before God for them by telling a swindling lie!'

'Oh, shut up, you idiot!' roared her husband. 'I was a fool when I listened to you and your religious blethers.'

When the Bulawayo *Morning Post* reported Golden Spring shares had reached six pounds, Fowler came home drunk. He was rather ashamed of himself next day, but refused to apologize. He had missed the chance of his life, he said, and it was all her fault.

'Norman,' protested the woman, 'you know I saved you from doing wrong.'

'Yes, and I'll be sorry to my dying day that I did n't do wrong!'

The wrangling went on and the drinking went on. Finally, after a year of misery, Mrs. Fowler borrowed her fare from Mrs. Blumton and returned to her mother's house in Moffat, Scotland.

IV

Fifteen years after the opening of Golden Spring, Mrs. Blumton came back to her old home in Lockerbie, a few miles south of Moffat. The two friends often met. The young minister of Moffat, the Reverend Vincent Masson, got to know them, and, being a man of warm sympathies, soon learned the whole story of Golden Spring as

these women knew it. In the summer of that year Mr. Masson went on a lecturing tour in the United States. He crossed the Atlantic on the *Carmania*, and found that one of his fellow passengers was a young widow, Lady Silcot.

An introduction was soon effected, and after several pleasant conversations Mr. Masson one day near the end of the voyage turned the talk to Golden Spring.

'Do you mind telling me, Lady Silcot, who guided your husband to that part of Rhodesia rather than any other part?'

'Nobody, Mr. Masson,' Lady Silcot replied.

'Oh, but surely he had some secret information?'

'None whatever, Mr. Masson.'

'Then your husband, Lady Silcot, must have had the eye of genius to discover gold-bearing possibilities in a locality where nobody else thought of looking. There are men who spend their lives traveling and prospecting and never find anything to speak of.'

'I think Sir Trevor *was* a genius in his own line, but I know he started Golden Spring without a glimmer of hope he would take a grain of gold out of it. I can see by your face you disapprove, but I may tell you I put it straight to Sir Trevor, when he first told me the whole story, that it looked to me like a swindle. He replied, with a proud toss of his head: "I swindled nobody! I kept all my promises and discharged all my obligations!" And, now that he is gone, I get real comfort from the Scripture that says men shall be judged by their works. Think of the misery caused by men like Thackeray's Colonel Newcome going into business for which they were grievously incompetent. The principles of the old Colonel were blameless, his ideals high, his intentions pure; but the damage was done and the misery inflicted, and they must be answered for somewhere.'

Think of the misery caused by incompetent parents, incompetent trustees, incompetent statesmen, incompetent generals, whose motives and aims were above suspicion, as noble as Colonel Newcome's. Is incompetence going to escape under a cloak of fine purpose? Not if God knows it.

'Men shall be judged by their works. I know I found in Sir Trevor's papers hundreds of letters from tradesmen, artisans, doctors, ministers, and widows, who thanked God for the man who induced them to take shares in Golden Spring.

'Some of those letters, Mr. Masson, describe agonies of grinding poverty, and fear of worse, which vanished like snow in thaw the year of our great boom, and it is hard even yet to read them without emotion; while the letter that came from Mrs. Murray, the wife of a blacksmith in Dundee, telling of the toil and privation out of which she and her husband extracted enough money to educate their two boys, and invoking God's blessing on Trevor Silcot for raising their salaries to two thousand pounds a year each — that letter, Mr. Masson, would have drawn tears from a heart of flint. So, when everybody's accounts are made up, I think my husband will not fare so badly.'

Lady Silcot spoke with conviction, and the minister, touched by her loyalty and her loneliness, suppressed all he thought of saying in reply.

After a while he murmured: 'Yes, it is a glorious privilege to be able to use wealth to make people happy who deserve to be made happy, and a glorious memory to know you did so use it.'

A silence of nearly half a minute followed, and then the first gleam of the lights of Nantucket and Long Island gave pretext for a change of subject.

That night, however, Mr. Masson pondered long on the respective demerits of the three men, Blumton,

Fowler, and Silcot, who were willing to do wrong, but accidentally did no actual wrong in the flotation of the famous mine. When he had given his lectures at Boston as agreed on, he struck westward on a tour through Albany and Niagara to the Mississippi, and eastward again by Kentucky and Virginia to Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. A few days before he sailed for his own land, Mr. Masson, with two new American friends, sat in the verandah of a villa on the slopes of Mount Mitchell, commanding an extensive view of Sandy Hook and the busy waterways of the most opulent harbor in the world.

One of these friends was Samuel Rawson Sandyford, president of the Allied Potteries of Philadelphia; the other was Dr. Victor Lansing, senior minister of St. Barnabas's, Brooklyn. Catching sight of the four funnels of the *Mauretania* passing far off on her stately way, Masson was reminded of his own last voyage, and something moved him to tell the story of Golden Spring and Lady Silcot's defense of her husband.

'Well, Mr. Masson,' said President Sandyford, with drawling but emphatic enunciation, 'I don't confess to being perverted by Lady Silcot's sob stuff. She must know in her heart what you and I might not venture to say to her face — that her husband was a determined villain, though he failed to commit any great villainy, through no fault of his. If you had had a chance of winning those three men to the side of right, and honor, and goodness, you might have succeeded with Fowler, who gave some sign of having a conscience, and you could have certainly captured Blumton with a judicious employment of Hell — but there, you good ministers are shy of the brimstone argument nowadays. Silcot — I know the breed — would have made light of all your

church candies and all your spiritual horsewhips.'

But, to Masson's astonishment, Dr. Lansing took a different view.

'I think, President,' he said, 'you put too much weight on the one wrong dominating choice of aim which Silcot made at the outset of his career. Before I would call him a determined villain, I should like to ascertain whether in matters unconnected with that aim he was given to deceit or theft or cruelty, and how far he managed to win and retain the trust or affection or respect of his clients and subordinates, of his closest intimates, and of the public generally. Meantime, I cannot withhold my admiration of the man's courage. Think of the risks he ran — the liability to exposure, the possible treachery of his confederates, the prosecution, the heavy sentence, the lifelong disgrace. He laid his plans, took the main burden on himself, sheltered behind no innocent agent, held to his purpose through those months of waiting with a nerve of steel, and all with no apparent escape from an explosion of investors' wrath and a racketing investigation. How could he stick it? I tell you, I call it magnificent. You think me quite wrong, do you? Well, what do you say to Browning?

'Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will! . . .
And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is, the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.'

'Browning, Doctor,' interrupted Sandyford, 'yes, perhaps — but how about Scripture?'

'I thought that challenge was coming,' rejoined the Doctor, with a smile. 'Well, I seem to remember a story of a dishonest steward, who for a certain line of action was held up to admiration

by a very great Authority. Something very fine may be found in a bad man. And as to Silcot's line of action, read over the eleventh of Hebrews, and consider whether that element of discernment and forceful, unconquerable courage there glorified was not evident in him. Apart from the one wrong indefensible choice of purpose with which he started, I should say Silcot was not far from the kingdom of God.'

'And about the other two men, Doctor?' asked Masson.

'About the other two, Mr. Masson,' replied Dr. Lansing, 'I should say this. Probably you have found in Scotland what I have found in New York. Our churches are cursed with Blumtons and Fowlers. To use friend Sandyford's language, we have thousands of people living most decorously because they smelled brimstone. These people would sin in certain ways and enjoy it, and the one real reason that prevents them is that they are afraid. The horror is that they imagine their decorous cowardice is Christianity.'

'As for the Fowlers — well, there's a touch of Fowler in us all. Obey conscience and Christ as long as it pays. When your skin or your pocket or your pride is hurt, deny the good, deny the truth, and revile God. Isn't it contemptible?'

'And the Church and the nation and the world are all in such need of men who can bear to be hurt and are not to be cowed by any hurt, burning for achievement and service. Give me a converted Silcot, say I.'

The talk then diverged to other regions. Mr. Masson, on returning to Scotland, made a careful study of Browning's 'Statue and the Bust' and the eleventh of Hebrews. Even now he is not sure whether Dr. Lansing was right.

SONNET

By many paths we reach the single goal,
And all our quarrels deal but with its name;
There is no soul so different from my soul
As in its essence to be not the same.
No warrior but in his heart must know
How triumph is not proud nor vengeance sweet,
For he beholds, who slays the kindred foe,
Himself, self-murdered, lying at his feet.

It has been written that we are the islands
Which, ocean-sundered into seeming twain,
Are truly of one continent, the highlands
Wrought of one rock and rooted in one plain.
Bright Himalayan peace! the humblest crest
One with the splendor of Mount Everest.

ROBERT HILLYER

AN APOSTLE TO YOUTH

BY JOHN McCOOK ROOTS

I

WHEN the Church fails, God sends a man.

Since the Middle Ages there have been three awakenings, each about two centuries apart, each of which forced upon a reluctant world some neglected aspect of truth. Saint Francis sought to free men from bondage to things, Martin Luther from bondage to institutions and dogmas, John Wesley from lethargy.

Since Wesley nearly a century and a half has passed. The language with which he stirred the placid rationalism of two hundred years ago would not arouse a flicker of interest to-day. But something is needed to do for the twentieth century what he did for the eighteenth. It is not something new that is needed so much as a rediscovery of the power which lies hidden in the simplest Christian platitudes. As Coleridge has it, 'Truths, of all others the most awful and interesting, are too often considered as so true, that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.' His remedy is not easy, but it is simple: 'To restore a commonplace truth to its first uncommon lustre, you need only translate it into action.'

A small but growing group of people with whom I have only lately become well acquainted seem to me to be doing this. They seek to apply in their own lives the teachings of the New Testa-

ment. They work so far as possible within the established churches, but they also reach and reach effectively people, particularly young people, who ordinarily would never darken the doors of a church. Masses mean little to them; individuals everything. They are interested not so much in theoretical aspects of religion or God or Christ as in the daily life which these demand. Each one is convinced, on the basis of personal experience, that God is a reality; that the only barrier which can prevent a man from knowing God is sin, conscious or unconscious; that Jesus Christ is the saviour from sin, and that a man is cleansed in so far as he wills to receive Him, recognizing his faults as sins and turning from them to a life of unflinching devotion to the particular will of God revealed through prayer, expectant listening, and active witness with others. They hold nothing that is not taught in the Gospels and described in the Acts and Epistles. They believe nothing that Christians of all creeds do not profess to believe. Their chief difference lies in the uncompromising manner in which they apply their beliefs to life.

Many people to-day, whatever they profess, assume that for all practical purposes Christ's standards must be adapted to human nature. This group act on the assumption that human nature must be adapted to the moral standards of Jesus Christ. They believe that human nature can be remoulded radically toward meeting those standards. In other words, they believe in

Conversion. Many people to-day, while professing belief in prayer and a divine purpose, pray only in spasms and have never stopped long enough to consider that God might have a purpose for them at variance with the one they are restlessly or recklessly or hazily pursuing. This group take it for granted that a converted life can be guided in all things by God's Holy Spirit working through the human mind. They believe that prayer for most people who ever pray consists too much in petition. They too believe in petition. But they believe first in submission and audition — surrender and listening. They aim to shape their daily course of action on the basis of luminous thoughts which may come at any time, but come most fruitfully in the quiet of the early morning, and which can never come at all except as their own lives are purged of self-will and remain perpetually poised in eagerness to receive and follow the divine direction. They are convinced not only that this sort of active communion with God is interesting and satisfying, but that it is available to all. In a word, they believe in Guidance, and this involves not only guided work, sleep, eating, recreation, and rest, but also guided witness. Some people may find that they must talk less; others that they should talk more; others that they simply talk differently. But on each one who has found this quality of life is laid the obligation of mediating it to the world — a world composed not of humanity but of human beings. With everyone a worker in his own environment for the same end, there has been born among this group a richness of spiritual fellowship which is the rarest thing I know.

II

My junior year at Harvard, during the winter of 1923-1924, was the

occasion of my first contact with it — a small cluster of college men, mostly young, gathered over the week-end at a wayside inn near Cambridge to talk honestly about what life had meant so far and what it might mean. I had just come from one of the great student conventions whose business it is to discuss religion, and was in no mood for more. But the friend who asked me had said that this was a 'house party,' that I should meet there an interesting person who had known my father in China, that I could say whatever I wished and leave at any time.

Two characteristics of that group particularly impressed me. One was its difference from much which I had previously associated with religion — the people were happy without being professional, the leaders were sympathetic without being solicitous, and there was no formality or programme. The other point was the transparent honesty of the atmosphere. The first quality made me feel immediately at home. The second conveyed the thought, to me a discovery, that God is real to a man only in proportion as he seeks to apply in his own life the moral standards of Jesus Christ. I had known and accepted the idea in theory. Never before had I heard any normal person of my years speak of Christ as a cure for impurity or a power for honesty. I left this house party realizing for the first time that many of my professed beliefs or unbeliefs had a moral basis, and knowing that there were abroad in the world modern people whose religion was a tempting reality.

The movement of which this was my first glimpse began, as most spiritual movements have begun, with an individual. He is F. N. D. Buchman, an ordained Lutheran minister, just turned fifty. Born in an obscure Pennsylvania town, recipient of an A.B., A.M., and D.D. from Muhlenberg College, of no

extraordinary personality, he is hardly the sort one would expect to recapture for the twentieth century something of the radiance of Saint Francis, the mysticism of Fox, the evangelism of Wesley.

Like the founder of Methodism, he finished his seminary course still a stranger to the white heat of Christian experience. There followed a year or two of desultory social-service work and foreign travel, and in 1908 he found himself at Keswick, England. He was unhappy and perplexed. Resentment against certain religious people had been festering in his heart. For some time he had had an uneasy feeling that this was causing the trouble. Always his pride had forbidden humiliation before his enemies.

While in this state of mind he wandered one day into a little country church where a woman was speaking on some aspect of the Cross. He does not know her name, but something in what she said stirred him to the depths, and he saw himself for what he truly was. It marked the turning point. Next day he mailed to America six letters of simple apology, and at the head of each he wrote: —

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

He never heard from those six men. But for the first time in his life he felt the power of Christ as an inward reality. It was what Johann Tauler, Luther's spiritual father, used to emphasize as the 'unmaking' of a man that he might be 'made again' of God.

From then on his doubts left him. 'Sin,' he has since explained, 'is anything that keeps one from God or from another person.' The sin of pride had been burned away, and the explorer set out to share his discovery with others.

In 1909 he was recommended by Dr.

Mott to head the Y.M.C.A. at a large state university. It was no sinecure. The students were hostile, the faculty politely skeptical. Mass evangelism obviously had no place. Personal contacts had. Religious societies in university centres are apt to count heads. The young 'Y' secretary knew better. He believed that no man was fully won to Christ until he himself was winning other men.

Three men stood out to him as the key points of the situation — the college dean, a popular and cultured graduate student, and Bill 'Pickle,' the leading bootlegger of a ring that was the despair of the college authorities. The student, who had a fondness for codes of ethics, had styled himself a Confucianist. To his surprise, Buchman took him seriously, and banteringly suggested that if Confucianism was good for him it should be good for someone else. He dared him to try it on Mike Milligan, a chicken thief with a wide reputation in the neighborhood. By this time they were close friends, and the challenge was accepted. He was to have three months preaching Confucianism. Week after week the earnest young altruist called on the family. He was kind to the wife, gave presents to the children. But Mike remained unchanged. At the end of his period the student returned to admit defeat. 'I can't do anything,' he said. 'The more I give the more they want.' Buchman suggested they start together on Bill the bootlegger. He won the man's confidence; and before long the worst influence in college was not only changed himself, but determined to win his fellow professionals to Christ. The undergraduate was so struck by it all that he decided to try this religion which had succeeded where he had failed. The dean was a confirmed agnostic, but, finding his disciplinary duties lightened by the improvement in

the liquor situation, he was increasingly drawn to a faith that could achieve such modern miracles, and finally put himself on record as an active believer. Within three years there were twelve hundred men in voluntary Bible study.

III

Leaving this university in 1915, Buchman toured for a year in India, Korea, and Japan with Sherwood Eddy, returned in 1916 as an extension lecturer at Hartford Theological Seminary, and spent 1917-1919 again in the Far East. During these years there were gradually crystallizing in his mind the principles of Christian work with individuals which he felt the world most needed. A letter written at that time states clearly his purpose: 'This principle (of personalized evangelism) is the essential of Christianity and the absolute essential of all progress. The depersonalization of all activity is one of the great problems of our day. In business, education, and in every mission activity we must return to the fundamental principle of Christ as a constant and get into touch with men individually. Those whom we long to win must be in touch with the soul of the movement, which is any human heart aflame with the vital fire.'

His principles of action centre about five words—Confidence, Confession, Conviction, Conversion, Continuance. The first is the natural development of friendly acquaintance. The second is the normal result of intimate friendship, when barriers are leveled and each sees the other as he is. The third, conviction of sin, is the normal result of the impact upon a man of a quality of life which he instinctively knows to be superior to his own, the lack of which he recognizes as an offense against God, and as his fault and only his. Conversion is the radical change of values

brought about by God's Spirit working in the heart. Continuance is that life-long process of growth familiar both to religion and to psychology. In the realm of religion it involves personal discipline—prayer, Bible study, times of quiet for listening to the direction of the Holy Spirit, and it involves personal witness, mediating to others what conversion to Christ has meant to one's self. In the realm of psychology it involves an outlet in intelligent expressional activity for the emotion which otherwise would either die or show itself in undesirable ways.

There is a further point involved in the principle of Continuance which I feel is a unique contribution to the religious life of to-day. This is the principle of training leadership to carry on the work, not as a loose confederation of units, but as a body of men going forward as they did after Pentecost 'with one heart and mind.' It is a principle which takes pains and time. It means laying one's life alongside another's and staying by him until he is not only changed himself, but able under God to change others, and until he is willing to work in harmony with those engaged in like tasks.

Four friends of Mr. Buchman occur to me as illustrating this principle—three Americans and one Scotchman. They are all college graduates and could have had the best the world affords had they so desired. What is more, they craved it in one form or another until the day when they met a man who asked them to forsake all for Christ. They had met less radical challenges with which they had toyed or which they had ignored. This idea caught their imagination. It was new. It was startling. It was presumptuous. But it gave them pause. Then, month after month, as they saw more and more of this interesting person,—sometimes traveling, sometimes resting, but

constantly in touch with human problems, constantly amazed at the miracles of regeneration which took place, seeing more and more how they themselves could be used to like ends,—gradually there unfolded within them a picture of what they might do for the world were they to give their *all*.

It would have been so easy for any one of these four to have filled his conventional niche in the business or professional or religious world. But it was not such a spirit that once turned the world upside down.

IV

During the years immediately following the war, the conviction grew on Mr. Buchman that the most neglected and ill-handled field of spiritual endeavor in the English-speaking world was to be found in the colleges and universities of Britain and America. He saw, too, that there was no group of people better able to bring about a vital Christian movement. They were young, intelligent, cultured, but for most of them conventional religion was at best a burden to be endured, and at worst a myth to be ignored. To awaken interest something distinctive was needed. The week-end house party, an established channel of social intercourse, offered an evident solution of the problem.

In the summer of 1918 the first house party took place at Kuling, a Central China summer resort, with a group of about a hundred Chinese and foreign Christians—missionaries, pastors, statesmen, business and professional men. They were together for two weeks, talking about the deepest things in their own experiences, acknowledging frankly where life had been a failure, and seeking to find whether it held more in store for them than they had already found.

Two years later Buchman was in Cambridge, England, with letters to sons of a number of men he had met in the Far East. Two young Englishmen returned with him to visit certain colleges in the United States, and the next summer (1921) there was held in Cambridge a week-end group for university men from both Oxford and Cambridge. A member of Parliament, who was present, set the tone of the gathering by frankly acknowledging that he had spent his life seeking things for himself, that he was dissatisfied, unhappy, that he wished the young men present to profit by his mistakes. Harold Begbie, widely known journalist and author, attended a similar house party later on as a rather critical observer, but was so impressed by the phenomenal change in certain individuals over the week-end that he went to Frank Buchman and asked permission to write a book about his work. The latter consented, provided no mention were made of his own name, and the book, entitled *Life Changers* ('More Twice-Born Men') was subsequently published both in this country and in England.

Since then there have been a growing number of house parties in both England and America. The name has held because it best describes the atmosphere of these gatherings, which in their general setting more closely resemble a secular house party than the usual religious 'conference' or 'convention.' E. S. Martin has called them 'the church in the house.' They range in size from twenty to a hundred and fifty or more. The place is a country inn, a hotel, or a private residence, according to the demand for space. The period of time extends from a week-end to a week or ten days. Youth in the twenties is more in evidence than age, but there are now a growing number of parents, teachers, and older people who

come and have learned that a searching Christian experience is no prerogative of the younger generation. Professions represented are apt to run all the way from selling newspapers and bootlegging to presiding over schools and theological seminaries. Younger business men and their wives, college undergraduates, society girls, and stenographers make up the balance.

Groups are held in the living room, and people are free to go or not as they choose. Informality is the order of the day. The basis of invitation is friendship, and this, together with the times when simple introductions are in order, makes for a relationship among those present that is warm and personal.

The object of the house party is frankly to relate modern individuals to Jesus Christ in terms which they understand and in an environment which they find congenial. The fundamentals of the Christian message are covered in a series of informal talks on Sin, Surrender, Conversion, Guidance, and the rationale of intelligent Witness, or how to mediate to another one's own experience of Christ. Bible study usually takes up an important part of each day. Separate groups for men and women, often divided as to age and profession, provide an opportunity for discussion of various problems connected with sex or money or life work in a more intimate vein than is possible in a mixed gathering. Each morning opens with a time of united quiet, during which thought is directed toward God in full conviction that, to a mind and heart eager to discover it, He can make known His will. The evenings provide a period when anyone can talk who wants to.

A bishop of the Episcopal Church who attended a house party last June has noted down some of his impressions as follows:—

The Minnewaska house party, June 21-28, was a revelation to me. It revealed a kind of vitality which seems to me the fundamental need of the Church and of individual Christians, men and women, to-day. The good fellowship was striking, for it appeared not simply in fun and good times, but seemed to go to the very bottom of the deepest things we know or hope or fear. The emphasis upon the possibility and need of daily, indeed constant, communion with God, and guidance by His Spirit, echoed the many-sided appeal of Saint Paul 'to the saints that are in Christ.'

Sin was dealt with in the frank and direct way which youth demands. Nothing was glossed over, yet there was no morbidity. Chief attention, in the public meetings, was given to those sins of envy, pride, censoriousness, cowardice, sloth, uncharitableness, and insincerity which are so often fatal to fellowship and spiritual vigor just because they are not recognized as equally serious with the gross and carnal sins. The aseptic atmosphere of these discussions owed much to the fact that the ludicrous stupidity of many sins shone out vividly in obviously sincere confession, and brought out spontaneously the cleansing laughter of the whole group.

Frequent reference was made to the need of discipline, beginning with the regular observance of the morning watch or times of quiet, but refusing to stop short of whatever is required to bring us up to our *best* in body, mind, spirit, and social relationships.

Most significant of all, I think, was the group life there described and for a few days lived out by a large proportion of those present. 'Sharing,' or manifest willingness to 'share,' to the limit was at work before our eyes, and through it the Holy Spirit was giving courage to the timid, hope to those on the verge of despair, insight to the blind, in some cases life out of spiritual death, and initiating all who were willing to the hope and joy and strength that come from creative experience in the moral and spiritual realm.

Most people to-day are facing two problems, sex and money. These house-party groups, I believe, are helping to solve them.

The question of sex needs no emphasis to bring it into the open. It is already emphasized, not to say over-emphasized, in literature, moving pictures, and social relationships with a freedom unheard of for over a century. Psychiatrists say that it is an important factor in a great majority of their cases. Doctors state that in some form or other it is a nearly universal problem with both men and women. Every minister who deals searchingly with any form of the confessional knows that he cannot avoid meeting it. Yet the attitude of most parents, teachers, and churches toward this problem in all its perplexing ramifications is marked by timidity and clumsiness if not by sheer cowardice. Sex is discussed nowadays in nearly every conceivable atmosphere but that in which it is most likely to find a solution, namely, an atmosphere dedicated to Jesus Christ.

This group of people, in the first place, recognize the sex problem as one that exists. What some call sexual experimentation they would call sin. In the second place they recognize that the instinct is at bottom a God-given one, and while they do not condone any perversion of thought or word or deed, they know that the real problem is not one of suppression but one of control and sublimation. As in the case of other problems, they believe that the cure lies ultimately not in mere human force of will, but in the cleansing stream of spiritual life that follows upon a genuine conversion. It is what Saint Paul means when he writes, 'Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.' It is what a great psychologist has called 'the expulsive power of a higher affection.'

It is, of course, not a subject for discussion in mixed groups. In separate groups for men and women it is not infrequently brought up, and real help afforded by a frank and aseptic can-

vassing of various aspects of the problem, including the problems of marriage and divorce. In dealing with individuals it is considered advisable to be alert to its manifestations, to be ready, if necessary, to discuss it very personally and very frankly and always to indicate that the only adequate solution comes from God, whose renewing moral power flows into the life of one who wholly surrenders to His will as revealed in Jesus Christ.

Then there is the problem of money and possessions, with its related problem of social injustice. This is the crux of the communist hatred of Christianity, and is the chief reason why one sees over against the Chapel of the Iberian Virgin in Moscow the Russian motto, 'Religion is the opium of the people.' It must be faced by anyone or any group that wishes to commend the gospel of Christ to our modern world.

Much is to be said for the communist ideal — from each according to his ability, to each according to his need. Something like this state *ought* to exist, but it does n't. The problem is what to do about it.

It is in his method of solution that the Marxian communist takes issue with the follower of Christ. Michael Borodin, two years ago the dominant figure in South China and chief Soviet adviser to the Nationalist Government, once told me in his picturesque way what he considered the chief difference between pure communism and pure Christianity. 'You,' he said, 'undertake to bring in the Kingdom of God through love. We are striving to bring it in by force.'

The members of this group of which I have been speaking accept this challenge. They sympathize with efforts to remedy economic ills by legislation and to awaken a more sensitive social conscience. They realize, too, that

these, like the communist appeal to armed force, are not final solutions, because they seek to mould men's conduct in one area without sufficient reference to men's primary need in every area, which is God. They are palliatives, not cures.

Jesus appears in a sense to have chosen between social leadership and spiritual leadership. He recognized that the problem at bottom was an individual one. What counted first of all was not environment but character. He can be said to have founded the 'social gospel' only in so far as this is derived from a radical application of the personal gospel. So I feel that this group is true to what was most distinctive in Christ's method, when it lays its main emphasis not on modifying men's actions but on changing men's lives.

Money and possessions are treated simply as belonging to that whole category of material things which are not in themselves either evil or good, which are given for our use, but which, in proportion as our desire for them overrides our desire for God, can effectually keep God out. In so far as they do this, they are a cause of sin, and must be dealt with like any other sin. In a word, they must be 'surrendered.' To a man sincerely trying to do God's will rather than his own, and seeking daily guidance toward this end, there is no problem either of pride in receiving for his own needs or of miserliness in giving to supply the needs of others. There results a form of practical sharing of possessions which seems to me to hold the germ of a truly spiritual solution for the problem of material inequality. There results, too, a literal casting of all *anxious* concern, for the world and for the individual, upon God, with a resolve to give to the limit whenever guided to do so, but not to worry in general where one cannot

help in particular. They and all they have belong to their fellow men, but only because first of all they belong to God.

V

I am reminded of a reflection attributed to Goethe — 'Truth can never be expressed; Truth can only be lived.' After all, the unit of interest, like the ultimate unit of value, will be the individual life. Nothing that lacks capacity for radically altering lives is likely to stir the Church, the nation, or the world. I say 'radically' because I am convinced that nothing short of a coalition of individual spiritual upheavals will serve to produce the corporate religious upheaval which we so sorely need.

Now an individual spiritual upheaval need not be spectacular. Occasionally it is. It was spectacular when a veteran bootlegger in an Eastern city recently found Christ and started out to vend his discovery in place of his liquor. It was spectacular when a still youthful son of privilege from the South, versed for ten years in the more sordid ways of the world, changed his course and decided on the ministry. It was spectacular when his own experience, shared with a college graduate in an hour of need, proved the medium for a cure which had been beyond the power of psychiatry. But even more impressive, it seems to me, is the experience of a young New York business man¹ and his wife who found in Christianity lived to the hilt a joy they had vainly sought in the glamour of their own social set.

We are reasonably well accustomed to the conversion of a 'down-and-outer.' His need is obvious. When vital religion lays hold on an 'up-and-outer' — one of that growing body of

¹'In Spite of Himself,' in *Children of the Second Birth*, by S. M. Shoemaker, Jr. Revell, 1927.

pleasant pagans who apparently have all they want in this world and the next — it is time for the professional Christian to be concerned. Something explosive is on foot.

I am told they were the last people one would naturally consider as candidates for conversion. Till two years ago their lives were like the lives of hundreds of other young couples scattered over our broad land. He was a popular member of his class at an aristocratic Eastern university. She was a sought-after débutante in New York a few seasons ago. Together they went everywhere and did everything. Life rested lightly on their shoulders. They were lovable, attractive, unselfish in a self-centred sort of way, approved religion, and attended church in so far as this was fashionable. To them might have been applied literally the remark attributed by a friend to Dr. Alexander Whyte of Scotland — that they had every virtue but a sense of sin.

I asked him for an autobiographical sketch down to date, and this is the result: —

From 1913 to 1925 I managed a complete spiritual vacation while accomplishing prep school, college, four years of business, and, in 1924, an exceedingly happy marriage. I had been raised on the customary Presbyterian Sunday-school diet and graduated into prep school with well-defined notions about religion and God. My beliefs were that religion was bounded on all sides by the duty of obeying the Ten Commandments, that God was a combination of school-teacher and policeman, and that if you obeyed the Commandments fairly well He would let you alone. I began then to live without Him. Nothing terrible happened, so I proceeded to forget about Him except when I was in trouble.

I had managed to retain from the boy stage a fairly clean way of life, a high sense of duty toward civilization in general, and a desire to help others — all of which were based on family pride, Mother and Dad

having instilled into me the firm belief that people who were anybody showed it by the fact of their desire to help others, and by setting an example that would be a little above their environment. I, personally, thought I had a lot to give other people, and that I could make their lives work out better if they would only ask my advice. No one did ask, however, so I had no chance to find out how useless I was on the deeper levels.

My wife and I thought it was the thing for representative younger married couples in New York to have a church connection and, from many which we tried out, we selected Calvary Episcopal because we found there a younger crowd of people enthusiastic about something. What our life lacked was a joint enthusiasm for something bigger than ourselves, so we started to try to find what seemed to give these Calvary people such a zest in living. They made a natural humorous crowd from all walks and stations of life, but they all seemed to have a definite purpose in view. To my real-estate-broker mind, each one seemed to have a big deal on.

We became more and more interested. But I had entered in as an equal with these people, and I found by the contrast of our lives as the year went by that I was not even born spiritually, whereas they were actively growing up. It took many months for my imagination to be sufficiently developed to see clearly a quality of life which was miles above ours. An entirely new picture of sin became clear to me, and many things in my life showed the necessity of being weeded out, not because they were bad in the world's sense, but because they stood in the way of my drawing closer to God and to the people around me. Among these was my independent attitude toward God — leaving Him out of my whole daily scheme of thought and never asking Him to make plans for my life.

It might be remarked at this point that most people have a distorted notion of just what constitutes sin. Most of us would concede that murder and theft and adultery were sins. Many would be inclined to include lying. Some would add bad temper. Few

would be likely to give the definition which is implied throughout the Gospels — that fundamentally sin is independence toward God. Most of us incline to take a passive and negative view of sin as transgression of an ethical code. Jesus went deeper and placed the emphasis on an active and positive quality of life: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . [and] thy neighbour as thyself.' Not so much by what a man does as by what he leaves undone will he be judged. The criterion is Christlikeness. It would have been hard to convict this young business man on the basis of the Ten Commandments. What did convict him was a power in others which he coveted for himself. He felt no sense of need until he realized that he had nothing but impotent sympathy for a friend in need. That lack he had to recognize as sin.

It is commonly stated that religion would be all right were it only practical. I recall in this connection the distinction drawn by a biographer of Saint Francis of Assisi between a practical life and one that is merely 'immediately practicable.' Our business friend's conclusion follows: —

Difficulties very soon arose in my business because I did not want to let this field into the new scheme of things. It is difficult to turn over your life completely on a basis of faith; and I decided that God could run my social relationships, but that my wife and I would probably starve if I let Him into my business affairs. I dreaded being thought an impractical idealist. So I kept very quiet around the office about religious matters. This was unnatural and double-faced, and therefore uncomfortable. But certain questions had to be faced and decided because God seemed to want me to stay in business. If I was to control the making of money, could I let God have control over the spending of it? And the questions arose of what to do about time taken out of business hours for guided spiritual

contacts, of God's time crossing my time, of money spent or given away under guidance in amounts that I did not seem able to afford humanly, of what to tell the office people about the times when I disappeared from my desk for an afternoon or an hour, of the question of office allegiance and duty to my employer. It had to be one of two ways — God to have all or nothing. Finally I took the full plunge, surrendered to God my desire for business success, my fear of needing money, my cherished reputation as a hard-headed, practical person, and decided to let Him have His way in all things. Immediately the fears were solved, and business people turned out to be just like everyone anywhere. Where I did not fear the individuals, contacts have become real, business affairs go far better in less time, and the relationship of time spent on different things is now solved because all time belongs to God.

God makes a difference. The step which these two people took shows not alone in a serenity of look and thought and action, and in a quiet joy which the world may ruffle, but which it cannot disturb. It has shown itself also in its direct effect on others. In a little book published some forty years ago, entitled *Modern Christianity: A Civilized Heathenism*, a cultured Parsee inquires of a worldly Anglican divine just what difference exists between a nominal believer and a high-minded unbeliever. And he continues with this challenge: 'If the age of miracles has ceased, it must be because the age of personal witness has begun. Never yet was a man asked to believe in a supernatural God without evidence supernatural. This is the evidence which I demand.' This demand for evidence is one which the world has a perfect right to make of a Church and of people who claim to have found something worth spreading. It is the scientific attitude. It is the legal attitude. It was Christ's attitude — 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

I could gather the stories of a hundred or two hundred people on both sides of the Atlantic whose lives have been changed as radically. They come from all walks of life and are of all ages, although the majority are young men and women. They do not represent any unique dispensation of the Spirit. They bear witness to that dispensation which has been abroad in the world ever since Christ died. Only they have received it in terms of their own generation, and they tell of it in the language of to-day.

Throughout the English-speaking world and beyond — in churches, in homes, in offices — little groups are meeting to conserve, strengthen, and

transmit to others their new-found secret. It is indeed an open secret. But to each one it comes as a fresh and luminous discovery. Do not be surprised to hear them speak of this 'way' with the disturbing authority of first-hand experience and in full conviction that it is available to all. It was a distinguished professor of philosophy who wrote, commenting on a certain 'divine right' implied in the apostolic message, 'Historically speaking, the crux of Christianity is its element of presumption.' These people have found what is a very rare thing in this modern world — a core of inward spiritual certainty. They have, not a question, but an answer.

PROFESSOR

BY ALLAN HOBEN

I

THAT was a wise Bostonian who introduced Booker T. Washington to his meticulous Southern friend as Professor Washington. He avoided offense because, in point of social status and claim to equality, that title left more room for mental reservation than any other in common use. 'Mister' might have implied full human rank; 'Doctor' would have carried distinction ranging from a Mayo to a country preacher or a chiropractor; 'President' would have meant rule over some group or other; but 'Professor,' with its innocent and pallid assumption, quite solved the ticklish situation. We who endure the mild epithet sometimes wish that the pseudo-psychologists, the success ex-

perts, the snake-oil brethren and circus trainers who seem to derive both profit and pleasure from this embellishment, would appropriate it exclusively, if by this release we might rise to the status of 'Mister.'

Whenever the business man says in his opulent drawl, 'Well, Professor,' we detect a slight contempt, not indeed intentional, but more baffling on that account, and making one feel as much at ease as those dreams of appearing in public with only scanty bedroom attire. The most frequent exceptions among business men belong to the 'peculiar people,' so often maligned as money-getters and nothing else, who, contrary to popular fancy, evince a genuine respect for learning and graciously clothe us with robes of gratifying prestige.

How often have they said or implied, "Ah, money, that is nothing; but to master ancient lore, that is noble and worthy, that makes one truly "rabbi." So have they strengthened the feeble knees of scholarship.

When the reporter calls up for a statement, within or without our field, we know that he expects some foolish utterance, or one that will appear so; while the promoters of submerged lots, dry oil wells, and Alaska orange groves pay us an amount of attention by circular and personal solicitation that is too often successful from their point of view and embarrassing from ours. Not only so, but the student holds it against us. He thinks that because we were all 'A' and not fitted for practical affairs, we are *perforce* alien to his world; and the manifesto of this separation is 'Professor.'

We are an odd lot, rejoicing in the cadence of language and in its transfer from one set of sounds or symbols to another, poking about to find the historical mouse in the musty cellar or the cluttered attic, prying into the ways of nature and unearthing secrets that make others rich or healthy or suicidal, taking the wrong side in politics and advocating the impossible, forgetting everything that is irrelevant, much to the merriment of thrifty folk, and adorning ambitious social gatherings and women's clubs, as occasion may demand, with that awkward, scholarly remoteness which a portion of the dear public adores and avoids.

While we have no labor-union rules covering classroom duties, nevertheless our college presidents and trustees are reasonable in their demand of from ten to fifteen hours of teaching per week. They recognize the fact that this work is difficult and taxing, so that, whereas some laborers may put in that many hours in a day or two, our effort is more mercifully diffused, and when exhaust-

tion comes, by the middle of June, we are granted three months' vacation to recuperate. This free summer period is our lucky inheritance from rural America, which was brought up on winter schooling and summer farming.

Faculty meetings are held fortnightly, or from time to time, for the purpose of discussing, refining, and multiplying our differences. They are enjoyed mainly by those who participate — which seems fair enough. Premature action is avoided by virtue of the fact that every one of us has his own way of looking at a given problem, and because everything that we take up is a problem. Perhaps we are most nearly at one in regarding our president as an uneducated man. Although he has a degree or so, he frequently settles matters before all of the evidence is in, thus violating true scholarly method.

For example, our faculty has been making a five-year study of the question whether a student should receive credit toward the bachelor's degree for time spent in the library and certified by a monitor. Our questionnaire covering one hundred and thirty-seven considerations has been sent to all of the principal colleges and universities in America. Three per cent have responded with complete answers, 9 per cent have covered about half of the questions, while some 80 per cent have failed to reply.

With this vital study at so incomplete a stage, and after only five years of investigation and discussion, the president took the very unacademic course of vigorously favoring the allowance of credit, contending that the atmosphere created by so many books, — many of them very old, — the opportunity and posture of meditation on the part of students when in the library, and the good impression made on visitors seeing the library well patronized, were sufficient to warrant a

small minimum of credit toward the degree. It is precipitate action of this sort that has removed nearly every college president from the ranks of the truly learned.

One could multiply instances of such presidential folly, often endangering professorial freedom of speech. It is rumored that our professor of geology was reprimanded for taking the greater part of an hour to show his class why Herbert Hoover could not be a good president of the United States; that our professor of modern poetry was taken to task for telling the Centerville Women's Club that the college stands for companionate marriage; and that the professor of physics was told in so many words that, if his research was so engrossing as to prevent teaching altogether, he should find a new position that would better suit his programme.

But it is mainly in contact with the students that we have our greatest joys and perplexities. Taken singly, they are immensely satisfying, but the aggregate, known as the student body, is another matter. Individual virtue combining into collective 'cussedness' is as marvelous as chemical reactions, and often equally malodorous. The separate ingredients, so smooth and docile, often become T. N. T. in action, when touched off by a football victory or rushed into collision with 'the authorities' by some rumor-inflated Falstaff.

Perhaps we tend to forget the dear days of long ago, when in 'dorm' or 'frat' we proved to one another that the whole 'shootin' match' was crooked, hypocritical, mercenary, and cowardly; when we really thought that we were being gouged, coerced, restrained, and pushed about by the paternalistic hand in a way that evoked such satanic ability as we could muster. Alas, we cannot teach what has been committed only to Time.

II

For my part I know not how to rectify the assumptions which lured me into a professorship of Greek. Is it not the perfect language in point of exactness? Does it not carry the treasure of classic literature, the key to art, and the soul of philosophy? What could Rome have been without it but an army and some bags of gold? How could Europe have awakened from its long sleep and found its mind but through the renaissance of Greek language, thought, and culture? Was it, then, utterly foolish to believe that something similar to the historic fact might recur in the education of youth? Perhaps it would happen if I could only get young men to expose themselves to this palpitating glory, these ultraviolet rays of learning. But Smith, Jones, and Cohen do not care. They say, 'Show me how to build aeroplanes, to sell bonds, to capture South American markets.'

I cannot complain of our Curriculum Committee, for they have given me a fair chance to display my wares in a large orientation class, where many of us cast various forms of bait and draw attention to the history, nature, and aims of learning and civilization. But I'm afraid that I rather spoiled my chance on the last occasion when I confronted this mess of freshmen. I thought that I was at my best in flashing before them the brightest jewels of the Age of Pericles, but they were restless, noisy, and discourteous, some even rising to leave the room before I had concluded. Whereupon, perhaps through the love I bear my subject, but possibly from some lower motive, I blurted out, 'Wait a minute, please; I have a few more pearls to cast.' If I am not blacklisted for that it will be because so few understood the allusion.

When I came to my present position

I was intolerant of coeducation. I thought that, while love-making must somehow be admitted as part of the general social economy, it should not be admitted to classroom practice. In trite phrase, I believed in education rather than coeducation. Possibly the fact that some of the best women students have taken my courses has made for conversion. And now that I have made or experienced this adjustment to new conditions, why may I not hit upon some way of connecting Greek with business administration or short-story writing, movie scenarios or journalism? There must be some way of proving that I am not an utter futilitarian, a candidate for a bench in the public park. Twelve years ago when I finished my doctor's thesis on 'Homer's Use of *épi* with the Dative Case,' I felt somehow a confidence which I now lack. Still, my colleagues in modern language are not much better off, and I'll wager that five or ten years from now my Greek students will be more at home with the *Anabasis* than their mob of young convicts will be in, say, French or German or Spanish, which they took as the easiest way to meet the 'requirement.'

I have often thought that I should write or turn my scholarship to additional remunerative use, as the men in engineering, law, and theology so frequently do. It must be very pleasant to advise people how to build bridges and factories, how to avoid or escape legal difficulties, and how to stand in with the Almighty. I am told that textbooks pay well, and that big money has been made by merely selecting and editing Biblical passages. But, if my effort were to be literary, I should like to be more creative than that, and I am sure that if I only had the time I could break through with an epoch-making work.

But what with ten hours of classroom duty per week, thirty-three stu-

dents on my hands, the careful reading of current periodicals on Greek, and the care of keeping my notes and texts where I can pick up the right ones when the lecture bell rings, and with only Saturday, Sunday, and Monday free and a three months' vacation, I am so rushed that any serious consideration of creative writing is possible only in sabbatical years, which some hold should be given solely to rest and recuperation, but which I think might be used in part for literary work and extra earnings. The expense of living in a college town and educating our daughter can hardly be met by a meagre salary of five thousand dollars.

But there are other compensations to be found in youthful minds quickened to beauty, attaining their own sure right to critical judgment and their own power to carry on; in graduates who have scaled the heights and are noted authorities; in now and then a letter of gratitude and understanding, and in one's ever-present opportunity to consort with the choicest minds of history. The tendency to take refuge in this platonic company to the exclusion of the raw human stuff now in the making is, no doubt, one of the major dangers of my cult.

It took several years for me to grasp the fact that in so puzzling a world of men and affairs my opportunity for the give and take of friendship lay in the members of my classes, and that perhaps they would let me know them if I would let them know me. This policy has involved, I hope, no let-down in standards either academic or social, no thought on their part of currying favor, and no 'dear children' condescension on mine. In the meantime the joy of teaching has become more and more a fellowship and a mutual quest, and, with the best of my students, a covenant also against sham and claptrap.

As I look back, I fear that my art of

teaching at the outset was very much after the manner of certain young army officers at the beginning of the World War. I knew the manual, but not men. Getting the thing done by all and sundry exactly as ordered bulked large with me. That was morale. I had a theory of education as an entity detached from persons, and had not realized that loyalty and the will to achieve derive from personal relations and from the decent mutual revelation of friend to friend. In this I have made some gain, as did our best officers, when, in the gaunt hazard, they were transformed from inspection machines to flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone.

My colleagues on the faculty yield still other compensations by impinging their delightful obsessions on mine, and by intimating that the world does not stand or fall by Greek alone. Some ten of us enjoy rare fellowship in what we have dubbed 'The Blind-Alley Club.' It is an amorphous group, without officers, rules, minutes, or precedent. From October to May we meet fortnightly at some member's home to chat about things literary, philosophic, and educational. By twelve o'clock we have had three hours of first-rate powwow and are ready for a substantial meal. After that we tend to pair off for an hour or so of *tête-à-tête*, according to our several mental proclivities. Of course we never vote on anything, since majority opinion has no relation to truth, never reach a verdict, and always bring up collectively in a blind alley, or finish in pairs like two pups tugging at either end of a rope. Being somewhat cognizant of the vast ranges of knowledge and of the measureless areas beyond such vantage points, and being also rather adept in argument, we escape the plebeian habit of 'concluding' — that is, of closing the double doors of ignorance and compromise only to imprison the question in that dungeon

where dogmatic minds forever dwell. We even decline to 'report progress'; so another session is always possible, with the joy of free minds at play in the mental empyrean.

III

It was after one of these sessions, in which we had applied *reductio ad absurdum* to schools in general, that I had a dream of the educational Utopia. In spite of the heavy meal and the hilarity of discussion, I dropped off to sleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. A delightful mood that — when day ends in pleasant futility, and the joke of it all, erasing our small conceits, gives us back again the clean slate of unconsciousness.

Was the dream that followed upon my amiable acceptance of defeat evidence of some deeper longing which the logic of my colleagues had not fully quenched — an answer of full tide to frothy waves, remembrances ancient and mediæval of the fair life of scholars impractical, unhurried, and few?

The place was as fair as any at Oxford, with quad and garden, playing fields and river. Opposite the gate, and on the far side, a chapel, the only building of prominence; all the rest faculty homes built in the wall, and each with its own close. The school had no ambition to teach everything or to attract numbers and publicity. It recognized the fact that it must be supplemented by various forms of training in skills and professions, trades, business, apprenticeships, and by the firm hand of life itself.

Hence the educational plant was merely the faculty homes, each with an ell accommodating twelve students, an ample library with fireplace, a dining room for twenty persons, and living quarters for the professor and his family. And there were but seven such

houses: History, English, Romance, Germanic, Philosophy, Fine Arts, and Classics — no gymnasium, stadium, coaches, tutors, readers, instructors, assistant professors. In each group only the professor and not more than the twelve who had been chosen to live with him for from six to eighteen months in the enjoyment of his specialty, the sharing of whatever might be gained from travel, research, and mutual stimulation. There were no entrance requirements, examinations, degrees. One could have a statement from the professor saying that he had been a resident of the house for such and such a time. Admission was controlled by the professor, who, on recommendation of any three members of the house, invited the prospect to spend a week in their fellowship. In this informal way the tastes and abilities of the candidate were ascertained, and the relationship continued or terminated accordingly.

There were no classes; but the honest quest of knowledge and improvement brought the house members to the professor for criticism, counsel, and encouragement. The initiative was wholly theirs, and the private interview was the high place, the holy ground of enlightenment. The evening meal — which, with its general conversation, required about two hours — afforded always a happy opportunity for the exchange of ideas.

The parish house of the chapel provided a commons for the mingling of all the groups, for programmes put on by the several houses, and for formal discussions. No win-or-lose debates were

held; each speaker contended for the purpose of having his idea included in the formulation which, when drawn, should incorporate the valid points advanced and established by the various speakers. In the parish house was also a dining hall with capacity for one hundred and twenty guests. Here the associated houses gathered every Saturday night for dinner, and also on special occasions when some renowned scholar, statesman, author, or artist was guest of honor.

Whether a similar school for women existed in that idyllic country I did not ascertain; nor did I learn anything about endowment, per-capita cost, salaries, standardizing agencies, teaching methods, intelligence tests, ultimate aims of service to Church, State, or business; but as I came reluctantly awake I felt grateful to my colleagues who had driven me so far afield from the collegiate sausage machine, where the well-hashed ingredients are stuffed into casings all alike. And, what was better, although I had faltered and groped in the academic groves a long time and had had many sparkling ideals go sour and had often winced under the jibe of 'Professor,' and although I had slowly conceded the strategic value of the physical sciences and of the vast concerns of business, still, for the making of men who, turning this way or that, should attack the world's work with the grace and serenity of masters, and who should be neither slaves nor dupes, I found this dream school a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, leading toward the promised land.

HOW MUCH COAL IS ENOUGH?

BY GEORGE J. ANDERSON

I

FOR the first time in history, bituminous coal finds itself a national issue. Suffering from nearly the same economic ills as agriculture, — and nearly as prolonged, — the industry has become an object of political concern. Impressed by its serious predicament, both major parties voiced in their platforms a consciousness, apprehensive though vague, of its import.

My purpose is not to prejudge the case. Within the necessary limits of a brief statement, I propose to touch upon a few salient points in this complex situation. Thereafter it is for the reader, if and when a legislative remedy is offered him, to assay the efficacy of its cure.

In the attempt at diagnosis, let us begin with the consumer of bituminous coal. What are his just demands on the industry? They are, I take it, essentially two: first, an adequate and continuous supply; second, a reasonable price. Has the coal consumer any present grievance on these two points? Personally, I think not.

For five years, at least, the industry has stood prepared, by actual demonstration, to supply two tons of coal for every one the consumer normally requires. During that period, with large numbers of mines either shut down from lack of orders or idle from other causes, it has not only met a high level of usual demand; in addition, on two occasions, it has also supplied, concurrently for months, large deficits caused

by the strikes of the anthracite miners at home and of the British miners in markets abroad.

But how about prices? Again it seems clear that the consumer has no grounds for complaint. Throughout these five years, the price level of the industry has been continuously falling. To-day it rests approximately on the basis of twelve years ago. During the current season, the consumers of bituminous coal will pay possibly a billion dollars less for their annual supply at the mines than they paid in 1920. (I say 'at the mines,' for the coal producer is not responsible for and derives no income from those changes in the consumer price due to freight rates.) At least one half of these huge savings has gone to increase the net income of more favored industries, the railroads and the power utilities, over whose own revenue rates the public stands guard. Indeed, the prices now realized by the producer are so low that the annual loss to the industry is estimated at sums reaching far into nine figures. As with supply, the consumer has no grievance over cost.

If the consumers are not the victims in the present grief, we must needs look elsewhere. From the public point of view, assurance that all is well with one party, even though he be regarded as party of the first part, does not end the matter. When the country finds that a great basic industry, vital to all the rest, is desperately sick, it cannot remain unconcerned. The social and economic welfare of millions of its citizens

is involved. The fact that the injuries seem to be internal cannot lead to the curt and indifferent judgment: 'They have made their bed; let them lie in it!'

What, then, is the trouble with coal?

I doubt if any other question about industry can be put in this country to which the reply will come back so readily, so tersely, so unvaryingly. Issuing alike from legislative halls, public platforms, editorial rooms, and the chummy conclaves of Pullman smokers, reiteration has made the verdict unanimous. The diagnosis has already been adopted by acclamation:—

'Too many mines and too many miners!'

Each doctor to the dilemma, of course, states the case according to his own therapeutics. 'Too many sidings and too many coal cars,' complain the railroads. 'Too many coals and too many salesmen,' growls the buyer. 'Too many wage cuts and too many idle days,' pleads the miner. 'Too many expenses and too many price cutters,' moans the management. 'Too many competitors and too many losses,' states the investor. 'Too many risks and too many failures,' decides the banker. 'Too many strikes and too many alibis,' says the public.

In brief, everything about coal is too much or too many. Nevertheless, beneath this apparent conflict of opinion lies an essential unity. It is excess. And the root of all the evils is the excess capacity for coal production. That much is clear. The real confusion begins when one poses the second query, short, simple, but full of high explosive for the unvarying:—

'How much is enough?'

II

Try to apply this test to some of the chief factors, and one is at once

bewildered by the labyrinth of chaotic corridors that is coal. Let us rush in, however, where angels might well fear to tread. For the moment let us assume a dictator appointed, and armed—under the Constitution we know not how—with full power to straighten out this economic snarl. To decide where his Mussolinian methods should be applied, his tools at the start need be only a pencil and a pad of paper.

Our first problem is a relatively simple one, and simply arrived at: How much coal is enough? That is to say, — looking only at total requirements, based on a normal cumulative average, — what is the annual output of bituminous coal that will meet the country's needs? This is well known to be something over 500,000,000 tons. If it be true, then, that present mines can produce twice this supply of coal, our dictator is next faced with the problem: How many mines are enough? And now he is fairly launched on his sea of troubles!

Far more light-heartedly than the dictator, we shall pass serenely by some stubborn facts. Coal is produced in more than half the states of the Union, and in several times that many separate districts. Between these districts — even among mines of the same district — exist wide variations in the coal, both in size of vein and in chemical analysis. While pigs may be pigs, coal is not just coal, for different uses in the same market require unlike fuels. Even similar coals for like purposes are restricted to different markets by an intricate structure of freight rates. Adjacent mines of nearly identical coal, reaching the same markets, contrast not merely as to management but in natural conditions. Mine capacity differs radically from factory capacity in many particulars. Among these are the process of growth and decline in underground development, unrestricted

by four walls; the daily struggle with nature as to gas, drainage, slate, and the like; an output dependent not merely upon these factors of physical extent and natural obstruction, but upon a constantly changing railroad system to move the product from vein to surface; a labor capacity affected not alone by mobility and numbers, as the factories are, but by shelter and supply, as an army in the field. And so on.

Any one of these details will provide an interesting afternoon for our dictator when he comes to the leisurely selection of enough mines, and no more. However, just as we have not questioned his legal powers to eliminate the surplus mines, so likewise we shall not doubt his ability to choose the fit for survival. We rest secure in the faith that his decision on all these points, affecting thousands of mines scattered from Pennsylvania to the Pacific, and from Michigan to Texas, will be somehow good. In the end, we shall have not 'too many mines,' but just enough to produce our half-billion tons.

The next problem is to man the mines. Obviously the list of factors just cited will affect the decision as to the force at individual mines. We are now interested only in total man-power. Our dictator knows — as who does not? — that we have 'too many miners.' How many are enough? According to the latest government reports, there were something over 590,000 men employed in the mining of bituminous coal. This is a marked reduction from the peak force in 1923, when the figure was 110,000 higher. It will, of course, not be difficult to decide, in theory, how many more men can be released.

Without trying to decipher all the calculations on the dictator's pad, we know he will take into consideration the following: full-time work, daily output per man, and an allowance

for absenteeism. All industry has to reckon somewhat with the latter item, but it is abnormally present in coal. From its involuntary aspect it must be noted that mining is a hazardous trade, with even a normal injury rate that accounts for a considerable decrease in force. Its voluntary phase is perhaps even more unusual. The miner is traditionally an independent artisan, seldom successfully ruled by the disciplined routine of his factory comrades. The fortnightly pay days in mining are notoriously accompanied by widespread lay-offs. If the miner chooses to take a week-end jaunt, he considers it no one's affair but his own. The coal not dug to-day will be mined some other time, and idle days will still intervene. It is the experience of most companies that the rate of voluntary absenteeism tends to rise with increased rate of operation. Consequently even a dictator may well pause to estimate conservatively his practical power to enforce a veto on 'the miner's freedom.'

In brief, my personal guess is that he will decide that a maximum of 440,000 miners is enough, and that consequently there are now about 150,000 'too many.' Happily, being assigned only to solve the problems of coal, it need not concern him what is to become of this tragic army of toilers. His is not the task to decide what communities are to receive them, or what industries — many of them also overequipped and likewise steadily reducing their labor force — are to employ them. It is sufficient for him that they are numbered among the 'too many,' and that they must go — somewhere.

At this point, however, it seems essential to interrupt the swift motion of the dictatorial pencil. Inclined, as we are, to have faith in his selection of both mines and miners, it is not agreeable to suggest any added problems, or to perplex him with any statistics other

than his own. Nevertheless, for his sake as well as ours, we submit the following. Granting that the owners of the 'too many mines' will submissively close their properties, and that the 'too many miners' will, with equal docility, transfer themselves from the partially employed to the unemployed, at this juncture there is another group with whom to reckon. They are the coal consumers.

Now do not misunderstand me. There are not too many consumers. Rather are there too few! The problem here is of different stuff. We do not have 'too many mines' merely because the owners of coal properties insist on staying in business at a loss or refuse to go into bankruptcy with good grace. We do not even have 'too many miners' merely because the employees insist on their freedom to work part time with decreasing income. A goodly number of both continue in part because the consumers' habits of buying create the fascinating mirage of an oasis of work in a desert of idleness.

Our dictator, for example, has no doubt planned on the eminently sound premise that his task is to ensure an adequate and uninterrupted supply of coal; to select for this purpose a minimum number of the best adapted and most efficient mines; to man them properly with a minimum force of employees to whom full-time work will be given. Quite clearly, however, this assumes an even, regular flow of coal from the mines to the consumer. Ah, there's the rub! There is so little of flowing regularity about coal consumption. As a matter of fact, our friend the consumer does not need, often will not use, sometimes cannot possibly store or receive, an even supply.

What are the facts? As I have remarked, it is not my wish to add perplexity by a maze of statistics. Some time ago, however, I made a foray into

this most baffling of all problems in coal production — its seasonal and cyclical variations in demand. The raw material from which my data were assembled for analysis is available in government reports to those with an urge for figures or a desire to check the findings. For the present purpose I ask you to accept a general summary.

III

Going back over a decade or more, and omitting certain months distorted by strikes or other causes, the average swing between spring and fall daily production is nearly one third. This tendency seems to be on the increase rather than otherwise. For example, the difference between April and November daily outputs for the period 1916-1923 was 23 per cent; for the years 1924-1926 it averaged 56 per cent. Throughout the entire period of twelve years, the absolute difference between the high and low months of the calendar year, regardless of season, was nearly 50 per cent. In other words, our dictatorial friend will early confront this knotty fact: within any typical calendar year — if current consumer practice continues — he must be equipped in mines and in men to supply half as much coal again at some period as he does at others.

Nor is this all. Bituminous coal is chiefly used for industrial purposes — for transportation and the production of power. In other words, it is inextricably bound to the ebb and flow of our industrial tide. As the cycles of general production come and go, in similar ratio will the needs of the coal market wax and wane. Let us pause to consider a few percentages again. In this case I shall confine myself to the recent period of 1921-1928.

In the month of April 1923, our dictator would have needed to have the mines

and the miners produce nearly 67 per cent more coal daily than was required in the same month two years before. In the month of November 1926, he would have needed to supply nearly 62 per cent more coal than in the same month of 1921. Just as we have noted a seasonal swing of from 30 to 50 per cent within calendar years, so now we observe a cyclical swing of over 60 per cent at the same season between different industrial years. A combination of the two reveals a spread between the daily output of April 1921 and that of November 1926 amounting to nearly 120 per cent. Yet only eighteen months after, in April 1928, this latter output would have been 85 per cent too much. In the period July to June, 1926-1927, coal production was over 107,000,000 tons greater than in the same period of 1927-1928.

All these swings combined indicate a reserve army of at least 150,000 men — the very number our dictator is trying so hard to release! Yet, throughout the period of twelve years under consideration as a whole, it is clear that normal annual requirements changed but little. The variations are due to those disruptions of normal which must be expected and which the soft-coal industry must be prepared to face.

Now it may be admitted that nearly all industries face these twin problems of seasonal and cyclical variation, and not a few, like coal, in some aggravated form. It may be conceded further that some have measurably succeeded, by planning and foresight, in reaching a degree of stabilized operation. But in behalf of the bituminous coal industry it must be said that its problem is rendered doubly difficult by two peculiar features.

First is the inability, to any large extent, to store or warehouse its product. Even if such problems as handling cost, inventory losses on a constantly

fluctuating market, and fire damage (from spontaneous combustion) are omitted, physical conditions at the mines are usually ill adapted to storage. An even greater complication is the question of sizes. Much coal is not sold as simple 'run of mine,' but is prepared over screens as lump, egg, nut, and so-called 'slack,' the final resultant. These sizes result from the same operation, pour simultaneously into the waiting railroad cars, and obviously must be moved quickly out of the way. Yet orders in hand for the various sizes may not be so nicely balanced; seasonal demands for the different sizes do not always coincide; and a sudden cancellation from a large industrial consumer of slack may play havoc with the deliveries to a multitude of coal yards serving the domestic furnace.

Now other industries produce a variety of articles under one roof, and doubtless they suffer at times from cancellations. But rubber boots do not result from balloon tires, or roadsters from limousines, or a keg of nails from a steel rail, with no chance to put either in a warehouse, with inability to deliver the one unless the other is sold, and with traffic urgency, rather than orders in hand, forcing out the loaded cars.

All these facts were doubtless in the minds of a special committee of the American Engineering Council when they issued, a few years ago, their report on *Industrial Coal*, which is one of the most expert studies yet made in this much-investigated industry. Covering, as it did, in thorough fashion the whole question of coal purchase and storage, the report contains one conclusion, important to note: 'It is the coal consumer who must start the cycle that will bring about a stabilized industry. The producer of coal, the carrier, and the public official collectively are

helpless without the active aid of the consumer.'

I pass this on without further comment to my friend the dictator. In addition, as a summary of this whole phase, may be cited the opinion of John Hays Hammond, one of the world's foremost mining engineers and also chairman of the commission which made, to date, the most searching government inquiry into coal: 'The operation of the coal industry is probably beset with more difficulty than any other of the great American industries, due to prevailing intermittence of operation.'

I am sure our dictator has already begun to suspect this very thing. However, with us helpfully at his side, he must press on; for, in the cheerful lingo of the lads, 'the worst is yet to come!' He is next confronted with that hardy perennial of the coal industry — the question of wages.

There is a reason for the storm centre. To the producer, labor represents at least two thirds, frequently more, of the total cost of coal. In settling his wage scales, therefore, our dictator will have taken the largest single stride in his financial problem. To the miner, on the other hand, all those complexities which exist in the mines, as described in the task of selection, make possible an infinite variety of earnings found in the pay envelopes as the result of any scale, high or low.

Now I confess to having too little knowledge of our dictator personally to know what approach he will use. If he be of the school of humane dictators, I suppose he will first determine a living wage, in terms of annual income, and then, using his former data of workdays and tons per man, arrive at his scales in that fashion. Yet even a dictator, and a humane one at that, must recognize that mining wages are at all times an integral part of the national wage

structure; that they can hardly be lifted, by their bootstraps as it were, out of any correlation with the farm and factory wages around them. We have already seen one attempt of that kind come to an untimely end, itself tending to aggravate the very evils it was designed to allay. For wage scales above the prevailing level bring in more men where there are already too many, to accomplish in a shorter time the work which already offers too much idleness, and to divide among still more the annual earnings which are now too small.

If our dictator be of the hard-boiled view, he will no doubt take his going market wage for skilled, semiskilled, and unskilled labor, and reach his goal by that method. In any event, having qualified as an expert, he will be tutored enough to understand that wage scales, wage earnings, and labor costs are not to be used as synonyms; that not only are they different things, but they result from different facts; that, in mining especially, combinations of highness and lowness in these three are infinite in number, depending upon the mine, the man, and the market. Management and nature will grapple underground to produce a multitude of results on any scale, while, above the surface, organized consumer and organized labor battle for their respective shares.

When all is said and done; when a small army of accountants and statisticians have determined the basic wages suited to the varying conditions of many thousand mines; when the dictator has covered the scores of additional items of cost other than labor, all important to him and most of them obscure to the layman; when he has seen to it that all industries which provide essential supplies are ready to function as his coal organization will function — he will have arrived at the delicate task

of fixing a price for his wares. From this income — so much per ton times half a billion tons — he must carry on. No doubt certain stern gentry, cold of eye and hard of head, will already have explained in succinct tones: —

‘Remember! We are supporting a dictator, not a deficit.’

We shall assume, therefore, that he will manage, if not a profit-making, at least a self-sustaining enterprise; that he will not seek, as the present industry does not, a subsidy from the taxpayers; that out of his total receipts he ‘will allow capital and labor a fair share of prosperity, with adequate protection to the consuming public.’ So reads the gospel according to the Democrats. Yet our dictator must fix a price. Shall he go by present fact or by past precedent?

During the war we had a semidictatorship in the Fuel Administration. Ten years ago, after an examination of hundreds of mine costs and with due regard to the consumer, it fixed prices at something like an average of eighty cents a ton above present fact. Consider what has happened to many items of expense since that time. Consider the cost of coal as our dictator has just computed it, in his efforts to ‘work justice to the miners, consumers, and producers.’ For so runs also the gospel according to the Republicans. Consider, in brief, the unhappy dilemma of our dictatorial friend. Either he will conduct his enterprise with \$400,000,000 less than his forerunner considered equitable in the light of conditions now ten years past, or he will announce the unwelcome news that the consumers must contribute that much more, at least, than they now pay under the present ‘disordered public service.’

At this point, shall we not be considerate enough to leave our dictator solitary in his troubled meditation?

IV

Now that we are alone together, may I whisper something confidentially? If and when our friend inside has solved these problems, and a few more, relating to the production and sale of coal, his job is far from done. There are some minor details. In addition to his mines, he will find himself possessed of a choice assortment of coal railroads, collier fleets, docks, and other enterprises which he must fit efficiently into his scheme of things. He must maintain a housing plant to shelter the population of a great city. To avoid public criticism, he should have these houses commodious, modern in convenience, attractively painted, well groomed as to fencing, walks, and garden space. His rents must not be so high as to exploit the tenant, nor so low as to incur a loss. He will need to run a commissary system whose thousands of stores will rival his largest chain competitor. Prices must here also be neither too high nor too low; if the one, he will anger thousands of his employees, salaried as well as day labor; if the other, he cannot provide the service, quality, and variety on which they rightly insist. Owing to the isolation of his plants, he must often provide adequate medical and hospital facilities, theatres and playgrounds to counteract the sombreness of the mining towns, schools for the young, churches for the devout, law and order for the wayward.

If our dictator does not do these things, they will in large measure remain undone, and which of them are luxuries in community life to-day? And when he has achieved the proper standards, if unhappily there be a deficit, he must not only add it to the cost of coal; even more definitely he must persuade the consuming public that such things socially need be, that they are not merely desirable but

essential — that the consumer, in short, must foot the bill.

Let us sum up. The present problem of coal is basically one of flood control. The huge excess of productive capacity — due partly to expansion for wartime needs, to overinvestment, to the substitution of oil, natural gas, and water power, to increased efficiency of combustion, and due partly also to chronic causes, such as transportation factors, labor strikes, and the practices of the buyer, willful or otherwise — holds more mines in operation than can profitably be sustained; retains more men than can be fully employed; pours forth more coal than can be adequately sold. This entails not merely a deficiency in the income to be shared by all parties. The price level, thus depressed, results in an actual deficit for the industry as a whole.

Anyone may be pardoned his inability to see clearly how a hasty levee of political sandbags will restrain this economic flood.

Such is the situation with which hundreds of my fellow coal producers are now struggling. I seek to present no brief in their behalf, for I see their faults and their failures even more clearly because I share them. But I would have them seen by others, as I view them, with sympathy rather than blame. We are in the grip of a severe and relentless malady, and we must fight our way back to economic health without the quick and easy remedies of dictatorship.

It should also be understood that our efforts hitherto have been made against some odds in an external sense. Scattered as sheep without a shepherd, the thousands of coal producers have dealt with consumer groups, often few in numbers and strong in organization. They have had to reckon with what was, until recently, one of the largest, strongest, and most uncompromising

labor unions in the world, now wrecked, like the industry, on the same economic reefs. Coal producers have to reach their markets — where the *delivered* cost of coal awards the battle to the cheap — through an entanglement of freight rates wherein the most powerful of government commissions holds the fate, not of a mine or a company, but of entire coal districts. They have endured sixteen government inquiries in less than as many years, and yet after all this research, unmatched in any other trade, theirs is termed 'the dark industry.' While paying the highest wages, mining by the most advanced methods, and selling the cheapest coal of any section of the industry in the world, they have been assailed for 'inefficiency.'

Finding coal in chaos, priest and Levite have passed by on the other side; what it needs is the understanding of the good Samaritan.

For the rest, I believe the industry must look largely to self-help. It is my own opinion that the keys to the quickest, though not to the most complete, relief are in its own hands. Closer co-operation between districts, mergers of existing properties, a new attitude of mind — these can all be vital elements in the cure of the industry. And the greatest of these is a new attitude of mind. Better means of co-operation may involve a long process of education in an enterprise noted, even notorious, for its individualism. Mergers, especially in the ownerships of natural resources, require difficult appraisals and prolonged negotiation. But for a new attitude of mind all a normal man should need is a few frank hours with himself.

V

It seems obvious that without more organization, without changes in control, there are certain things which

every producer of coal can do to help himself; which, carried out as a new attitude within the industry, would shortly restrict existing evils. To the efforts of our own company in formulating such a policy I owe my present privilege of discussing the troubles of coal with so intelligent an audience as this magazine provides. Coming under the alert eye of its editor, our announcement brought the invitation I gladly accepted.

By way of preface, let it be modestly explained that our company has for several years been the largest producer of bituminous coal — modestly, because even as such we have marketed less than 3 per cent of the national output. Far more important than size, to my mind, is our diversity. We are peculiar in the industry for the variety of our coals. Our company faces, on the broadest scale yet organized in a single unit, the complexity of all those diverse conditions which I have already sketched. Hence it seemed to us that we were confronted, in the present situation, not only with a great opportunity, but with a commensurate duty to our industry.

In pursuance of this thought, the following declaration was formulated, approved, and announced to our fellow coal producers: —

“The Consolidation Coal Company believes that the present plight of the bituminous coal industry will not be remedied by forcing unwanted coal upon an unwilling market. It sees no relief, either to the industry or to any producing company, by cutting prices to a level that permits a mine to remain in production with its natural overhead unabsobered in its average realization.

“The Consolidation Coal Company believes that no present useful purpose nor any contribution to future stability is to be gained by further cutting wages

below a sound economic level. Whatever may be the temporary relation of labor costs to selling prices, it holds that the primary object of both mine labor and mine management must be the most regular work-time possible under a proper wage base.

‘Holding, as it does, these beliefs, the Company is attempting to bring both its marketing and operating policies into line with what it conceives to be a constructive economic basis. To that end it is closing for an indefinite period some of the least efficient mines, and consequently must dispense with the services of a considerable number of valued and loyal employees.

‘The Company is confident that the elimination of these mines will not only be to the advantage of the industry at this time, but that the greater concentration, thus enforced, will yield benefits to the labor remaining and to the Company as a whole.

‘On the other hand, it is recognized equally that there would be a loss to the industry if many of the experienced employees, thus displaced through no fault of their own or by any dissatisfaction with their services, were unable to continue in bituminous coal.

‘The Company has, therefore, taken this opportunity to give to its fellow producers a frank statement of the policy thus adopted. Further, in behalf of any former employees seeking affiliation elsewhere in the industry, it wishes earnestly to bespeak all proper consideration and courtesy for their applications arising out of this action.

‘If the industry is to progress rapidly toward its rightful economic recovery, the Consolidation Coal Company believes each and every producing unit must make some sacrifice to that end. We speak only for ourselves and only in the spirit of friendly coöperation. The retention of the most economic mines, and the present elimination of the

HOW MUCH COAL IS ENOUGH?

least efficient, adopted voluntarily as a general programme, seems to offer the speediest and most effective relief for all.'

The response was not a little amazing to us — outside the industry. Originally prepared as an advertisement for the coal-trade journals, the statement found its way to the front page of the *New York Times*, and thence into the news channels of the world. Literally hundreds of newspapers published editorials on its text. Leading economists in France and England seized upon it for application to the coal industries of their own lands. Other ailing industries, such as the textiles of New England, discussed its possible implications for them. Illustrative of the general tone of appraisal is this sentence from the *New York Evening Post*, by no means, certainly, a wild-eyed commentator: 'The step is one of the most important advances which have been made in the industrial world in a generation.'

I say that we were surprised. To us the sentiments appeared obvious, perhaps even trite; the action suggested seemed equally plain. We tried to carry out our plan with a minimum of hardships, giving preference to the employees with families, and seeking otherwise to soften the blow. Then we turned to await the reaction within the industry. Obviously we could do little else than lead, and our single action without followers on a broad scale must clearly be inconclusive. It was heartening to find, almost instantly, a small but enlightened group whose corporate action proved their accord in similar purpose. The oral response from many more was also encouraging — and in some cases diverting.

Attention seemed to be drawn rather exclusively to one phase of the policy — the concentration of mines. Producers who were known to all men as active in a combined wage-cutting,

price-slashing, output-forcing policy boldly affirmed their hearty agreement and even claimed to have pioneered before us — simply because they had closed some of their mines!

Be it said frankly to all, both within and without the industry, mere elimination of mining units, with no effect upon production and without similar expulsion of companion evils, gets the industry nowhere. Before taking this step our company had already, over a five-year period, reduced its productive mines by nearly half — but our output had increased rather than diminished. Our aim was now to abandon mines indefinitely, not to hold them temporarily in reserve; to forgo intensive development of those retained, rather than expand them as substitutes, unless a genuine economic market could be found.

The policies as to marketing and as to wages must be vital complements of the rest. Under the fierceness of present coal competition, it cannot be denied that the most ruthless group sets an inevitable and compulsory pace for all in both wages and prices. Yet these dripping knives, for all their cutting, perform no surgical operation at all. The organic disease still remains, unless probe and lance are directed toward the real infection — excess capacity in both mines and men. Otherwise the sole results are a constant beating down of labor standards and a further decline in the already deficient income of the industry. Repeatedly within three years, in one district or another, our company has found itself practically last and alone in a prevailing wage scale, forced to reduction in order to meet not only the price decline, but the slow, insidious loss of sales. For the individual, the case is one of the half loaf being better than no bread. For the industry, it is folly without end.

The opportunity for self-help still remains. Yet, whether grasped or not,

the ruthless drive of economic survival, more painful and less discriminant, will eventually work its way. It will not so much trim here a little, there a little; it will crush entirely some who stand athwart its path. Voluntary sacrifice and the strategic retreat are surely the lesser of evils.

VI

Coal is the lifeblood of industry. As it flows between subterranean veins and the arteries of commerce, coal gives not merely strength to the steel hands which make the world's goods, but life to the swift feet which speed them from factory and farm. More than this, as an organism coal offers a panorama of human life. We in the coal industry are not merely capital and labor. True, we are employer and employed, but we are also landlord and tenant, store-keeper and patron, doctor and patient, counsel and client. Sometimes through several working generations mine management and mine labor have known each other — not as their mates, in mill and factory, toil together for a transient daily shift, but as neighbors the round of the clock. For they have been together at birth, at school, at work, at play, and finally at the last solemn rites.

Quarrels there have been, sometimes violent ones, but the disputants have returned to dwell side by side again in peace. Catastrophes have fallen, but after fire or flood were conquered soldiers were at their posts, and the army resumed its march. Public blame in time of failure has come without award of merit in time of crux, but modern Atlas has still shouldered his burden of the working world.

What a drama is coal!

So I have tried to paint hastily for you a picture of this troubled community. Others could have wielded the brush with better skill, and would have filled in detail with greater care. Whole canvases have been covered by things which I have omitted or to which I have given but a daub or a line. If any part of my picture, however, random and inadequate as I know the whole to be, will provide even a glimpse into this most complex of industries, I shall be content.

When next our troubles burst upon you beneath a barrage of headlines, as they often have and as they sometimes will, do not think of us merely as 'too many mines and too many miners.' Try to envisage us as human beings, perhaps with too many burdens, but surely not with too many friends.

THE DISCOVERY

A NEW STOREHOUSE OF LINCOLN MATERIAL

If there is one life of which the American people wish to know everything, it is Abraham Lincoln's. And it is probable that no life in history has been studied with more eager care than his. Historians, students, collectors, lovers of his name, have for three generations followed his every footstep, run down a thousand false trails and a hundred true ones, uncovered all that letters, recollections, tradition, even rumor, had to tell. And in all that career, already in our ears half legendary, there is no chapter which seemed more utterly closed, or which most of us, men and women, have more eagerly desired to open, than the idyll of New Salem, the love of Abraham Lincoln and Ann Rutledge. Historians have for the most part passed it over as casual fancy of boy and girl. The romancers have had a truer inspiration, but, in the absence of tangible facts, a vague tradition was but slender nourishment for the imagination. A few patched-together references, an occasional letter, records of a scattered group of places and people completely outside the fairy circle of the two to whom for a season it was all in all — such scant fare was all that the most industrious research supplied. Obviously the evidence was in. The whole book was closed, and that chapter had not even been really opened.

Such was the situation. It was hardly to the editor's discredit that, when he heard that the letters which once passed between Abraham and Ann still existed, he remarked, 'Inter-

esting, if true,' and went on with his work. But the thought, once entered, would not leave his mind. He investigated. Rumor turned to evidence, evidence to proof. In this place he would like to put on record the *Atlantic's* gratitude for the kindness and helpfulness of Miss Wilma Frances Minor, who, when a strange turn of fortune presented her with a treasure beyond price, felt instantly her responsibility. In the brief period during which she has owned the materials by which the love story of Lincoln and Ann can be fully told for the first time, she has by travel, inquiry, and unceasing effort sought through living tradition, wherever it could be found, material which might add still more to the picture of Lincoln in the New Salem years.

Her collection itself is amazing. There are letters, passionate and real, which Abraham wrote to Ann and Ann to Abraham. There are other letters of Lincoln's own, written to his benefactor John Calhoun, telling of the love he bore Ann Rutledge. There is the most natural and human of diaries kept by Ann's cousin and bosom friend, Matilda Cameron. There is the affectionate record of 'Sally' Calhoun, daughter of John Calhoun. There are touching examples of Ann Rutledge's needle-work, and a silver pin which Lincoln salvaged from the barrel which yielded him a treasure-trove of books. There are books, brittle and stained with age, Lincoln's daily companions during his odd-job and post-office days, containing marginalia of intensest interest,

including the Bible given him by Ann herself, bearing her own and Lincoln's signature.

What a collection! Here is the human Lincoln, before the sterility of his deification.

Picture an orderly and prosaic office when Aladdin's treasure was dumped on the editor's desk! First, accompanying Miss Minor's manuscript, came photostatic copies of the original documents in the collection. These photostats were in themselves cogent evidence, but in matters like this the mind must shut itself against the will to believe. Every expert knows that examination is worthless until the veritable documents have been scrutinized and tested.

With the helpful coöperation of Miss Minor, we received in due time a mass of original evidence — actual letters and diaries of the principal actors in the New Salem drama, together with books bearing signatures and marginalia in Lincoln's hand. Such was the body of material which we subjected to expert trial as well as to our own most careful scrutiny. No reader will be more incredulous than was the *Atlantic* when the collection was first brought to our notice. Very gradually, as step by step we proceeded with our inquiry, conviction was forced upon us.

One fundamental test was obvious. Paper of the period of these letters was not made, as is most paper to-day, of wood pulp. It was composed rather of linen or cotton rags. If any trace of pulp could be found in them, it was evident at once that the letters were not genuine. We accordingly submitted specimens of the paper — minute bits clipped from the originals — to the distinguished chemist, Dr. Arthur D. Little, and to his associates. The resultant analysis showed 'pure linen with a trace of cotton.' No suggestion of pulp!

So much for the paper. For the more general physical characteristics of the documents, we had not only the evidence of our own eyesight, but the assistance of experts, who examined with the wisdom born of experience and knowledge the faded ink, the browned and stained paper, the fragile creases and folds. Other questions apart, there could be no doubt of the age of the collection.

It is well to emphasize the importance of the books in establishing the genuineness of the whole group of documents. These books, in their original bindings, and, save for a crudely mended page or two, wholly in the natural state in which they have been handed down through the generations, form a *prima facie* case of the most convincing import to laymen and scholars alike, once the handwriting of the signatures and other marginalia has been satisfactorily compared with Lincoln's own.

Our first step had been accomplished when we subjected the physical characteristics of the collection to exacting tests. Our next step was to subject the documents to tests of handwriting and internal evidence. To this end we submitted the letters and books to scholars familiar with Lincoln's handwriting, character, and personal history. Dr. Barton, distinguished Lincoln student and collector, kindly gave us his personal help in our consideration of the evidence, but unluckily it was necessary during his visit to work only with photostats, since the originals were in the mail. With Miss Ida M. Tarbell, who during her long and distinguished career has unearthed no less than three hundred previously unknown letters of Lincoln, the editor passed several afternoons comparing under a magnifying glass the original letters and books of this collection with known Lincoln letters of the corresponding period.

This is not the place to go into the minutiae of the investigation. With greatly enlarged facsimiles, a's were compared with a's, and so on through the alphabet. Upstrokes, downstrokes, flourishes—every characteristic of penmanship was carefully considered. With every test the genuineness became more and yet more certain.

As students know, Lincoln had two definitely distinct styles of writing his name—the formal signature, identified with legal documents or public business, and the more rambling and haphazard hand of friendly and familiar intercourse. The letters in this collection were of the second category, but fortunately it was possible to compare them with unquestioned letters of the identical period. No letters of Ann Rutledge apart from those which are in Miss Minor's collection are known to exist, nor have we been able to find other specimens of the hand of Sally Calhoun.

In a discovery of such importance it is proper to give scholars and serious inquirers free access to the original material. The editor has, therefore, shown a large number of items in the collection to Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of the Library of Congress at Washington. Mr. Putnam has invited the deposit of the entire collection in the Treasure Room of the Library. With Miss Minor's consent, we have arranged for its public display at an appropriate time in the great collection of Lincolniana which forms a precious part in the heritage of the nation.

The reader must remember the scene. New Salem, a straggling village of twenty families, with Sand Ridge, a 'suburb,' its near neighbor. The characters are Newton Graham, the beloved schoolmaster; John Calhoun, the surveyor; Matilda Cameron; the Clary's Grove boys, forming a sort of

hoodlum's chorus; Abe Lincoln, in the early twenties; and Ann Rutledge, at their first meeting eighteen. To tell by what strange and happy fortune the record was preserved we must quote verbatim Miss Minor's fascinating account:—

My greatest indebtedness is to Matilda ('Mat') Cameron, cousin and confidante of Ann Mayes Rutledge, who preserved the letters and added her own illuminating diary. From the Camerons the letters passed to Sally Calhoun, daughter of John Calhoun, who employed Lincoln in New Salem and became his intimate friend.¹ Sally alludes to her possession of the documents in a letter dated from St. Joseph, Missouri, June 16, 1848.

In 1854, President Pierce appointed John Calhoun Surveyor-General of Kansas, and in Joplin, Missouri, Sally became the friend of Margaret Morrison (my maternal grandmother), daughter of a Baptist minister. Later, while living in St. Joseph, Missouri, she met a young school-teacher named Elizabeth Hirth. Eventually Sally left with the two girls a most valuable Lincoln record in her diary, the original love letters, and several more letters her father had received from Lincoln in later years.

When Elizabeth Hirth's brother Frederick married Margaret's sister, Sarah Frances Morrison, and Margaret married William Mickle, both Elizabeth and Margaret decided to give their collection of Lincoln keepsakes to Frederick, because he had twice enlisted for service in the Civil War, served under Grant, and was devoted to Lincoln's memory. Once in his care, into a secret compartment of a massive old secretary the keepsakes went, not to see the light of day until his widow, my great-aunt, Sarah Morrison Hirth, found them after his death.

Following her husband's example, she in turn treasured and guarded the packets until her death, at which time they came into the possession of my mother, Cora Mickle deBoyer. My mother has handed

¹ To the degree of this intimacy the letters themselves amply testify. — EDITOR

them on to me with the understanding that they must be given out to the people of America.

I am a descendant of the Andersons, who lived near the Lincolns on Anderson's Creek, Indiana. Major Robert Anderson, who was a lieutenant in the Black Hawk War with Lincoln, and later commanded Fort Sumter, at which time he was made a Brigadier General, is a forebear.

The Anderson branch of the family now living in Missouri have been most helpful in furnishing authentic data for the book, and likewise Scott Greene, now eighty-two years old, son of William Graham Greene, the 'Billy' who was such a close friend of Abe's that the two boys slept together when they worked in the same store in Salem. Lincoln was twenty-two at the time, and Greene nineteen. The friendship thus started endured through their lives, and Billy has left a wealth of Lincoln lore with his family, especially of the romance with Ann.

Mrs. John B. Dennis and Mrs. Margaret Rayburn, both of San Diego, California, have assisted me materially. Lincoln lived for some time in the tavern built by their father, Dr. Bennett, in Petersburg, Illinois. Mrs. Dennis was born at Sand Ridge, where Ann lived and where she was buried.

It is surprising how very little has been given out to biographers by the very people who knew Lincoln best. The above-mentioned friends have supplied me with the most consistent pictures of the New Salem episode that we can find — intimate day-by-day reminiscences, mosaics that complete the whole. I have also been assisted by William A. Clark, a resident of Sangamon County until 1853, a man now one hundred years old, who knew Lincoln personally, as did his father, Oramel Clark, before him.

I have found very little need to quote from other writers, but I do feel under obligation to the Reverend William E. Barton, whose exhaustive researches have been a valuable aid in connecting important links.

It will be observed that the descent of the documents as traced by Miss

Minor through the Cameron family to Sally Calhoun is entirely natural, and is founded upon persons whose existence is known to history. We have not even passed beyond the circle of Lincoln's intimates.

The reader will notice next that Sally delivered the keepsakes to two friends, Margaret Morrison and Elizabeth Hirth. Margaret Morrison was the maternal grandmother of the present owner. From Margaret Morrison and Elizabeth Hirth the documents passed to Elizabeth's brother Frederick. Here is a person in the chain whose identity it obviously becomes necessary to establish as clearly as possible.

Our efforts in this direction have been abundantly rewarded. We have on file a letter from the Adjutant General's office of the War Department at Washington giving the dates of Frederick Hirth's two enlistments in and discharges from the Federal service in the Civil War. Hirth also was awarded a pension for wounds received in action. After the war he resided in Emporia, Kansas, where he owned a furniture factory. He was a prominent Mason and a well-known citizen. William Allen White, the distinguished publicist, writes us that he himself knew Hirth and attended his funeral in 1907.

A brother of the Margaret Morrison (Miss Minor's maternal grandmother) who at one time enjoyed part ownership in the documents became a doctor associated with the Santa Fe Railroad. His son, Dr. Wayland Morrison, is now living in Los Angeles, and has a musket given him when he was a boy by his uncle Frederick Hirth.

It will thus be seen that the chain of descent of the documents is through a series of well-identified persons. It is a chain of actual flesh and blood.

— THE EDITOR

LINCOLN THE LOVER

I. THE SETTING—NEW SALEM

BY WILMA FRANCES MINOR

LINCOLN's life in New Salem has been known with a considerable degree of fullness to biographers. But the episode which must have seemed to Lincoln himself to transcend all other experiences in that brief but important period — his love for Ann Rutledge — has been the subject of conjecture, confusion, and doubt. Eminent students have denied altogether the reality of Lincoln's passion for Ann; others have accepted the tradition in general outline.

Now it becomes possible to reveal in full light and at first hand the story — so full of tenderness and hope, so tragic in its close — which has hitherto rested on contestable report. Not only did Lincoln and Ann hold each other dear; the actual letters which passed between them remain. We have also a diary kept by Ann's cousin and intimate, 'Mat' Cameron, naively recording her observations of the courtship. With these precious letters and Mat's unstudied diary have been preserved other fresh and valuable memorabilia of Lincoln. We have letters which he wrote to John Calhoun, former Surveyor of Sangamon County, Illinois, who employed Lincoln and was closely associated with him during the New Salem years; a memorandum written by Calhoun's daughter Sally in 1848, embodying her father's recollections of Lincoln and containing characteristic anecdotes; and, finally, books

owned and freely annotated by Lincoln himself, which have descended to me. These materials, never before known or published, form a collection of unique value.

Before presenting these precious memorials it is important to fill in the original setting of the story.

I

New Salem, Illinois, was a rude log settlement on the Sangamon River, not many miles northwest of Springfield. The town had been established by two families who were related by marriage. James Rutledge, a native of South Carolina, was a kindly, generous man of deeply ingrained religious principles. In January 1808, he had married Mary Ann Miller. They had nine children; Ann, the third child, was born in January 1813, while the family lived in Kentucky; Sally, the youngest, was born in the Tavern at New Salem, October 20, 1829. A sister of Mrs. Rutledge married Thomas Cameron; their son, the Reverend John M. Cameron, born in Kentucky in 1791 and ten years younger than James Rutledge, was thus his nephew by marriage.

The two families decided to move from Kentucky and to settle in Illinois. In February 1828, they bought adjoining farms in a little community at Sand Ridge, a short distance from the

later site of New Salem. On the nearby Concord Creek, Cameron erected a small gristmill. But with the coming of summer the flow of water was so meagre that the two men decided to look for a better location.

They followed the heavily wooded road that skirted the Sangamon until they reached an abrupt turn of the river from southwest to north. Rising from the river — beautiful at this sudden sweep — was 'a promontory of land that shot out like a peninsula a hundred feet high and approachable only from the west — the brow of the ridge was 250 feet broad, gradually widening as it extended westwardly.' They climbed the steep bluff and looked out over the surrounding country. To the west lay a darkly tangled forest, and beyond that broad meadows veined with many little streams that hurried along to empty into the Sangamon. All about lay hills dense with timber, — ash, elm, oak, hickory, and basswood, — while below the river curved about the wooded point.

Here it was decided to settle. Two cabins of rather pretentious size were erected to house the eleven Rutledges and the thirteen Camerons. The two families moved from Sand Ridge to the new community on July 29, 1828. A grist- and lumber-mill took shape, and then a dam, which cost heroic effort. The mill and the two substantial cabins attracted other settlers, and the community began to expand. While new dwellings were in the course of construction the hospitable Rutledge shared his home with the settlers. From this practice he conceived the idea of turning the cabin into a tavern and general store, where meals and supplies could be served to the stragglers who drifted in and out. Finally the settlement assumed the outlines of a village, and its founders, not forgetting their Bibles, christened it New

Salem. On Christmas day, 1829, the post office was established.

The people of New Salem were their own carpenters, masons, wheelwrights, and cobblers. The few shoes worn were generally made from the hides of steers, and kept well rubbed with heated mutton tallow to exclude water. 'Vittles' were cooked in black three-legged pots which hung on hooks over the flames on the open hearth. Corn pone was baked in covered iron ovens which sat in the hot coals. Diet varied little; pork, corn pone, hominy, mush, and flapjacks, with sorghum molasses for 'long sweetening' in beverages, were the principal articles of food. Milk could seldom be obtained, and potatoes were a luxury, often eaten raw.

Tables and chairs were for the most part crude slabs, roughhewn with an axe. Hickory was the favorite wood for furniture and for the staves of barrels and buckets; baskets were made of white oak splits. One family in New Salem owned a shaving horse and foot lathe for turning posts. The women grew proficient in making chairs. They 'biled' the backs to make them pliable, then bent them into the desired shape. 'Settin' chairs had curved backs and rocking-chairs had straight backs. Beds were formed of interlacing rawhide strips suspended from wooden frames. Over the rawhide, straw ticks were spread, or, in families which had the good fortune to own them, feather beds. For the men, board bunks and straw mattresses were provided.

Most citizens of New Salem had never seen a piano or an organ, and their only musical instruments were the jew's-harp and a solitary fiddle. Even at church they sang without accompaniment. The women all had spinning wheels and roughhewn looms, often made by their menfolk, with which they spun their flax into bed linens. Starch had not been introduced

in backwoods households, and the voluminous petticoats were made to stand out by the use of a cooked paste made from gluten.

Of the twenty cabins which the town boasted in its heyday, not one was painted either inside or out. The only newspapers or periodicals were those which occasionally found their way to New Salem from other settlements. Light was provided either by whale-oil lamps or tallow candles. Sometimes, when bears intruded in orchards or gardens, the men 'kilt' them with pitchforks or guns; then the candles were made of bear fat.

II

A certain morning in April, 1831, was the occasion of an incident which brought the entire population of New Salem to the river bank. On the Rutledge mill dam a flatboat had stranded, its snub nose hanging perilously over the water. On the boat was a grotesque figure, tall and gangling to a degree surpassing anything which the people of New Salem had ever seen. His buckskin trousers, much too wide, were rolled up, revealing long bare legs and great feet, blue from the cold water in which he stood. A linsey-woolsey shirt — a size too small — and a rusty, low-crowned felt hat with a broad brim completed his costume.

Near the Rutledge mill was a store owned by the Clary brothers, and out of this came Abe Clary with an auger, which he handed to the young fellow on the boat. When this loose-strung giant prepared to bore a hole in the bottom of the boat, the group on the bank felt their sense of the ridiculous almost painfully gratified. Among the onlookers who took in the delicious sight and guffawed, no doubt Ann Rutledge and her cousin, Mat Cameron, were present. But the hole in the bow, where the

boat projected over the dam, allowed the water which had accumulated in it to escape, and, together with the transfer of part of the cargo to the bank, helped to float the stranded craft over the dam. The talents of the gangling young fellow began to command respect.

Noon brought the crew of the flatboat into the Rutledge Tavern. They were Denton Offutt, owner and commander of the boat; Abraham Lincoln, whose exploit with the auger had already made him conspicuous; John Hanks, a distant cousin to Lincoln; and John D. Johnston, Lincoln's step-brother. They gathered about the rough table for the noon meal, and we can form the picture of Ann Rutledge waiting on the hungry men and listening to the talk and stories of the tall young fellow called 'Abe.'

Ann was eighteen years old at this time. She was beautiful, popular, quick, industrious, and an excellent housekeeper; not cultivated, but richly endowed with natural graces and refinements. Her quilting, embroidery, and crochet work were the talk of the countryside. Ann was engaged to marry John McNeil, a prosperous young merchant who had come to New Salem in 1829.

During the meal Lincoln asked questions about New Salem, and said that if ever navigation up and down the river were established from Illinois to New Orleans 'he guessed he'd stop off some day at Salem and see what he could do to hurry the town up a little.' The same sort of talk continued that evening when the flatboatmen and a number of townspeople gathered in the Tavern to enjoy the warmth of the log fire after supper. Ann, when she had finished her work, found a place in the shadows and listened to the general talk. The subject uppermost in the minds of the group was the navigation

of the river, and Lincoln dwelt at length on the experiences of his own first voyage to New Orleans. His hearers were not long in recognizing his whimsical humor, and the qualities of his alert mind. As he talked, he became the dominating figure in the little assembly.

In the spring of 1828, James Gentry, the founder of Gentryville, Indiana, had hired Lincoln to build a flatboat. In April the boat was finished, loaded with pork and grain, and started down the Ohio for New Orleans, Gentry's son, Allen, in charge, and Lincoln serving as bow hand. Lincoln was paid eight dollars a month. It was during this voyage, while the boat was moored at a plantation not far from New Orleans, that a party of negroes with clubs boarded the craft as Lincoln and Gentry slept. Lincoln woke, seized a cudgel of his own, and laid about him furiously. With Gentry he drove off and pursued the marauders.

The voyage which had brought Lincoln to New Salem had been undertaken when John Hanks had asked Lincoln to go to Decatur to meet Offutt. Lincoln and Hanks agreed with Offutt to man a boat carrying pork and grain to New Orleans. The boat was to be loaded in Springfield, but the man who had promised to furnish it to Offutt disappointed him. Lincoln, Hanks, and Johnston, who had joined the expedition, splashed back through the mud as far as the Congress lands on the Sangamon, where they cut logs and floated them down to a mill in Sangamontown. In four weeks a boat had been built and loaded, and this was the craft which had caught on the Rutledge dam.

During Lincoln's recital, he had been holding Ann's little sister Sally on his lap with much enjoyment. She was a baby of two years, and used to the petting of the Rutledges and their neighbors. Ann at length offered to take

the child, but Lincoln said, 'Let me hold her a little longer. You know, I've a sister Sally myself.'

'And do you hold her?' asked Ann.

'It would not be befitting, as she is two years older than me,' was Lincoln's answer.

Sally had dropped asleep, however, and Lincoln remarked, 'She has winked out.' This was a favorite expression with him when someone fell asleep or when a project failed.¹

III

Next morning the flatboat continued its journey toward New Orleans.

At the time of this second voyage, Lincoln was twenty-two years old. He had been born on February 12, 1809, in a little dirt-floored cabin in Kentucky, the son of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks Lincoln. The extreme privation of his first years is well known. In 1816 Thomas Lincoln made his way by flatboat to Indiana, and there chose a new site for a home. He returned for his family — Nancy, Abraham, and Sarah, his sister. With their painfully small array of household goods tied to their horses, they set out together on the exhausting journey to Spencer County in Southern Indiana. Abraham, seven years old, was required to walk many weary miles ahead of the horses, slashing right and left with an axe to cut a passage through the thick growth.

Their first shelter in Indiana was a pole shack, open on one side, in a half-acre which Thomas Lincoln cleared on Little Pigeon Creek, not far from the Ohio River. Later they moved into a more substantial cabin; but about them grew a poisonous plant, variously

¹ Many of the details of this scene in the Rutledge Tavern I owe to Scott Greene, son of William Graham Greene, one of Lincoln's closest intimates in New Salem. — AUTHOR

known as snakeroot, deerwort, squaw-weed, or by other names. Cows eating it developed a strange malady which attacked also the people who drank their milk. With this mysterious disease Nancy became infected. Betsy and Thomas Sparrow, Nancy's aunt and uncle, who, with her cousin Dennis Hanks, had come to live with the Lincolns, had already been stricken and died. Now, in October 1818, Nancy herself succumbed.

Existence had been bleak enough for the Lincoln children in the cabin without door, floor, or windows. It sank now to a lower level of dreariness. But a year later their father returned to Kentucky, and married Sarah Bush Johnston, a widow with three children, John, 'Betsy,' and Matilda. Thomas Lincoln's second wife was kindly, capable, of strong and decisive character, and she was an ideal mother, fostering her stepchildren with the same loving care which she gave to her own brood. She brought bedsteads and bedding, tables, chairs, cooking utensils, whale-oil lamps, a spinning wheel and a loom, and other improvements to the backwoods cabin, and at her insistence doors and windows were provided.

A great affection soon sprang up between the boy Lincoln and his new mother. She was his friend and confidante, and to her he owed much of the shaping of his character. Years later, in 1848, when Lincoln was in Washington as representative in Congress of the Seventh District of Illinois, he wrote to his friend John Calhoun, whose acquaintance he made during his life at New Salem, a letter in which occurred an eloquent tribute to this second wife of Thomas Lincoln. The letter, from my collection, should set at rest the question whether Lincoln, in his familiar tributes, referred to Nancy Hanks or to his stepmother;

that it must have been the latter is evident from the fact that John Calhoun never knew Nancy Hanks and could not have rendered her any service:—

H. R. WASHINGTON, *July 22 — 1848*
DEAR OLD FRIEND

Yours of May 6th received, it greatly amused me to note your comments on our recent House conflict. You are right, no sooner do we battle one thing through — than we gird on our armor for the next fray. Sometimes I feel a very tired old man doubting my efficiency for this position, then again I hoist my colors and rejoice in my opportunities. Jed was here and called on me about a month ago. he told me of your trip to Gentryville and your clearing the boundries, titles etc; Dear John at this time I want to extend my deepest gratitude for the service rendered my Mother; 'God bless my Mother' the part that is best in me, and the ability to give it to the world, is my inheritance from her. that is the reason John I will never stop in my endeavor to achieve that which is best for the people as I see it. I shall await with joy the prospect of your early visit as I know you to keep your promise Mary is well thank the Lord and joins in love to you and yours.

Yours forever
A. LINCOLN

JOHN CALHOUN

In 1830 occurred another epidemic of 'milk-sick.' Mrs. Lincoln was alarmed, and again the family moved, Thomas Lincoln disposing of his land to James Gentry, and journeying with his wife and Abraham two hundred miles through forest and swamp and over rolling prairies to a thickly wooded spot on the bluffs of the Sangamon River about six miles west of Decatur, in Macon County, Illinois. Sarah, who had married Aaron Grigsby, remained behind.

Across the Sangamon and three miles from the Lincoln farm was the home of Major Robert Warnick, sheriff of Macon County. Abraham

H. R. Washington, July 22, 1848

Dear Old Friend

your of May ~~25~~ received.

it greatly moved me to note your comments on our recent Slave conflict. You are right, no sooner do we settle one thing through, than we get in our armor for the next fray. Sometimes I feel a very tired Old Man laboring very inefficiently for this position, then again I boast my Colon and rejoice in my opportunities. Fred was here and called on me about a month ago. He told me of your trip to Gentryville and your crossing the boundary, telling the dear John at this time I want to extend my deepest gratitude for the service rendered my Mother. God bless my Mother "the part that is best in me, and the ability to give it to the world, is my inheritance from her." that is the reason John I will never cease in my endeavor to achieve that which is best for the people as I see it. I shall remain with joy the prospect of your early visit as I know you'll keep your promise. Many is well though the Lord and Jesus is best to you and yours.

Yours forever

John Calhoun

Abraham Lincoln

A NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTER OF LINCOLN TO JOHN CALHOUN
PAYING TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER

was hired to split fence rails for him, the famous three thousand. At Major Warnick's the project of the second voyage to New Orleans had been broached to him by John Hanks, the voyage which first brought him to New Salem, and from which he returned to settle there.

It was about the middle of May when the flatboat reached New Orleans. John Hanks had left the expedition at St. Louis to return to his family. Offutt, Johnston, and Lincoln spent the succeeding weeks in the town disposing of their cargo.

New Orleans in 1831 was a commercially thriving and cosmopolitan city, abounding in contrasts between the Creoles, the rising native American party, and the groups of Germans, French, Spanish, negroes, and Indians who made its life still more complex. Godey had begun the publication of his *Lady's Book* in Philadelphia, and it became the criterion of style and etiquette for all fashionable America. Frivolous lacy parasols, sheer dresses of many saucy ruffles, twinkling slippers with high French heels that clicked their way along, must have met the unaccustomed eye of Lincoln as he strolled about the streets. His first stay in New Orleans had been brief, and had not afforded opportunities for sight-seeing; but now, at twenty-two, possessed of what may well have seemed to him a princely wage, he had both leisure and inclination to look about the city. He saw men in white flannels topped by finely woven straws at the horse races, eating, drinking. He saw them in evening clothes escorting lovely, bejeweled women to the opera. From the levee where darkies sang as they grappled huge bales of cotton, through the length of Canal Street to the quaint cemeteries at the far end, Lincoln wandered. Down at the great market place he

marveled at the huge gray mounds of oyster shells, and watched old men with queer knives extracting the oysters.

Presently his wanderings took him to the slave market. An auction was in progress; planters were weaving in and out among the frightened groups of negroes. On the block was a young mulatto woman. . . . So, at least, we may picture the scene which has passed into tradition. It is a familiar record that on such an occasion 'the iron entered his soul,' and that he made the vow, 'If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard.'

Among the letters which have descended to me is one written by Lincoln later to John Calhoun — a letter reflecting the emotions to which his experience in New Orleans gave rise. Its date torn off, and its first lines defaced, it speaks from the heart the first instinctive reaction of Lincoln to the problem of the slave.

DEAR JOHN

Yours
 I regret you feel so
 of the opposition reg me a
 I am not a 'nigger lover' by any
 also know how greatly disturbed I ever am
 over distress of man or beast, unwarranted
 abuse is a repulsive thing to my mind and
 John I never have forgotten a single
 instant of my memorable stay in New
 Orleans which was so marked by the
 atrocious cruelty practiced by many slave
 holders, at this writing comes an instance
 to my mind, I had stopped to question an
 old slave who appeared dejected at his
 task. I questioned him, are you happy in
 slavery? the old fellow unbent his back as
 much as possible and raising a face of
 hopeless resignation answered — 'No — no
 Marse I nevah is happy no mo. whippins
 is things that black folks nevah can
 stop remembrin about ← they hurt so.'
 this is one I forgot to tell you before, but
 John I guess it takes a queer fellow like me
 to sympathise with the put upon and down
 trodden. those blacks John dont live —
 they simply *exist*. I never trapped an

Dear Fellow
Yours
I regret you had so
little time to me
of the opposition to me
I am not a bigger man by any means
also know how greatly disturbed you were
over abolition of slave or beasts, as you might be
upon - is a repulsive thing to my mind, and
John Y. never have forgotten a single incident
of my miserable stay in New Orleans which
was so marked by the atrocities really performed
by many slaves, & masters, of this master comes
an instance to my mind, I had a talk with
to question our old. Slave who affirms, "the
facts of at his talk. You listen to him, are
you happy in Slavery? the old fellow in but
his back as much as possible, he and his wife a
face of hopeless misery worth in our world." No. No.
Mark H. marsh is happy no. No. Mississippi is
things that black folks in this can stop no
mention about - they have to do, "this is our
forget to tell you before, but John Y. goes states
a few fellow like me to sign with him with the
best upon every slave to be done those blacks.
John does live they simply exist, slaves
trapped our animal in my life in my service
to me is just that to fill filling my soul with
abhorrence, do not suppose any visitation in, for
only the tongue of the wise will ever find the
language of such an act, since I shall find
nothing, but a good thought for the world disgraces
with me, I feel I am right, my knowledge & opinion
to your esteemed faculty

Yours for ever A. Lincoln

LETTER OF LINCOLN TO JOHN CALHOUN DESCRIBING
HIS FIRST IMPRESSION OF SLAVERY

animal in my life and slavery to me is just that both filling my soul with abhorrence. do not espouse my vindication, it is only the tongue of the wise who can offend and they are incapable of such an act, hence I shall pursue my wonted course though half the world disagrees with me. *I feel I am right.* My tenderest greetings to your esteemed family

Yours forever A. LINCOLN

Offutt often discussed Lincoln's attitude toward slavery in the Tavern in New Salem. And Scott Greene, the son of William Graham Greene, the 'Billy' who was such a close friend of Lincoln that the two boys slept together when they were employed in Offutt's store in New Salem, recently said to the author, 'My father, then a lad of nineteen, was clerking in the same store with Abe, and the two became fast friends. Abe often told Father about the slave market in New Orleans, and how, even then, he was formulating plans to stop that practice of selling.'

IV

Early in June Offutt sold the flat-boat, and the men boarded a river steamer for the return voyage. Lincoln had been impressed with New Salem, and suggested to Offutt that it might be profitable to try a business venture there. Offutt warmed to the scheme at once. It was agreed that Lincoln should go to New Salem and find a place where merchandise, which Offutt proposed to buy in Springfield, might be stored. At St. Louis the friends parted. When Lincoln returned to New Salem, he found an abandoned shack near the mill, and, learning that he might use it to store the goods which Offutt intended to secure, he put up shelves and set out promptly for Springfield. The twenty miles between New Salem and Springfield were not a difficult walk for the

young man who, in his boyhood in Indiana, had often tramped farther in a day to hear lawyer Brackenridge plead his cases.

Lincoln spent a week with Offutt choosing the stock for the store. Then he returned to New Salem and secured room and board at the Cameron cabin. At supper he was dismayed to see eleven girls, the daughters of the Reverend John Cameron, file in and take their places at the table. After their first appearance, they seem never to have made a perturbing impression on Lincoln.

As usual, Offutt was delayed. Lincoln was still without employment when, on the first of August, an election for Governor and members of Congress took place. The voting was in the Cameron cabin, and one of the clerks, none other than John McNeil, had been taken sick. Newton Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, who served as the other clerk, asked Lincoln if he could write, and learned that he could 'make a few rabbit tracks.' Lincoln was enlisted as assistant clerk, and so made his first entry into politics.

At last Offutt and his goods arrived. In September, Offutt bought for ten dollars a site for the store on the river bank near the Rutledge mill, a spot which he hoped would prove strategic in catching the river trade. A log structure was thrown up, and the two men entered actively into business.

Offutt, whom biographers have in turn called a 'rogue,' a 'schemer,' a 'noisy braggart,' a 'wild and reckless speculator who would not disdain fraud when it served his ends,' 'a man windy, rattle-brained, unsteady and improvident,' had more truly the character of the inveterate promoter. If at times he erred in judgment on account of his impulsiveness, his honesty forbade that others should suffer by his misadventures.

On either side of the crooked lane that was the Main Street of New Salem, Reuben Radford, the Crisman brothers, the Herndon brothers, and John McNeil in partnership with Sam Hill had set up stores. The Clary boys ran a smithy and repair shop for farm implements near the Offutt store and the mill. All these establishments vied with each other for the meagre trade of a town which never boasted more than twenty buildings, or a population of over a hundred souls. Very little money was exchanged; credit played a large part in every transaction; commodities were purchased 'on tick'; land and stores frequently changed hands with signed notes in lieu of money, and interest was seldom demanded.

Offutt soon realized these conditions, but he believed too that, if navigation were established on the Sangamon River, New Salem would become a thriving little city. He placed his store near the proposed steamboat wharf, rented the Rutledge mill, and formed ambitious plans for buying out most of the other merchants.

From the outset he had a great admiration for Lincoln. He placed him in charge of the store and the mill at a salary of two dollars a week. Since Lincoln had to divide his time between the two establishments, a clerk was needed. William Graham Greene, then a lad of nineteen, was employed for this purpose. Lincoln presently moved his scant belongings from the Camerons' to the back of the store and slept with Billy. Such was their intimacy that 'when one turned over, the other did likewise.'

V

The qualities by which Lincoln endeared himself to his fellow men are now known to all the world; but the

range of his friendships in New Salem, and the odd contrasts between different members of his acquaintance, form an extraordinary picture. Besides the Rutledges and the Camerons, with whom he was always on cordial terms, he acquired a wide variety of followers. Newton Mentor Graham, the mild-mannered Scots schoolmaster, a tall, gaunt man with a long, narrow face and deep, intelligent eyes, suggested books which would be useful to Lincoln, helped him to borrow them, and helped also to make their meaning clear. He taught in a log schoolhouse, where Lincoln often went to sit among the children. An associate of Mentor Graham in founding a temperance society, Dr. John Allen, was also a staunch friend of Lincoln. He had organized the first Sunday School in New Salem, and was its superintendent.

But not all Lincoln's friends were as reputable as Mentor Graham and Dr. Allen. About six miles southwest of New Salem was a strip of timber known as 'Clary's Grove.' It was the headquarters of a group of young toughs, wild, rowdy, lawless, fond of crude practical jokes, heavy drinkers, but with the rough virtues of loyalty and honesty. Their leader was Jack Armstrong, who had enjoyed but three weeks of schooling in his life, but 'reckoned he did pretty well because he learned all but two letters of the alphabet.' He was champion wrestler of Sangamon County, and in the natural course of events the gigantic and powerful Lincoln was brought into contest with him. It was a memorable fight — so memorable that accounts of it have differed. Whether Lincoln was merely unsubdued, or whether he gave Armstrong the thrashing which some reporters have declared, he made a friend of his opponent and acquired the entire Clary's Grove gang as a devoted and boisterous Praetorian Guard, which

formed, indeed, the nucleus of Lincoln's first political success.

Lincoln was welcomed into the Armstrong home as one of the family. Hannah, Jack's wife, mended his clothes, and in return he chopped wood, carried water, and rocked the eight children. It was William 'Duff' Armstrong, one of these children, whom Lincoln later defended against the charge of murder in the most famous of all his cases at law. The distracted Hannah came to appeal for her son, and was rewarded, although the boy was acquitted 'not by any want of testimony against him, but by the irresistible appeal of Mr. Lincoln in his favor.'

Another friend who was of great service to Lincoln was John Bowling Green, the influential Justice of the Peace in New Salem. Bowling Green was corpulent and jovial. Lincoln contrived a crude checkerboard, with a little box to hold the checkers. He had a passion for the game, which was shared by Bowling Green, and before long the two became the best players in the country.

In 1833, when Lincoln was acting as postmaster of New Salem, he made the acquaintance of John Calhoun, County Surveyor of Sangamon. The district was being rapidly settled, and Calhoun needed an assistant. This post Lincoln secured, and by a remarkable feat of application he acquired the necessary knowledge to perform his duties, although he had a poor head for figures. It was to John Calhoun that the two letters already quoted in this text were written, and the surveyor observed Lincoln's advancement in mind and position with the confidence that he was watching the first steps of a great career.

We have a crude surveyor's sketch of New Salem in 1832 made by John Calhoun which serves to bring the little

settlement before our eyes almost in its native likeness. But more precious is a memorandum which Calhoun's daughter Sarah wrote out in 1848 at her father's suggestion, containing what he remembered of Lincoln and what he thought of him in those significant New Salem years. The diary was composed in St. Joseph, Missouri, while Lincoln himself was in Washington serving as a Representative in Congress. Fresh and natural as a conversation with a citizen of New Salem itself is Sally Calhoun's diary in the anecdotes and memorabilia of Lincoln which it preserves. What better picture could we form of Lincoln's relations with another of his New Salem friends — the scholar, idler, and drunkard Jack Kelso, who whiled away his days on the river bank fishing for cappies and catfish — than this initial page of Sally's manuscript?

ST. JOE MO. *June 2nd 1848*
Page I (Lincoln Memo.) of Sarah Calhoun

Father predicts great things in the future for Lincoln, for he says Lincoln has character, Lincoln never holds a personal grudge, but will fight bitterly for the right of the masses. Father says he therefore should be a great man for the benefit of the masses. Father also says the 'under-dog' is Lincolns first consideration. that for instance one time shortly after Lincoln came to Salem — Jack Kelso (who was the village drunkard) got into a fight in front of the Tavern and Lincoln rescued him and the village folks asked him why he should take the part of such a fellow when they knew he did not like drunkards. he answered 'I don't care what you folks do with the drunkard part of him — but I will not allow you to thrash up the intelligent part of him, because he is teaching me to read Shakspeare and I am not through my studies.

It has been said that Lincoln was unresponsive to nature, but Calhoun's recollection, as reported by Sally, was otherwise. Besides the backwoodsman's intimate knowledge of the types

St. Joe Mo. June 2nd 1848

MEMORANDA.

Page I (Lincoln Young) of Sarah Calhoun

Father predicts great things in the future for Lincoln, for he says Lincoln has character, Lincoln never holds a personal grudge, but will fight bitterly for the right of the oppressed. Father says he therefore should be a great man for the benefit of the masses. Father also says the "honor-able" is Lincoln's first consideration. That for instance one time shortly after Lincoln came to Salem - Jack Reko (who was the village drunkard) got into a fight in front of the Tavern and Lincoln observed him and the village folks asked him why he should take the part of such a fellow when they knew he did not like drunkards. he answered "I don't care what you folks do with the drunkard part of him - but I will not allow you to trash up the intelligent part of him, because he is teaching me to read Shakespeare and I am not through my studies.

1

and uses of trees, and of the habits of animals, Lincoln possessed the faculty of looking imaginatively upon nature. Here is another leaf of Sally's diary.

ST. JOE MO. 1848

Page V of 'Sally' Sarah Calhoun

Father says Lincoln was a great lover of nature, he would wander to the wood anywhere they chanced to be, he says Lincoln used to name certain trees for certain people, he said they reminded him of his friends and acquaintances. the tall straight ones, the bent narled ones, the cowardly ones that allways bent before the wind and let their branches grow that way. then some would lean on another tree and some were spainless allways weaving hither and thither. some were sturdy with knots all over them, they were the aggressives. Father is allways amused at the unusual things Lincoln thinks and does. he seems to partake of every character who crosses his path or is unlike any body else in the scope of Fathers observations. he very often refers to himself as 'a queer fellow' when he read he allways forgot to eat otherwise he was a great eater. a healthy one.

Lincoln was now living in a religious community. Dancing, naturally, was forbidden; church, 'huskin' and 'quilt-in' bees, and spelling matches were the social outlet of the godly. Drinking, wrestling, and chicken fights satisfied the instinct for self-expression in the rowdies.

Important in Lincoln's life were the debating societies to which he gave a great portion of his time and effort. The New Salem Literary Society had been founded by James Rutledge, with meetings in the Tavern, and Lincoln allied himself with it. Debating brought Lincoln in close contact with Rowan Herndon, and night after night the two sat closeted for hours in Herndon's house working up material. Both men enjoyed these sessions in the extreme, and placed a high value on the exercise of their persuasive powers.

Late as their vigils kept them, Lincoln was up with the dawn next day.

The people of New Salem and Sand Ridge never forgot Lincoln's first debate. He had worked on it for weeks, declaiming it to the trees by the river and rehearsing it to stray dogs. At last he rose to face his audience in the crowded little Tavern. Ill at ease and uncertain, he shuffled to his post, lifted his heavy eyebrows, shifted his weight, and began in a thin tremulous voice, at a loss for words. A titter ran through the crowd. But as Lincoln overcame his self-consciousness, his awkward frame acquired dignity and his voice fullness and earnestness. Gradually he drew his hearers under the spell of the natural qualities of his mind, and the final impression which he made was gratifyingly successful.

A picture of these contests and of Lincoln's charm is preserved for us by Sally Calhoun. Two other leaves of her diary remain to put us as much in the presence of the eager young debater as written words can well hope to do:—

Lincoln used to quote poetry and prose at the Literary Society in Salem, he had a remarkable memory, but his selections were mostly about deeds of valor and high-minded themes. Father says he is a great one to tell jokes, that he usually tells them to cheer some one, if he sees anyone downcast he will say — 'Oh! I get that way often, but let me tell you something which has struck my funny-bone' and then he would soon have them smiling.

Father says Lincoln is a clever debater he remembers at New Salem that Lincoln and Newton Graham were to debate 'Fire vs. Water' and Newton said Lincoln knew too much about water, so he should take fire. Lincoln laughed and said 'all right I'll take fire — you see I may have to know a lot about fire in the here-after, so its well I should be beginning to enlighten myself now' and he won the debate. he took 'Dog

instinct vs: Cat instinct' once, he chose the dog, and after winning so easily some one asked him how he knew so much about dogs — he replied 'I was never above speaking to any dog I chanced to meet hence they have given me a lot of information' Father says dogs realy did follow him about. he was kind to all animals and that was one reason any one would loan him a horse to ride, they knew the horse would receive good treatment.

VI

Settled in business, Lincoln found larger opportunities for study. In the store he read 'stretched at full length on the counter, his head propped on a stack of calico prints.' At other times he would sit under the shade of some inviting tree and study 'barefooted and grinding around with the shade, varying his attitude by lying on his back and putting his feet up the tree.' Another favorite spot was the cellar door, where he would lie prone for hours, a book propped before his eyes. He always read aloud, and even 'when he wrote he spoke the words as he wrote them; weighing each one as he uttered and recorded it.'

Books in New Salem were few and far between, and many are the miles Lincoln walked that he might borrow one. He had already at various times read with remarkable thoroughness such books as the Bible, *Aesop's Fables*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, the now notorious Parson Weems's *Life of Washington*, and the *Statutes of Indiana*.

Two volumes and the title-page of a third have come down to me which are of especial value for the notations in Lincoln's own hand which they contain. The title-page is that of a work comprising the first six books of Euclid, with supplements by the author, John Playfair. The volumes are Samuel P. Newman's *Practical System*

of *Rhetoric*, and *An Essay on Elocution*, by Samuel Kirkham. Playfair's *Elements of Geometry* was published at Philadelphia in 1832. On the page which is all that remains of Lincoln's copy the owner's name is written across the top in large letters, while lower down, in Lincoln's own hand, appear the words: —

from M. D. JUDKINS.
to
A LINCOLN

At the bottom of the page his hand again appears. He has written: —

I have greatly appreciated this gift. 'the good that men do live after them.'

A LINCOLN.

More fully annotated and more significant as a record of Lincoln's mind are the brown leaves of *A Practical System of Rhetoric: Or the Principles & Rules of Style, Inferred from Examples of Writing*, by Samuel P. Newman. This book was published in 1829 by Shirley and Hyde, Portland, and Mark Newman, Andover. It is inscribed on the flyleaf: 'Miss Susan Y. Baker, March 15 Eastport Academy.' At the bottom of the title-page is the signature 'A. Lincoln; Gentryville.' At the top of the page appear other lines in Lincoln's hand: —

this book —
Into my hand from valued hand of friend
She gave — that better style unto my english it
would lend;
Gratitude to Miss Baker and hard for me to
construct.

A. LINCOLN

One could brood over the notes which Lincoln has left in this quaint *Rhetoric* and record many degrees of charm, respect, and pleasure which the casual words evoke. On the page opposite the title Lincoln has scribbled, somewhat imperfectly, the famous

stanza of Burns, 'Many and sharp the num'rous ills Inwoven with our frame,' underscoring emphatically the concluding lines, 'Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn!' And below appear the lines: —

To be, or not to be? — that is the question. — Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer — The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing, end them!

Again the last line is underscored, and beneath are the words '(quoted) A. Lincoln.'

It would not be unprofitable to go adventuring in the pages of Newman's *Rhetoric* even where they have not been annotated by Lincoln, if only to see what sort of intellectual nourishment he found there. We may notice at least two examples which Mr. Newman quotes for the edification of his readers.

We shall choose from a passage in which he is expatiating on the force obtained in description when all the details are appropriate to a well-conceived general purpose.

The following example [says Mr. Newman] is taken from Everett's description of the Pilgrim Fathers on their voyage to America.

'I see them driven in fury before theraging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The labouring masts seem straining from their base; — the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps as it were madly from billow to billow; — the ocean breaks and settles with engulphing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.'

The design of the writer in this passage, is to excite emotion in the minds of his readers. He would have them shudder in view of the dangers, by which the frail bark he describes is encompassed, and regard with deep commiseration the noble

adventurers it bears. If now we notice the circumstances which make up the description, as they tend to this design of the writer, we may learn at once, why the passage, as a description, excites our admiration. The 'howling voice of the storm,' 'the straining of the masts,' 'the dismal sound of the pumps,' 'the leaping of the ship,' 'the overflowing of the deck,' and 'the deadening shock of the ocean,' all tend to impress the mind most deeply with horror at the scene, and commiseration for those who are exposed to its dangers.

I give one example more, in which it is the design of the writer to excite emotions of a ludicrous nature. It is Irving's description of Ichabod Crane.

'He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with large ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.'

Now there is no one, who, in reading this passage, does not admire it as a description. And any one in assigning the reason of his admiration, would at once pronounce it a fine description, because all the circumstances mentioned tend so admirably to the design of the writer.

We may pause in admiration not only before the picture of Ichabod Crane, as commended by Mr. Newman for its literary taste; but also before the picture of Lincoln, lying, perhaps, on his back, with his feet 'up a tree,' studying a portrait for which, with a few features amended, he might himself have sat.

Among the passages which Mr. Newman quotes was one which struck home to Lincoln with peculiar force

of truth to nature is most deeply felt, when the writer lays open to our view the hidden workings of the mind and the strong affections of the heart. That the student may more fully understand what is meant by the phrase "truth to nature," which is of frequent occurrence, I here introduce two passages, which happily illustrate its meaning,—one, the description of a familiar scene, the other, of the affections.

The following description of a country inn is from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that ticked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspin boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Mrs. Hemans thus describes a mother's love;

There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.—You ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath!—You never kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph broke
On your dim weary eye; not yours the face
Which, early faded through fond care for him.

*no other words were ever
spoken. I feel the import of this.*

A PAGE FROM LINCOLN'S COPY OF NEWMAN'S 'RHETORIC'

*It is interesting to compare this with the reference in his letter to John Calhoun
reproduced on page 843*

and which touched upon an emotion that he has dignified in unsurpassed tributes.

Mrs. Hemans thus describes a mother's love;

There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. — You ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! — You never kept
watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph broke
On your dim weary eye; not yours the face
Which, early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and duly, as heaven's light;
Was there to greet his wakening! You ne'er
smoothed
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest.
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from
yours
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip to
his,
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward
cries,
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are woman's tasks!

Lincoln has drawn irregular lines in ink across the top and down the sides of the first lines of this passage; and in the lower margin of the page has written: —

no truer words were ever spoken. I feel the import of them.

Another passage Lincoln has significantly scored. After quoting a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Newman remarks: —

The same writer, in describing the sophistry and unfair statements of those, who tell us to judge of Civil Liberty from the outrages and violent acts which attend revolutions, says,

‘It is just at this crisis of revolution that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half finished edifice; they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the

frightful irregularity of the whole appearance; and then ask in scorn, where the promised splendour and comfort is to be found.’

Lincoln has underlined the words ‘who tell us to judge of Civil Liberty from the outrages and violent acts which attend revolutions,’ and has again drawn marginal lines about the passage.

Chapter V in Mr. Newman's *Rhetoric* is entitled ‘On Style,’ and, save for a group of exercises and specimens, concludes the volume. It is a quaint discussion of elegance and propriety and vivacity, — the latter one of Mr. Newman's favorite eulogisms, — but it concludes with a few sentences on which the hungry Lincoln must have seized like a creature suddenly breathing his native element after forced respiration in an alien atmosphere.

A good style is an attainment, which amply repays all the effort that has here been enjoined. It is to the scholar, a consummation of his intellectual discipline and acquirements. He, who in this land of free institutions holds an able pen, has a weapon of powerful efficacy both for defence and attack; and if this weapon be wielded with honest and patriotic motives, he who wields it, may become a public benefactor.

Again Lincoln has drawn his irregular line across the top of this passage and down either side. Underneath he has added: —

a truth very well constructed. A. L.

An additional evidence that this passage impressed Lincoln seems to appear in the fact that he has written it in another book which he later owned, apparently forgetting the authorship of the words, since below them he has made the note: —

quoted from ‘Hooker and Barrow.’

A. LINCOLN.

The volume in which these sentences have been jotted down is *An Essay on Elocution, Designed for the Use of Schools and Private Learners*, by Samuel Kirkham. It was published in New York by Robinson, Pratt and Company, in 1838. Lincoln has underscored the words 'private learners' in the title, and has written below, 'especially me.' At the bottom of the page appears the signature: —

Property of
A LINCOLN

On a flyleaf preceding the title is the penciled endorsement: —

Permealy C. M. Corbett to Abe Lincoln

and below, in ink,

Springfield 1839
A. LINCOLN

The volume is rich in annotations. In the table of contents Lincoln has marked such titles as 'Messiah,' by Pope; 'On receiving his Mother's Picture,' by Cowper; 'The Broken Heart,' by Irving; 'Parting of the Three Indian Friends,' by Moore; and 'The Wisdom and Majesty of God, attested by the Works of Creation,' by Dr. Chalmers. He has marked in the text the famous stanza of Byron containing the line 'On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,' and concluding with the sullen interruption of the cannon of Waterloo. He has marked also these other lines of Byron, which have been entitled 'Bliss of the Future State.'

In darkness spoke Athena's wisest son,
'All that we know, is, nothing can be known.'
Yet doubting pagans dreamed of bliss to come —
Of peace upon the shores of Acheron.
'T is ours, as holiest men have deemed, to see
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore:
[This line heavily underscored]
How sweet 't will be in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!

To hear each voice we feared to hear no more —
Of Christian martyrs, prophets gone before!
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught
the right!

Byron again drew Lincoln's fire with the lines: —

What is the end of fame? 't is but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper.

Lincoln has underlined the words 'to fill,' and has written in the margin 'a grave of certain feet.'

Three couplets have been singled out for emphasis; they are marked by parenthetical strokes of ink.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Shall I, too, weep? Where, then, is fortitude?
And, fortitude abandoned, where is man?

Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if liberty be there.

Two other fragments of verse received Lincoln's especial attention.

If hinderances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But O! if fortune . . . fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

Alas! alas! doth *hope* . . . deceive us?
Shall friendship, love — shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?
Oh! if no other boon were given
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a . . . *HEAVEN*,
Where all we love, shall *live* again?

In the margins beside these verses, irregular lines have been drawn in ink. Lincoln has underscored the last six verses, and close by them has written the words, 'Thus I pray.'

Mr. Kirkham has suggested the declamatory emphasis which he desires his readers to cultivate by means of italics and other devices. Lincoln, however, evidently read the selections

with more at heart than the study of elocution. Beneath the first stanzas of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' Lincoln has written the rather curious comment:—

If my Publick whom I have served,
would lay me away like 'Sir John' I could
rest in peace,

A. LINCOLN

The stanza of Burns which he wrote in his copy of Newman's *Rhetoric* Lincoln has again signalized in Kirkham's volume. Two pen strokes lead out from the last two lines, —

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,

to a note in Lincoln's own hand: 'and
enslaves his fellow-man.'

Lincoln has so left his impress upon his fellow men that we should not willingly lose his most casual marginalia. But of no casual interest for these New Salem years are many entries in Kirkham's *Elocution*. Here, for example, are further lines which Mr. Kirkham quotes:—

If that high world which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears;
If there the cherished heart be found,
The eye the same, except in tears;

How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth, and find all fears
Lost in thy light . . . Eternity!

Beside these lines are the simple words 'To Ann,' and the signature 'A. Lincoln.'

On the back flyleaf of the volume is an endorsement in the hand of Sally Calhoun:—

ST. JOE MO. 1859.

This was the property of Mr. Lincoln, he left it with my Father on a visit to our home in Springfield Ill; I shall all ways cherish this book as it is so intimately marked in memory of his little sweetheart Ann. Mr. Lincoln recited many of these poems.

SARAH CALHOUN.

The relations of Ann Rutledge, John McNeil, and Lincoln, and the brief courtship of Lincoln and Ann, so bright in its inception, so tragic in its conclusion, must be recounted in further papers. It will then be my privilege to present to readers of the *Atlantic* the actual letters which passed between Lincoln and Ann — messages precious, unstudied, and moving — and the opinions of those who knew and watched them as recorded in their diaries and recollections.

(*'The Courtship' is the title of Miss Minor's next Lincoln paper*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE MILKY WAY IN CHINA

ON the seventh day of the seventh moon there are no birds to be seen on earth. They have all gone into the heavens to make, with their wings in close formation, a bridge across the Golden River, a bridge on which big sister Kiao Miao goes reluctantly to her husband's home. And how bitterly she weeps! On earth her tears are called rain. This is her story:—

Ages and ages ago a poor young cowherd, pasturing his buffaloes near a lake, saw a wondrous sight. Ten celestial virgins, granddaughters of the Heavenly Mandarin, came down to his lake to bathe. He could not keep the matter to himself. He must confide in someone. So he told his favorite old buffalo. His intelligent friend instructed him in this wise:—

'Next time they come down you let nine of them put on their clothes and return to the sky. But you hide the garments of the tenth and take her home to be your wife.'

The youth was more than willing to do his part.

Again the damsels came to bathe. The nine put on their beautiful clothing and flew aloft. The tenth searched in vain for hers. Without it her feet were earth-bound.

The cowherd took the unwilling but helpless maiden to his home, where she lived the life of an earthly wife and mother. Her first child was a boy, the second a girl.

She hunted continually for the celestial robes, without which she could not rise above earth. Her husband had hidden them down in a well.

Day after day she begged him tearfully, 'Tell me where to find my clothes.'

'Stop crying. I won't tell. You'll leave me if you have those clothes.'

Her ceaseless lamentation was trying to the patience of even a cowherd. He thought, 'By this time the clothing is ruined anyway, and besides, she would hardly be willing to leave her children. I'll tell her where to find her old clothes to stop her crying.'

At the very first chance she pulled the bundle up out of the well, and tried on the garments of her maidenhood. Their power was not diminished. She was carried away into the heavens.

The husband was disconsolate. His old friend the buffalo said, 'When I die, preserve my skin, for with that you too can rise to heaven.'

The time soon came to put these words to the test. But the man would not leave his children behind. He put each one into a basket and suspended these baskets from either end of a carrying pole. With the pole over one shoulder and the buffalo hide and a yoke over the other, he mounted to the skies in search of his runaway wife.

She saw him coming. Even the sight of her children did not reconcile her to the prospect. Quickly she took a golden hairpin from her head, and with it drew a line across the heavens to keep the man at a distance. This is the Heavenly River flowing at her feet. With such a poetic and appropriate name, who would call it the 'Cow's Milk Road'?

The wife further manifested her displeasure. She threw the spindle with which she had been weaving. Her aim was not good, and it fell some distance

from her husband's feet. In retaliation he threw at her the buffalo yoke. His marksmanship was better. He almost hit his angelic wife.

There, in the seventh moon, you can see on the east side of the Milky Way, almost within the river, three bright stars in a row. The brightest one is in the centre, and that is the father. The fainter ones on either side are the children. Not far away is the diamond-shaped constellation popularly known as Job's Coffin. That is the spindle.

Just across from where the father stands is one bright star, his wife, and the three stars of the triangular yoke, fainter, as befits their earthly origin.

The wife was powerless to escape her fate. In duty bound, she must spend part of each year in her husband's home. The magpie was used as a messenger to carry the demands of the one and the answers of the other across the river. The wife consented to give her husband twelve days each year, spending the rest of the time on her own side.

The bird, perhaps malignantly, perhaps ignorantly, changed the message and promised that she would spend all but twelve days with her husband.

In anger at such perfidy, this granddaughter of the Heavenly Mandarin snatched the bird bald, and to this day, in the seventh moon, the magpie has no feathers on the top of his head.

But this act of vengeance did not relieve her from fulfilling the contract.

In the copious summer rains people say, 'Big sister Kiao Miao is crying. She mourns for her home on the other side of the Heavenly River.'

For several years past the summer rains have been scant. They say, 'Big sister is getting old. She no longer weeps as once she did.'

But this year, on the seventh day of the seventh moon, she crossed to her husband in a veritable tantrum of rage — thunder, lightning, wind, and hail.

HOW I GOT TO THE TOP

ALL that I am to-day I owe to the magazines. Once upon a time I used to buy them from the news stands exclusively. And then somebody gave me a subscription to the *Era*. It was the turning point in my life. No, I don't mean intellectually. I had always been a reasonably active reader. I'm talking about material things, plain dollars and cents. Until then I had been able to earn money — after a fashion. But I had never been able to accumulate it. I had, alas, never realized the truth of that splendid old proverb, 'A penny saved is a penny earned.'

Shortly afterward — or so it seemed — I received the following message printed on a green slip and inserted in my copy of the *Era*: 'Your subscription expires with the next issue, and we are, accordingly, giving you an opportunity to take advantage of our Special Offer which holds good only until February 15. A year's subscription to the *Era* costs \$4.00. *McClenan's*, taken alone, is \$3.50. Fill out this blank, enclose your check for \$5.50, and we will send you both magazines for one year.' I calculated rapidly: \$7.50 minus \$5.50 equals \$2.00; \$2.00 on a \$5.50 sinking fund is 36 per cent. Was I a man to give the cold shoulder to a 36 per cent investment? I sent them my check.

Not long afterward I received a square, spotlessly white envelope addressed in faultless Spencerian handwriting to 'Parke Cummings, Esq.' — the italics, of course, being mine.

'Aha,' I mused. 'Here is that long-awaited invitation to the Halloways' dance. It almost looked as though they were going to forget me.' Eagerly I tore open the envelope. Inside, sure enough, was an engraved invitation — to take advantage of the *Woman's House Builder's* kind offer to send

me, free of charge, one dozen handsomely initialed handkerchiefs as a slight token of appreciation for my subscription (\$3.00) to the *Woman's House Builder*. I accepted — with pleasure. And anyhow I learned later on from a friend that the Halloways' dance was a washout.

This stroke of fortune I followed up with a few more investments. It was then that I happened to encounter Len on the street. Len is a Wall Street man, and naturally our talk drifted on to finance.

'Have you anything good up your sleeve?' I asked him with studied nonchalance.

His eyes sparkled. 'Have I?' he replied enthusiastically. 'Five hundred shares of Consolidated Lightning Arrester at 112½! That's all! Can you beat it — with an almost certain merger with U. S. Oscillating Transformers? Man, it's a gold mine! And how about you?'

'I,' I began calmly, 'have two years of the *World Explorer*, 1929, 14 per cent, three years of *New Psychology*—*South American Humor* combined, 21 per cent with quarterly Gillette Razor Blade dividends, five years of *Horses and Huntsmen*, a set of O. Henry maturing in three years, and a lifetime subscription to the *Pacific Quarterly* which will net me a seven-room bungalow with two baths by the time I am forty-five.'

I could see he was impressed and confused. He fumbled for words for a moment or so and finally sputtered, 'Well, I stand to clean up between seven and eight thousand. That is, provided —'

'I can't lose,' I interrupted brusquely, and walked away.

From then on success became positively monotonous. I began to receive checks. Not real checks, of course, but enticing green, blue, and yellow slips

with perforated edges saying, 'THIS IS WORTH \$5.00 — if you take advantage of our renewal offer. — Joseph Walton, secretary.' These I cashed into subscriptions for myself, my friends, my cousins, my uncles, my aunts, and my future children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

My possessions now are legion: Sets of Dumas, De Maupassant, Poe, the Five-Foot Shelf. Books by Plato, Darwin, Huxley, Wilde, Dreiser, Upton Sinclair. Reams of monogrammed stationery. Cocktail shakers. A tea set — which I presented to my mother. Castile soap. Tennis trousers. A magic-lantern slide — I gave this to Cousin Richard. Radiator tops. Copies of the World's Best Pictures. Memberships in lecture courses. Smoking sets. Electric irons. A vacuum cleaner. Booklets on *How to Build Ship Models*, *How to Sprint*, *The Voter's Duty*, *The Truth about Sacco and Vanzetti*, *The Truth about Nicaragua*, *The Truth about Psychiatry*, *Do the People Want Democracy?* These and a thousand other things.

And besides all this my books to date show a profit of \$684.50 saved by taking advantage of offers in time. Only once did I act too slowly. This was when I replied in November to an offer which expired the preceding January. I was informed that the magazine in question would gladly have complied with my request but for the fact that its publication had been permanently suspended.

But you say these six hundred odd dollars are only paper profits? True, but what a trivial objection! The whole point is in my change of habits, my new point of view. I am no longer a drifter, a wanton spender, a hand-to-mouth. I have now gone far in the world. And, mark my words, I shall go farther — for I have learned the Secret of Thrift.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WRITING from South Dakota, **Archer B. Gilfillan** describes himself in these words:—

I do not know that there is much to say about myself except that I am a Phi Beta Kappa gone wrong. When I left the University of Pennsylvania in 1910 I came to this country and bought a bunch of sheep with my patrimony. I lost everything through mismanagement, went to Chicago to a theological seminary for three years, left just before graduation on account of a loss of faith in that particular brand, came back to this country, and went into the sheep business again, only this time I grabbed the stick by the small end as I should have done in the first place. I have gradually been getting a few sheep of my own which I lease to my boss on shares, each receiving half the lambs and half the wool. . . .

In this age of debunking, the one person that needs debunking most of all is the cowboy—that is, if you can debunk someone who has ceased to exist. There is a traditional dislike between the sheep herder and the cowboy, and there is abundant reason for it. The cowboy has been romanticized and all but translated. The herder has been correspondingly vilified, and with just as little reason. Both are stock tenders, and the herder is the better paid of the two. The cowboy is as cast-iron a type as Punch and Judy. The herder is simply one more human being. The cowboy has had his day in court and is still having it. Is it too much to ask that the sheep herder shall at least have a hearing?

Our new-found friends the bootlegger, the hi-jacker, and the racketeer are attributed by **James Truslow Adams** to a tradition of lawlessness that dates back to Colonial days. △ A new Virginian author, **Pernet Patterson**, makes his second appearance in our pages with a two-part story depicting negro life below the Mason-Dixon line, where the black race is still untouched by the ways of the white man. **Bernard Iddings Bell**, a familiar figure to all *Atlantic* readers, takes issue as a churchman with the agnosticism of Joseph Wood Krutch and other disillusioned moderns. △ As an old St. Paul's boy, **Owen Wister** knew Dr. Henry Coit while he was building up the

first and largest of those quasi-English church boarding schools that now abound in New England. △ Straight from France comes **Llewelyn Powys**'s vignette on an ancient house in Belley. The author is at present headed for Palestine. △ The stanzas of **Rosalie Hickler** would seem to indicate that the ballad has not entirely disappeared from the field of modern poetry.

Son of an English civil servant in China, **Owen Lattimore** was born and bred in the Far East. After a few years' schooling in England he returned to Tientsin, where he worked for an exporting firm and later for a Peking daily as a traveling correspondent. When his duties began taking him into the hinterland where the caravans started, he determined that he would himself cross the Black Gobi. We give here one of the more thrilling passages from the book that he wrote on completing the trip, which will be published in January. Its author, incidentally, is the husband of Eleanor Lattimore, whose account of sledging across Siberia appeared in our pages early this year. △ 'A Christmas Parable' is the last of the posthumous essays by **Samuel McChord Crothers**. △ The second installment from **Robert Keable**'s forthcoming book about Jesus continues to present the Founder of Christianity in an unconventional light. △ So many modern fictioneers deal with purely realistic themes that it is a refreshing surprise to come upon a man like the **Reverend Dr. Witherow** whose Scotch sense of values makes him concentrate upon the ethical aspect of every situation. **Robert Hillyer**, poet and essayist, is now teaching Dean Briggs's famous course in English Composition at Harvard.

John McCook Roots, son of one of the great missionary bishops in China, describes a religious movement that has made extraordinary progress among the young

people of both America and England. The concluding sentence of the article is based on these words of G. K. Chesterton: 'We have found all the questions that can be found. It is time we gave up looking for questions and began looking for answers.' △ As a college president himself, Allan Hoben is well qualified to depict the most charming member of modern society — the Professor. **George J. Anderson**, president of the Consolidation Coal Company, explains a pioneer step that his concern is making to solve the problems of overproduction, price cutting, and wage cutting that have been plaguing the bituminous coal industry. Two years ago this step was advocated by John L. Lewis, and it enjoys the endorsement of Labor in general.

Wilma Frances Minor, who has by inheritance come into possession of a remarkable collection of Lincolniana, is a professional journalist in the Far West. Of late years she has devoted much of her time and energy to the study and preparation of her documents and to the labor of assembling authentic oral traditions.

Professor A. Vibert Douglas's speculations concerning the energy of starlight and the nature of matter have brought forth the following letter. Perhaps we are irreverent, but we cannot help thinking of Byron's lines: —

When Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no matter,'

And proved it, — 't was no matter what he said.

Anyway, here's the letter. No prizes are offered for correct translations.

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In Professor A. Vibert Douglas's article, 'The Energy of Starlight,' in the October *Atlantic*, he says, 'Sometime and somewhere in the space-time universe . . . matter has come into existence.'

How can this be true? Why do modern scientists allow theological conceptions to sway their minds? There is no reason whatever in common sense or in scientific thinking for assuming that matter ever came into existence. Its indestructibility proves that it has always existed. Why

still bow to the ancient idea? Is the human mind incapable of grasping the fact that time, space, matter, and energy never had a beginning, have no limit, and will never have an end? The pre-eminent Einstein has hazarded the guess that the universe is some 600,000,000 light years high, wide, or long. What nonsense! Is the truth so overwhelming? Why do men of science still drop on their knees when they look at the stars? Have n't we outgrown the Aztecs?

Professor Douglas's assignment of the origin of energy to starlight is another idea that I decline to subscribe to. That we are of such stuff as stars are made of the spectroscope gives ample proof, but also we are of such stuff as nails are made of, and cabbage, and steers, and chicken à la king, and various elements less appealing than stars.

As we see energy manifested in innumerable ways — in lightning, life, action, intelligence, emotion, growth, changes — we seem, to me, to be looking upon no mystery at all. Energy I conceive to be stirred out of inertia by the tremendous dynamic motion of the earth itself, exactly as it is released by the motion of the dynamo in common use, and this vast energy, developed by the ceaseless action of the earth, is stored in it as in a battery; and this energy actuates all life and motion and force; and my suggestion is that after the planet-battery is fully charged or loaded surplus electricity flows out into space from the hub, at the poles — exactly as electric energy developed by dynamos is thrown out from their centres, to follow lines of least resistance over wires placed for it — discharged abroad (often visible as the aurora), finding its way, possibly, to the sun, feeding that light and power station, as similar streams of electricity from the sister planets of the solar system find their way, possibly, to the same centre, a great revolving electrical nucleus.

That starlight may in some remote way contribute in some measure to this tremendous stir of energy is possible, but my conclusions are based upon sound mechanical (mechanistic) considerations, and I believe that every known natural phenomenon points to the truth of my simple solution of the origin of energy — of life.

LLEWELLYN BICKNELL RING

What Walter Henderson Grimes called 'The Curse of Leisure' must be lying heavily upon many of our readers, to judge from all the correspondence we have had on the subject. Here, however, is a busy but modest lady, hiding behind initials and assuring this man-made world that there must be a hitch somewhere.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was very much interested in what Mr. Walter Henderson Grimes had to say about 'The Curse of Leisure' in the September issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The title of the article arrested my attention at once, undoubtedly due to the fact that I, as well as the people with whom I come in daily contact, have so very little leisure. Of course, I discovered almost immediately that Mr. Grimes was talking about a different kind of leisure than the title suggests — a continued leisure imposed upon a rising percentage of our people who find themselves without work, due to modern efficiency methods.

It was shown that 85 per cent of the people employed in 1923 are to-day able to do all the work involved in providing food, clothing, shelter, and luxuries for all the rest, and that this percentage tends to drop, leaving the hypothetical 15 per cent (or more) without a means of earning their living. In other words, this is giving a certain percentage of our people more leisure than they want, and I believe if you were to ask any one of the others you would be told he has not leisure enough.

Then why don't we give everyone employment five days, or four and one-half days a week, and in so doing give more leisure to those who now have so little?

Of course it will be said that among those who now find themselves out of work are the 'hopeless dubs,' the 'trouble makers,' etc. Nevertheless, I am sure a place could be found for them all.

There is bound to be one other objection. If a man works only 85 per cent of the time he is now working (because the hypothetical 15 per cent Mr. Grimes speaks of are doing their share of the work), and his pay is reduced 15 per cent, he certainly is going to put up a fight. Instead of being able to have more of the world's goods that he desires, he will be able to have less than he has now.

There must be something wrong somewhere! There are enough raw materials to supply all our needs. There are enough people to convert these raw materials into finished products and to enjoy considerable leisure besides. Yet, if everyone shares in this work, there will be a large number of individuals who will not be earning enough money to buy all the things they need or desire. Shouldn't there be an adjustment of values somewhere? Increased efficiency, together with 100 per cent employment, would flood the market with goods. This would bring prices within reach of the consumer, would it not? I do not profess to know much about economics, but this seems logical to me.

The good an extra day of leisure every week — or, if allowed to cumulate, 52 days a year — would do for an individual is incalculable. I have

known times when but one or two hours of reading would put me in high spirits for days, and a week of life out of doors would give me incentive to face an otherwise dull and dreary world with courage and enthusiasm. If you don't believe people need more courage and enthusiasm for living their lives, then just stand at some street corner some night and watch them as they go home from work.

I can only wish that I and all mankind would have more spare time. Has it not been said that nations produce their finest art in periods of leisure? If we had more, would it not give rise to higher thinking? And, with higher thinking, would we have as many prisons, plagues, and wars? I am for leisure and more of it.

Sincerely yours,

F. R. B.

For the man's side of the case we turn to a civil engineer who says that the curse of too much self-respect — not leisure — explains our waves of unemployment. We must cash in on this curse if we would be saved.

SUNLAND, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I will say, and every honest man will say with me, that the American-born laborer, as well as he who has come to us from Northern Europe, is the best and most intelligent worker to be obtained for any kind of construction work.

Thousands upon thousands of this kind of men are out of work to-day not because they refuse to work for the comparatively low wages which are paid on these jobs (because this white man is fairly well balanced and knows exactly what he is worth, pink and yellow literature notwithstanding), but because these white men resent being herded into the same tents with a conglomerate of races that begins as low in the scale as the Cantonese coolie.

Now it is a well-known fact to all of those who have done construction work in the West that, when an American works side by side with a coolie or South European, for some unknown reason his boss permits himself to treat the white man with contempt. The white man feels this and consequently, within a very short time, there are two coolies working on that job and the white is looking for other employment for no other reason but that he suffers from the 'Curse of Too Much Self-Respect.'

So it seems to me, and many others like me, that, if we want jobs for the many thousands of common American laborers, then we must cater to their white man's Superiority Complex. And it is hardly necessary to say that the employer will profit by so doing, unless he is the kind of

man who tries to treat his help of American-born men as a Bulgarian voivode treats his serfs.

Ask an engineer whether he is willing to run original surveys with a crew composed of coolies or Montenegrins, on a job that will test the soul and fibre of every man in his gang. The engineer knows that, as sure as the sun rises, he would be forced to take coolies with him if his bosses thought that the coolie would and could do the work for ten cents less a day than the white man. This does not engender loyalty in the engineer toward his employers. At the same time he does his work, even if it should take the ultimate in nerve and physical strength, not out of any sense of respect or love for his bosses, but because of the white man's superiority complex that drives him to carry on long after his body has become a broken wreck.

Does history, as we know it to be true, prove that the darker races will do the same? Or is it not *they* who look to *us* for help?

There is an enormous amount of labor being done by dark hands in this country which could and would be done by native Americans if they had but the surety of a square deal.

I well remember the days when there were three crews on every construction job: one working, one coming, one going. Camp superintendents would take bribes from employment agencies for every new man they hired. This would naturally make business for the agency, but also would throw another man into the ranks of the unemployed, because the superintendent had to fire a man for each one he hired. These laborers knew what was going on and, automatically, this made them careless workmen on the next job.

To sum up: Give to American men the jobs held by dark-faced labor to-day. Permit the laborer to hang on to his self-respect, something he has never been permitted to do in the history of our country. Facts prove that he has the right to be suspicious of his bosses. It is a terrible indictment against cultured America that none but the I. W. W. cleaned up the vermin-filled lumber camps of the West.

An American miner will take pride in and brag about the amount of rock he has moved. The dark-faced foreigner is interested in his pay check only.

Give the American farmer helpful legislation, so that he may not be forced to leave the plough to the dark hands of Asiatics. God help the United States when it must depend upon the Asiatic to feed its people and to furnish its men of vision. Our great men have always come from close to the soil. Should we be willing to let Asiatics and kindred bloods fall heir to the lands that nourish the lifeblood of America?

In closing I would like to say that, some time gone, I read a speech of Judge Gary's in my asso-

ciation paper. In this talk he tried to impress upon the leaders of Federated Labor the necessity for the use of the Golden Rule in their dealings with STEEL. How the Devil must have chortled when he heard these pearls of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the estimable Judge Gary, the FRIEND OF LABOR.

Close the immigration gates and give American Labor a chance to hang on to its self-respect, and our children will bless us.

Very respectfully yours,

MAXWELL E. HILL, C.E.

P.S. May it not be well to keep American money at home? The first protest that was made against the immigration regulations now in effect was filed by the Rumanian ambassador. His statement was to the effect that 'it was a vital necessity that more of his countrymen be permitted to come to the United States. That Rumania MUST have the money that was being sent, year after year, from the United States of America.'

Is the above good business?

M. E. H.

These fears may find adequate basis in a letter we recently received from a Chinese in London, Ontario, suggesting that he alleviate the white man's burden by writing for the *Atlantic*. California papers please copy:—

My English is simple, here and there are some little mistakes I know I have, for my insufficient English does not permit me to collect. I am seventeen years of age. I cam over from China five years ago and could not speak a word of English. Ever since I learn to read English I have been an *Atlantic Monthly* reader and now I came to love it. My present article was inspire by the articles on China in your great paper. Please let me know if you have any use for it. And I will send you for examination. It is the longest I have ever written.

Shorey was right. Thanks to the scientific devotion of our Darrows and Scopeses it is impossible to discuss evolution in the cool appropriate atmosphere of the laboratory. Instead we handle the subject as if it were prohibition, farm relief, or a new make of automobile. The October *Atlantic* gave over some dozen pages to a humanist criticism of the evolutionary propaganda that is stultifying our schools and colleges. A science-saturated public at once assumes that the whale did swallow Jonah after all — it said so in the *Atlantic*!

PARK RIDGE, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When the name Paul Shorey appears in the table of contents in the *Atlantic* we turn to his contribution with pleasant anticipation. Not always to give unqualified assent, but always to find ourselves entertained. Is his defense of Bryanistic special creation to be taken as scientific criticism or is it only a literary tour de force? It is the last, but is it the first? Of this handicraft creation or mechanistic evolution we choose neither. The adventure of the Amœba who rose to the rank of *Homo Sapiens* is full of interest, and many of its steps may be traced, but at the same time countless grains of sand rolled on the ageless shores and neither lived nor died. Why did this amoeba person get ahead and a head? Evidently for the reason that he was alive. Life is ever pushing out and up. Why? The answer is that life seems to aspire. If the word 'evolution' only means permutation and gyration, let us so name it. The fact seems to be that the poetry of to-day began to be written when the amoeba began to get restless. The rest is only detail. Seek the meaning of the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' in the amoeba — no, seek the meaning of the amoeba in the ode. The significance of the whole process is best seen in or at the most advanced point.

This tendency of life to get on may be capitalized and looked up to. It may not be a proper theophany, but we owe a good deal to it. Man may join the amoeba in aspiration and so become as pious as he. Why not? It is easy to be hopeful when we see how far the amoeba has already traveled. Biological evolution, going on all around us, moves to Wagnerian music and is as full of poetic suggestion as the old Hellenic mythology. It was the writer's good fortune to hear Matthew Arnold's 'Literature and Science,' in which he was at his best as a controversialist, but while he poked delicious fun at the hairy ancestor of Science — furnished with a tail and pointed ears — and his probable arboreal habits, we may be sure that he did not imagine that he had chased Science from the field never to return. Were he alive to-day he might see in our scientific conceptions of the Creation — particularly in biological evolution, so little understood — the same values which he saw in poetry at its best. The facts behind both are the same. The intelligence of our day may concern itself with the poetic task of discovering and clearly stating the living values of science for personal ends which are truly cultural.

Too many scientists are so much occupied with telling their beads that they cannot see these values, and others seem to hold a brief for making

this world as hopeless and meaningless as possible. They are afraid of the personal equation, but the whole significance of the Cosmos is in the personality of the one who has the mental curiosity to ask the significance of the world in which he lives. Let him interpret himself — and answer his own questions. Where else has Nature a spokesman? Any return to mythological interpretations of creation are now impossible. To suggest the return to them is idle.

F. O. EGGLESTON

A friend of the *Atlantic* was moved by Signor Nitti's recent paper on the 'Probabilities of War in Europe' to write to the distinguished Italian statesman, from whom he received the following reply: —

DEAR MR. FOXX, —

I do not believe that the Kellogg Pact can prevent wars, but it is none the less very useful in that it puts any nation with bellicose intentions in a very difficult position.

As for the monetary stabilization in Europe, I do not believe that it is due to the lack of gold, but merely to the disequilibrium between production and consumption. Europe is almost as extensive as the United States of America, but it is divided into thirty-five countries, and any exchange between them is very difficult. Thus the vast resources of the Old Continent are in part not utilized. The greatest source of harm at the moment lies in the existence of the brutal and sanguinary dictatorships, such as exist in Italy and Russia. Bolshevism and Fascism are the shame of our European civilization.

My eldest son is now in America, making a speaking and lecture tour chiefly confined to universities, where he is explaining the Fascist situation in Italy.

With best wishes, I remain

NITTI

Former Prime Minister of Italy

Yes, we have no potato bugs.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I saw where you print essays in your magazine, so I thought I would write and ask if you print essays on muskrats, flies, potato beetle, digestion, and things like that. I had some essays here I would like to sell so I thought I would find out before sending any. Would you kindly tell me whether you do or not.

Yours truly,

G. W.

